







LACY'S ACTING EDITION

OF

PLAYS,

DRAMAS, FARCES AND EXTRAVAGANZAS,

ETC., ETC.

AS PERFORMED AT THE VARIOUS THEATRES.

VOLUME 21.

CONTAINING

COURT BEAUTIES.
ALCESTIS TRAVESTIE.
ROMANTIC IDEA.
BEGGAR'S OPERA.
ONLY A CLOD.
SEVEN CHAMPIONS.
CRAMOND BRIG.
MISTRESS OF THE MILL.
SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.
DAY OF RECKONING.
LOVE IN HUMBLE LIFE.
DREAM OF THE FUTURE.
SPITALFIELDS WEAVER.
LADY IN DIFFICULTIES.
PICKWICKIANS

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
THOMAS HAILES LACY,
89, STRAND, W.C.

THE
COURT BEAUTIES:
A Dramatic Sketch,
IN ONE ACT,
BY J. R. PLANCHÉ, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

Reputation, Follies of a Night, Somebody Else, Grist to the Mill,
Captain of the Watch, A Cabinet Question, The Irish Post,
The Jacobite, Spring Gardens, Pride of the Market,
Not a Bad Judge, A Romantic Idea, My
Heart's Idol. A Day of Reckoning,
&c. &c. &c.

First Performed at the
ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE,
On THURSDAY, MARCH 12th, 1835.

A NEW EDITION.

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EBSWORTH, EDINBURGH; WISEHEART,
DUBLIN; AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

TO

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

MY DEAR JERROLD,

The idea of placing the Beauties of the Court of Charles II. on the stage of the Olympic Theatre originated with you; but, independently of this fact, to no one can I more appropriately inscribe this little attempt to illustrate the manners and costume of the time of "Sauntering Charles," than to the Author of "NELL GWYNNE," the best comedy founded on the incidents of the reign of that monarch—

"Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."

The peg on which I have hung my apology for a plot is to be found in Lord Orford's Notice of Sir Godfrey Kneller, (Anecdotes of Painting, vol. iii. of the 4to edition of his works,) and your knowledge of our olden Drama will point out to you the use I have made of an incident in Shirley's Comedy of "Hyde Park."

With sincere wishes for your continued success, believe me,

My dear Jerrold,

Very truly yours,

J. R. PLANCHE.

Brompton Crescent,

March 23rd, 1835.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Olympic Theatre,
March 12th, 1835 Lyceum Theatre,
June 4th, 1851.

Charles II.	Mr Hooper	Mr G. J. Vining
Duke of Buckingham	Mr Bland	Mr C. Mathews
Sir George Hewit,.....	Mr J. Vining	Mr R. Roxby
Sir John Hunks,	Mr F. Matthews	Mr F. Matthews
Sir Peter Lely,	Mr W. Vining	Mr B. Baker
Captain Norton,.....	Mr Howard	Mr Bellingham
Saville,	Mr Hughes	Mr Charles
Prodgers,	Mr Huggins	Mr Honner
Jerningham,	Mr Chalk	Mr Horncastle

Courtiers, Pages, Servants, &c.

Miss Lawson, ..	Miss Paget	Miss M. Oliver
Tiffany,	Mad. Vestris	Miss St. George

THE COURT BEAUTIES.

The Duchess of Cleveland, ..	Miss M. Glover	Miss Burbidge
Duchess of Portsmouth, ...	Miss Pincott	Mrs Horn
Duchess of Richmond,	Miss Norman	Miss Wadham
Countess of Falmouth,	Mrs Griffiths	Miss Ellis
Countess of Hamilton,	Miss Fitzwalter	Miss Edwards
Mrs Middleton,	Miss Paris	Miss Ford
Miss Temple,	Miss Romer	Miss Webber
Nell Gwynne,.....	Miss Malcolm	Miss Osborne

T H E
C O U R T B E A U T I E S .

S C E N E I .

Will's Coffee House.

SIR GEORGE HEWIT, SIR JOHN HUNKS, SAVILLE, and other gentlemen, discovered drinking.

MADRIGAL.—(*Composed by J. WILBYE, about 1609.*)

“ Flora gave me fairest flowers,
Fairer none in Flora’s treasure ;
These I placed in Phillis’ bowers,
She was pleased, and she’s my pleasure.
Smiling meadows seem to say,
Come ye wantons here to play.”

Sir G. A health, gentlemen, to the Phillis of our adoration, the fascinating, the incomparable Mistress Alicia Lawson ! come, pledge me *supernaculum* !

All. To Mistress Alicia Lawson ! [They drink]

Saville. And now listen, gentlemen, while I read you the terms of the treaty which I have committed to paper at your desire :—“ It is hereby agreed, between Sir George Hewit baronet on the one part, and Sir John Hunks, knight, and alderman of the City of London, on the other, that they shall not make their mutual pursuit of the hand of Mistress Alicia Lawson the ground of any serious quarrel or bloodletting, under the forfeit of one thousand pounds, to be paid by the aggressor ; in token whereof they have hereunto set their hands and seals, this first day of April, anno domini, 1674. Witnessed by Henry Saville, Charles Sedley, Thomas Armstrong.

Sir G. I deliver this as my act and deed.

Sir J. And I. We’ll have no fighting ; “ win her and wear her,” is to be the motto of our peaceful arms.

Sir G. Indubitably. For my own part, I should as soon think of fighting *with* a woman as *for* a woman. If a lady loves one, there's no occasion for it ; and if she does not, she is not worth the trouble—Demme ! *

Sir J. Sir George Hewit thinks that one shake of his es-senced periwig is sufficient to intoxicate any woman—

Sir G. And Sir John Hunks, that for gold any woman will sell herself to the devil.

Sir J. To whom should a man trust but his good angels, Sir George ? [shaking his purse at him]

Sir G. I would not put all my faith in my purse, lest fortune should one day pick my pocket.

Sir J. Nor I mine on the shape of my nose, lest it should some day be slit for impertinence.

Sir G. Hey day ! gentlemen, I appeal to you. Is this meant for intimidation ?—demme !

Saville. Aye, aye ; 'ware the forfeit, Sir John ; slitting noses comes within the meaning of the agreement. You must not even break a head for a joke on this subject.

Sir G. No, i'faith ; the least crack in my skull, and I shall come upon him with "this indenture witnesseth"—But allons, messieurs ! promenons-nous. Shall we go see the pelican in St. James' Park, or the paradise in Hatton Garden ? It is the knight's turn to pay the first visit to-day to our fair enslaver ; so I have an idle hour to fling away in your company.

Saville. To the Park then ; and we can join the court in the Mall afterwards ; but finish the bottles first—there's a glass yet all round. Come, a stirrup cup, and a merry madrigal to part with.

MADRIGAL.

(Composed by W. GREGORIE, of the Chapel Royal, about 1672.)

Come let us laugh, let us drink, let us sing,

The winter to us is as good as the spring ;

We care not a feather

For wind or for weather,

By night and by day

We sport and we play,

Conferring our notes together !

[*Exeunt.*

* "To strut, look big, shake pantaloons, and swear
With Hewit, 'Damme, there's no action here !'"

SCENE II.

An Apartment at Sir Peter's Lely's.

(*Doors on each side, and folding-doors in centre.*)

Enter Miss LAWSON and TIFFANY, from L. H. door.

Tif. La', madam, I wonder you can be so melancholy at court; it's the delightfullest place in the world.

Miss Law. I'm sick of the world, wench, and care not how soon I am out of it.

Tif. Sick of the world at nineteen! Oh my patience! If you talk often thus, madam, I must have higher wages or I shall be ruined in stay laces;—my sides will never hold together at this rate. Sick of the world! No, no! 'tis some love potion that has disagreed with you! Let me feel your pulse, madam: I know the symptoms. Laws bless me! here's a pulse!—why, it gallops faster than any jockey of Newmarket! If your heart goes at this rate it will away from you altogether, an' something be not soon done to stop it!

Miss Law. Silly girl—

Tif. Nay, this is a serious case indeed, and requires a consultation! I must call in more advice. [*goes to the R. H. door and calls*] Sir! Sir!

Miss Law. What mean you? who are you calling to?

Tif. One that shall cure you, madam, I warrant me, if you'll but follow his prescription.

Enter CAPTAIN NORTON.

Miss Law. Captain Norton! should my guardian—

Tif. Fear nothing, madam. Sir Peter has been sent for in a great hurry by the Duke of Buckingham. The doctor has time enough to hear your complaint.

Miss Law. Tiffany! Tiffany! I will never forgive thee this trick.

Tif. I'll take my chance of that, madam.

Miss Law. Captain Norton, I beg you will leave me.

Capt. Not till I have enough hope to live upon in your absence—or have lost all, and so be sure to die.

Tif. The poor gentleman has been starving on half a word a month, and half a look a fortnight—pray put him out of his misery one way or another.

Miss Law. I have already told you, Sir, of the interest

taken by the Duke of Buckingham and the Duchess of Portsmouth in the success of my other suitors.

Capt. Still neither the Duke nor the Duchess can compel you to marry a man you do not love—and your guardian, I feel assured, will not force your inclinations, though he may hesitate to indulge them if contrary to his own.

Miss Law. I do not believe Sir Peter is a warm partizan of either ;—but he is a courtier, and fears to offend two such powerful favourites.

Capt. But you, Alicia ! I would know from your own lips what chance my rivals have with you.

Tif. Rivals ! I vow you deserve they should be so, for insulting my lady's taste by the supposition. Rivals, quotha ! D'ye think my mistress will fall in love with a brainless coxcomb like Sir George Hewit, who has congeed himself into the good graces of the fine new French madam ; or a vulgar cit like Sir John Hunks, who has bought the interests of Buckingham, by lending him money at a rate that would astonish the tabernacle ?

Miss Law. Tiffany !

Tif. Don't answer him, madam. I'm ashamed of having brought him into the house, when I've told him over and over again how fond you are of him.

Miss Law. For shame ! for shame, Tiffany.

Tif. Yes, sir, for shame !—for shame, as my mistress says, when it was but yesterday she vowed to me there wasn't to her mind such another man in the world as Captain Norton ; and after all this kindness to doubt her truth ! For shame—for shame, sir !

Capt. Am I indeed so happy, dearest Alice ?

Tif. Aye—now you would be all sugar, forsooth ; oh, I could bite my fingers off for opening the door to you ; but it is the last time they shall do you that good office. You may sit and sulk on horseback like the old King's new statue at Charing Cross*—Jane Tiffany will never have you to put a foot out o'the stirrup.

Miss Law. Nay, dear Tiffany.

Tif. Never tell me, madam ; I would make him ask pardon on his knees, and keep him there 'till he had sworn to believe I loved him beyond all mortal beings ; and I don't know that I should be satisfied then, without his sealing the oath on my lips, like a true gentleman !

Capt. “ Let fair Orazia then the sentence give,
Else he may die whom she desires to live ! ” +

* Erected in 1673.

+ “ Indian Queen,” first acted in 1664.

Tif. Nay, an' you quote your rhyming plays, I'll tell Buckingham of you, and he shall put you beside Prince Pretyman in "the Rehearsal." [Knock without.]

Miss Law. Hush! some one knocks at the door. *

Tif. 'Tis Sir John Hunks; you must be gone, sir.

Capt. You will not see him, Alicia?

Tif. And why not, Captain Jealous-pate? The more she looks at him, the less likely she is to care for him, I'm sure. Leave this matter to me, madam. Do you only make your mind up about the captain, and if I do not rid you of both your other troubles, say I'm no chambermaid.

Capt. It shall make thy fortune, Tiffany! Alicia, farewell; my life is in thy hands. [Exit CAPTAIN.]

Tif. So madam, are you sick still? or well enough to see company? The alderman is waddling up stairs, and Sir George will be here anon.

Miss Law. Oh, say I am ill—or from home—or any thing that may relieve me from their presence.

Tif. You do wrong, believe me. You'll never get rid of a lover by such means—he'll swear one day never to see you more, and freeze all the next under your window for the glimpse of your shadow.

Miss Law. What shall I do to be rid of them?

Tif. Make them wish to be rid of you—fool them both, so that both shall know they are fooled.

Miss Law. Oh, I have neither heart nor brain for such a task.

Tif. Well, I must find them for you, then. Into your chamber, madam—he's at the door.

[Exit Miss LAWSON, L. H.]

Enter a Servant, c. d., announcing

Ser. Sir John Hunks.

Enter Sir JOHN HUNKS.—Exit SERVANT, c. d.

Sir J. So, Mistress Tiffany, thy lady is within, they tell me?

Tif. She is within and without, sir.

Sir J. Dost answer in riddles, wench? Speak plainly, to a plain man.

Tif. To speak plainly, then, to a plain man, as indeed you are, sir—she is within doors, and without company.

Sir J. Go to her, then, and say that I am desirous of bestowing my company upon her.

Tif. A plain proof that you know its value, sir. Were your company worth any thing, you would keep it yourself.

Sir J. Mistress Tiffany ! What means this impertinence ? Go and tell thy lady that Sir John Hunks is desirous of moving his suit to her.

Tif. If you would promise not to move yourself in it, your suit might be welcome—'tis a pity the tailor who made so fine a coat couldn't mend the wearer.

Sir J. Body o' me, Mistress Nimbletongue ! wilt dare break thy twopenny gallery jests on thy lady's visitors ! Go, go, buy a basket and sell oranges at Drury Lane—thou art unfit to serve a gentlewoman.

Tif. And what art thou fit for, thou cent.-per cent. usance-taking, purse squeezing, close-fitted curmudgeon ! Marry come up ! Serve a gentlewoman ! Hadst thou as many brains as, buttered, would feed a blackbird, thou wouldst ha' known better how to serve a gentlewoman's gentlewoman ! How my lady can doat on such a dullard as thou art, is past my comprehension.

Sir J. Ha ! what say'st thou, wench ? Does thy lady doat on me, then ? Come, come, I was wrong to anger thee—tell me, sweetheart, and I will give thee a new flowered tabby gown—I will, by those pouting lips, I will ! Now, does thy lady doat on me ?

Tif. What a fool was I to let it slip—I shall be finely rated now, I warrant me.

Sir J. Nay, nay, I will not betray thee—I give thee my word, child.

Tif. I would rather have your deed, sir, beginning, “ Know all men by these *presents*. ”

Sir J. Thou art a quick witted baggage. Well, then, there is a golden Jacobus for thee, by way of earnest.

Tif. I can easily believe that, sir, for 'tis no *joke* for you to part with your money.

Sir J. As pert as you please, only let me hear that news again !

Tif. You might have heard it long ago, if you had known the first rules of courtship. Must you not pass through the antechamber to enter the withdrawing room ? and does not common sense tell you to gain the maid first, if you would win the mistress ? Yet, here you come greeting and swaggering, forsooth, like a train-band captain marching through Moorfields to the tune of “ Old Sir Simon the King.”

Sir J. I was wrong—I was wrong, I tell thee ; but now, thy lady—

Tif. Well, my lady has certainly a great kindness for you—to be honest with you, as I but now let slip, she has owned as much to me ; but 'tis the bashfullest creature—she would bite her tongue off ere it should drop a word of the sort to your

honor. Nay, should you press to see her now, (which I would by no means counsel, for, poor thing, she is ill at ease this morning,) 'tis like enough she would so belie her heart by her looks, that you should swear there was nothing on the face of the earth she hated so much as your worship !

Sir J. Is it possible ?

Tif. Why, have you not often seen her frown upon you ?

Sir J. Very often, I admit ; and was she not angry then ?

Tif. But with herself for loving you too much, and fearful lest she should betray it.

Sir J. The sweet soul ! The sweet soul ! You don't say so ! But wherefore should she fear, when I have the consent of her guardian to woo her, and the interest of his Grace the Duke of Buckingham ?

Tif. Aye, sir ; but there's Sir George Hewit, also an admitted suitor, with the interest of the new French favorite at his back ; and my lady is so fearful that he might fasten a quarrel on your worship, and—

Sir J. Kind creature ! but tell her, Mistress Tiffany, there is no danger—we have pledged ourselves mutually to take no offence at the other's fortune in this business. The first who should draw a sword in this matter forfeits a thousand pounds ; therefore, tell me how I may surprise thy mistress into a confession.

Tif. 'Twill be difficult, she is so timid—stay—have you no love token you could send her ? A diamond hoop—a chain of pearl—a necklace—bracelet—pendant—anything a gentleman might offer ? I'll be bound, if you'll trust me with it, to bring you back another in exchange ; aye, and my lady's heart hanging to or set in it.

Sir J. Say'st thou so ? Humph ! I have upon me now a pretty bauble of Venice ducat gold—a chain one of our couriers, whose wants outrun their wits, gave me this morning in payment of some twenty pounds I lent him—'tis worth double at least.

Tif. [aside] I'll swear it is, if you've cried quits for it.

Sir J. See—there it is—if I should trust thee with this now—

Tif. The very thing ! [Takes it]

Sir J. Well, give it to thy lady then, with what addition of words thine own brain may suggest.

Tif. Depend on me. [A knock] Ha ! as I live, here is Sir George Hewit. Let him not see you with me, or he will suspect I am in your interest. Down the back stairs—I'll despatch him quickly, and in less than half an hour bring you the answer you desire.

Sir J. Sweet Mistress Tiffany—count me your debtor for ever. [Exit Sir John, R.H.]

Tif. I hope not for so long a time as that, sir—it shall go hard but you pay me before doomsday. So, I've caught that fly with vinegar—I must try honey with the other.

Enter SERVANT with SIR GEORGE HEWIT, C.D.

Ser. Sir George Hewit. [Exit Servant.]

Sir J. Bon jour, ma toute belle! All hail to Venus, the bright star in waiting upon the chaste Diana, my soul's most worshipped divinity!

Tif. Alack, Sir George—you courtiers may well compare your mistresses to moons, for you worship at least twelve in the year.

Sir G. A mighty pretty conceit—and the fickleness smartly transferred from the goddess to her adorers. The charge is well founded too. We courtiers are sad dogs, I must confess! But 'tis the women spoil us! By mine honor they do—they will love none but the errantest rogues, the most impudent rascals. An honest man has no chance with them—demme!

Tif. I should ha thought now they would have quarrelled for him, wer't only to put him amongst their china monsters and other curiosities. An honest man caught at Whitehall would make a showman's fortune.

Sir G. Pretty again, but bitter, very bitter; some knave now has treated thee scurvily, child, to make thee turn thus upon the whole sex.

Tif. Nay, I never cared enough for a man to make him treat me scurvily.

Sir G. What, thou hast never lighted then on one of these honest monsters thou prizest so highly?

Tif. Yes, one.

Sir G. And what was he?

Tif. A serving man out of place, who honestly owned his passion for me was fed by my mistress's pantry.

Sir G. A devouring passion, truly! And how long did it last?

Tif. Just as long as his appetite: his love was like the fire of London—it began in Pudding Lane and ended at Pie Corner.

Sir G. An ingenious simile. But thy mistress, child, where is she all this while.

Tif. Alack, sir, in her chamber; and asleep, I trust; for she is far from well, and I fear on your account, sir.

Sir G. On mine, sweet abigail?—expound!

Tif. Alack, sir, she loves you for certain, and that odious

Sir John Hunks is so pressed upon her by her guardian, at the instance of the Duke of Buck—

Sir G. But I have the interest of the Belle Louise de Querouailles, the conquering beauty that has eclipsed every other, from the haughty Castlemaine to the humble Moll Davies! Will Sir Peter dare to cross her will?—nay, if he do, if your mistress have spirit enough, she shall carry me off—Demme!

Tif. Aye, but there's it sir,—my lady has no spirit, or she would have owned her love to you long ago—but she never did sir, did she?

Sir G. Never, to the best of my recollection; she has hardly permitted me to own mine! By this hand—

Tif. Oh, Gemini! what a lovely diamond you have here upon it!

Sir G. A pretty bauble, is it not? a gage d'amour—a present from a French countess, who did me the honor to adore me. I value it highly, child.

Tif. No doubt, sir, it is a witness at once of your merit and the lady's discernment. But what would my mistress say to your carrying such trophies in her own triumph?

Sir G. 'Tis a proof of her own power, child; she hath vanquished the victor, and the spoils of an hundred beauties shall be laid at the feet of—

Tif. The hundred-and-first! Oh! Sir George, Sir George, you are a terrible man; but you may take good counsel from your own metaphor—what think you of sending my lady this ring, now, as a token of her conquest, and gaining, by her answer to it, a proof of her love?

Sir G. Mort de ma vie! were it the ring of Gyges thou should'st hav't on that condition! La Voilà! and with it a fee for thyself, which shall be doubled if thou bringest me a loving answer back,—demme!

Tif. That will I, sir, before the sun go down—nay, pray stay, I think I heard my lady call,—I'll see if she's awake now, and well enough to receive you. [Exit TIFFANY into chamber.

Sir G. Hie thee, gentle Tiffany! Commend me to a chambermaid for an ally, offensive or defensive, gain her and you gain every thing. I am morally certain Troy had never stood out ten years if Agamemnon had make a friend of Hecuba's waiting-woman.

Re-enter TIFFANY.

What news from Elysium?

Tif. [Producing SIR JOHN'S chain] Oh! sir, my lady's in

the sweetest confusion! I took her quite by surprise; but she vows and protests she will not keep your ring unless you will promise to wear this poor chain in return, for *her* sake whom modesty will not permit to say so much as this token may declare for her.

Sir G. I am transported into a very ecstacy by her kindness — thou dear enchanting token! Mistress Tiffany, there are ten pieces for thee more than I promised. But may I not fling myself at the feet of ma belle adorable.

Tif. Not this morning, Sir George; she prays to be excused — you will not, I am sure, refuse her.

Sir G. I should as soon think of wearing a hat with my new periwig! Adieu, ma chère Tiffany! I am your lady's slave to the extremest verge of creation.

[*Exit SIR GEORGE.*

Tif. Now to find my city knight, and set his brain a gallop with Sir George's ring. Then will they be sure to seek each other and boast of their success, find they have been fooled, quit the lists in a huff, and leave the prize to the unknown knight of love who alone deserves it.

SONG.*

“ Over the mountains and over the waves,
 Under the fountains and under the graves,
 Under floods that are deepest, which Neptune obey,
 Over rocks that are steepest, Love will find out the way.
 You may esteem him a child for his might,
 Or you may deem him a coward for flight—
 But if she whom Love doth honor be concealed from the day,
 Set a thousand guards upon her, Love will find out the way!”

[*Exit TIFFANY*

* The exact date of the composition of this song is unknown, but the air is certainly of the 17th century.

SCENE III.

The Mall.

Enter the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, meeting SIR JOHN HUNKS.

Duke. Thy money or thy life!—stand! or thou art a dead man!

Sir J. My service to your Grace—stopping a man on the Mall is, indeed, stopping him on the King's highway.

Duke. Now hast thou not a Brumagem groat in thy pocket, or the very jest would have frightened thee into an ague fit!—But thou art well met, my little mammon; there's a frolic on foot—one of a novel nature, and I'll let thee into it out of pure charity—but mind, 'tis a prodigious secret.

Sir J. Then do not trust me with it, my lord, for your Grace is certain to tell twenty others, and when the whole court knows it you may have me cudgelled for blabbing.

Duke. Why, thou libellous villain, if I were not starving for a confidant I'd punish thee for this slander by taking thy advice, and leaving thee in thine ignorance; but I have plumped my affection on thee for a partner in this jest, and hear it thou shalt, by Gog and Magog!

Sir J. Then I must entreat your Grace to speak quickly, as I have particular business.

Duke. Rot thy business!

Sir J. But 'tis an assignation, my lord—I have to meet a lady.

Duke. A lady, thou old carrion!—a lady!—what lady? “Bezonian, speak or die!”

Sir J. Miss Lawson, my lord; I promised her waiting-woman that I would return in half-an-hour, and—

Duke. Thou shalt never return if thou hearest me not patiently. 'Tis of old Lely, the girl's guardian, that I am about to speak.

Sir J. Of Sir Peter, my lord?

Duke. Of Sir Peter!—ha! ha! ha!—I have driven the old Westphalian as wild as one of his brother boars with envy.

Sir J. You have!—and my suit, my lord, that your Grace was pledged to back with him—this may be death to my hopes just as they are beginning to blossom.

Duke. Beginning to blossom ! why, thou Glastonbury thorn ! —thou American aloe !—beginning to blossom at thy age ! But listen and be edified ; it has nought to do with thy suit, man. Thus it is—the King had just promised his picture to the Duke of York, and Lely was to paint him, when in steps me his most gracious Majesty's dearly beloved bye-blow, the Duke of Monmouth, and begs him to sit to another dauber, newly arrived from Saxony, one Master Godfrey Kneller. Charles, who never hated anything in his life but trouble, determined to kill two birds with one stone, and so sat to both at the same time, giving Lely his choice of light, attitude, &c., and leaving the new comer to the mercy of Providence. Well, sir, may I die if the young one didn't finish a striking likeness of him before Sir Peter had sketched in his outline.*

Sir J. Finish !

Duke. Every hair in Old Rowley's black periwig !

Sir J. The King was pleased ?

Duke. Enchanted ! And now here comes the joke—Sir Peter did the magnanimous—praised his rival—acknowledged the likeness, and so forth. But flesh is flesh ; and the opportunity of making some rare sport was too tempting for me to neglect. I have told the knight, in perfect confidence, that his star is declining, that Kneller is making rapid way with the King, and that he has already, by royal command, privately painted the handsomest of the Court Beauties, and that his Majesty swears, “Odds fish !” Sir Peter Lely's are fitted only for sign-posts by comparison.

Sir J. And he believes you ?

Duke. S'life, man, I've offered him ocular demonstration. He is to sup with me this evening, and afterwards, as a mighty favour, and at my own peril of offending the king, mind you, I am to shew him the pictures, which have been entrusted to my custody.

Sir J. And what will you shew him ?

Duke. Nothing 'till I have made him almost too drunk to see anything ; and then—ho ! ho ! ho !—’tis the maddest frolic. What think ye of Beck Marshall, Knipp, Doll Common, and half-a-dozen other actresses of the Duke's company, dressed up after the fashion of his own pictures, and placed in frames, which my rascal Jerningham is fitting up most ingeniously behind a curtain in one of my rooms at Whitehall ?

Sir J. But if he be a drop less than blind drunk, he cannot fail to see they are living figures—and there's an end of the jest.

* Lord Orford's Anecdotes of Painting.

Duke. Well, and would'st thou have a jest last for ever? Twill end as a jest should—in a hearty laugh, man! What would'st thou more?

Sir J. Nothing, if your Grace thinks a mere laugh cheap at so much cost and trouble.

Duke. Pish! The trouble is Jerningham's; and, as to the cost, if I fling not my money out o'the door, it would out o'the window! I'll hide thee where thou shalt see the sport, and afterwards join in the laugh at him.

Sir J. And if Sir Peter take offence at the trick, and refuse me the hand of his ward, your Grace will remember there is a certain mortgage, and that I have abstained foreclosing on one condition only—

Duke. Remember! S'death, is it likely I can forget it, when, like a starling, thou hast but that one word on thy tongue the whole day long? Foreclose, and be—! Hold, “egad!” as my friend Bayes has it, I may turn the bare jest to a good account, now I think on't. Sir Peter shall give me his promise in writing for thee as a bribe for shewing him the pictures. What, man!—what say'st thou to Buckingham's blending business with pleasure?

Sir J. I say of your Grace as your Grace has said of his Majesty, that you *could* do anything if you *would*.

Duke. And you, as I said of the Duke of York, *would* do anything if you *could*. But mum, thou Oracle of Guildhall, for here comes “Old Rowley,” the King *in propria personæ*.

Sir J. [Aside] Let me hasten to Mistress Tiffany!

[Exit Sir John.]

Enter CHARLES II., with SAVILLE and other Courtiers; PAGES, &c., in attendance, with several favourite Spaniels.

Duke. A merry good morrow to your Majesty.

Char. Good morrow, George. I need not wish thee a merry one, for the Duke of Buckingham, men say, will know none other.

Duke. “Like master like man,” saith the proverb,—a merry king makes a merry court, sir.

Char. And what's the best news in the world this morning?

Duke. Faith, sir, I do not think there be such a thing as news left in the world. I have heard none since your Majesty's Restoration that was worth a bunch of filberts.

Char. They tell me there's the beautifullest creature newly come to town—a ward of Lely's. Hewit is mightily taken with her, and the Duchess of Portsmouth has spoken to Sir Peter in his behalf.

Duke. I have a friend, too, who is deeply smitten by this newly-discovered constellation. Your Majesty, I trust, will forgive my opposing the wishes of her Grace of Portsmouth on this occasion.

Char. Nay, 'tis no affair of mine! Odds fish! I've enough to do to keep peace on my own account, without meddling or making for others. [To one of the dogs.] Nell, Nell, where art thou running, thou wild baggage?

Duke. Like her namesake, after every body but your Majesty.

Char. Buckingham, thou art the most impudent fellow—

Duke. Of a subject, I believe I am, sir.

Char. Come, come, thou hast brass enough of thine own, without stealing from Shaftesbury. [To a Page] Take the dogs in, sirrah! [Exit Page, with dogs.]

Duke. In good time, my liege, for here comes a puppy to relieve guard.

Char. Sir George Hewit!—[Enter SIR GEORGE.] These gentlemen inform me you are desirous to commit matrimony. Is the lady kind as she is reported beautiful? How fares your suit, sir?

Sir G. I thank your Majesty. It cannot fare better. As honest Will Shakspeare has it—"We are the Jasons! we have won the fleece!"

Duke. What mean you, man? Have you Sir Peter's promise or the lady's?

Sir G. The lady's, the lady's, my dear Duke. Sir Peter may go hang—I have the lady's heart, and her hand is sure to follow. I am sorry for your friend.

Char. He looks high and jōcund, George. Gold-lace and the pouncet-box have carried it!

Duke. For a hundred pounds, now, this is the mere dream of thy vanity! Thou hast no proof to shew for it.

Sir G. I hold thee for a hundred. Will it please your Majesty to decide between us? Oh, that my rival were here, that I might jeer him!

Duke. S'life, man, if thou hast every wish granted thee as speedily, I have lost my wager, for here comes the Alderman, and with joy in his eyes too.

Enter SIR JOHN HUNKS, hastily, then stops on seeing his Majesty, and, stepping back, bows very low.

Char. Nay, step not back, sir, you were wished for; Sir George Hewit has news for you.

Sir J. And I for him, and please your most gracious Majesty; but such, as I fear, he'll scarcely thank the bearer for.

Char. Indeed! Say on, sir, if it concerns your rivalry in a fair lady's love. It is a case to be argued before the King in council.

Duke. Your Majesty's pardon, but the speech is with Sir George.

Char. Odds fish! thou art right, man. The onus of the proof lies upon his shoulders of course. Now, Hewit, what cause hast thou to shew why thy hundred pounds should not pass into the pocket of our right trusty and entirely beloved cousin and counsellor, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham?

Sir G. Your Majesty shall judge. Sir John Hunks, we are friends, mark you; we have bound ourselves, by word and deed, to have no quarrel on the matter. Therefore, however things fall out, you cannot take my counsel in ill part.

Sir J. Go on, sir; pray go on.

Sir G. Upon mine honour, I have used no enchantment, no philtre, no device that is unlawful, to direct the stream of her affection—it flows naturally.

Sir J. To you, sir?

Sir G. To me, sir. Therefore, with a generous breast, and in the confidence that you will take it kindly, I counsel you to abandon the prosecution of your suit to the lady in question. There will be less affront than to expect to the last minute, and then behold the victory another's. I am studious to preserve your friendship, mark you; and though it be my glory to be adorned with a trophy of her vanquished love, I would not ostentatiously display it to wound your feelings, were't not that his Grace of Buckingham has provoked me by a wager of an hundred pounds to the proof. [*Shews the chain.*] There, sir, you see I wear the lady's chain. Not in mere metaphor—'Tis real, sir—a chain of Venice gold, craftily wrought. But valueless to me, had it not been exchanged with sweetest words for a bauble that I gave her.

Duke. How's this!

Sir J. [aside.] Am I dreaming? That chain!

Char. My Lord Duke. your hundred pounds are melting.

Sir J. [aside] I must see that chain closer. It looks fearfully like my chain.

Sir G. I hope, Sir John, you will not let this chance be too hard for your philosophy. I should be sorry if you ran yourself into the care of Bedlam; but he that wears this favour, you must understand, sir—

Sir J. Sir, as to that favour, I have a word to say, sir.

Sir G. Nay, be comforted. A lady's love is mortal, sir
If a thousand men should love one woman, the dice must carry
her—one alone can truly wear the garland.

Sir J. I pray you let me look upon that chain.

Sir G. With all my heart, sir. But *upon* my heart, sir, it
quits not my body till the soul that informs it quits it too—
will 't please you observe it, sir.

Sir J. S'death, 'tis too true! That chain I sent her.

Sir G. What! I shall die of this! You sent it her!

Sir J. Yes, and she did receive it with all circumstance of
love, exchanging with me an amorous token. Oh, the Jezabel!

All [but Sir John] Ha! ha! ha!

Sir G. O the dear mad soul! I shall love her more heartily
for this! His gift to her!—ha! ha! ha! ha! I pity thee. I
cannot choose but laugh; but I pity thee, by mine honour.

Char. Poor gentleman, 'tis a shrewd trick to serve him—

Duke. And one that has cost me an hundred pounds, a
plague on 't!

Sir J. I'll to her again, and fling her token at her feet.
Though it were worth all Lombard street, with scorn would I
return it! Come off, I say! [*Pulling off his glove, and taking
a ring from his finger.*] Finger of mine shall never wear ring
more.

Duke. What, did she give you this ring? [*Taking it.*]

Sir J. She sent it to me by her woman in exchange for that
very chain.

Char. 'Tis a costly gem to jest with; and, or I much mistake,
I have seen a jewel like this before. Know you aught of it,
Sir George?

Sir G. Eh!—why—confusion! This ring!—why, this was
my ring, demme!

Duke and Sir J. His ring!

Char. I knew I'd seen it on his hand.

Sir G. The devil! She could not use me thus? Give thee
this ring?

Sir J. I tell you, in exchange for that chain of mine you
say she gave to you.

Char. and Buck. Ha! ha! ha!

Char. This is excellent.

Sir G. Who would trust woman after this!

Duke. Ha! ha! ha! Why, how now, Sir George? What
say'st thou to my hundred pounds? "But be comforted, a
lady's love is mortal, you know. If a thousand men should love
one woman, the dice must carry her—one alone can truly wear
the garland." Ha! ha! ha!

Sir G. Pretty—mighty pretty!

Sir J. And Sir George, Sir George, "I counsel you to abandon the prosecution of your suit to the lady in question. There will be less affront than to expect to the last minute, and then behold the victory another's."

Sir G. Well, 'tis not yours.

Sir J. Nor yours, that's one comfort.

Char. Odds fish ! she has fitted you with a pair of fools' coats as handsomely as any tailor that had taken measure. [Aside] I love the rogue for't myself. I must see this witty fair one. Come hither, sir, [To a PAGE; the King whispers him, and he goes out] Buckingham, you have won your bet, methinks. Adieu, gentlemen ! Your wisest plan will be to take back each your own property, and keep your own peace, as well as mine, upon this subject.

[*Exeunt CHARLES and Attendants.*]

Sir G. My Lord Duke, I owe you an hundred pounds.

Duke. By Jove ! it were almost a shame to take them of thee. I have had a laugh at thy expense worth double the money. But what will ye do, gentlemen, about the lady ?

Sir J. I'll be revenged somehow.

Duke. Marry her still, if thou canst, then ? 'Tis the worst turn thou canst do her.

Sir J. I'll be hanged first.

Duke. Aye—in chains, as an alderman should be.

Sir G. I'll poison her monkey.

Duke. Nay, that would be suicide. You had best follow the King's advice—each man take his own again, and there an end of the business.

Sir G. 'Gad so, my lord, I believe it would be the wisest plan after all. I'll kill her with spleen by the readiness of my obedience. She might have had me, and she wouldn't—the loss is the lady's. By my honor, 'tis the most provoking way of all —demme ! Sir John, there is thy chain—give me thy hand.

Sir J. Well, there's my hand, and thy ring. But I will be revenged on somebody—that baggage Tiffany. She shall pay for't—she was the mover to this, I'll swear.

Duke. Come, come, let's go dine together at Will's. What a plague, man ! thou art not the first who has been fooled by a woman ; and know you not the fate of poor Nicho ?

MADRIGAL.

COMPOSED BY CAVENDISH ABOUT 1598.

"Every bush new springing,
Every bird now singing,

Merrily sat poor Nicho,
 Chaunting tro li lo li lo,
 Till her he had espied
 On whom his hopes relied,
 When down, a down, a down,
 She pulled him with a frown ! ”

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same as Scene II.

Enter MISS LAWSON and TIFFANY.

Miss Law. They will complain to my guardian.

Tif. Not they ; and, if they do, you know nothing of the matter. Let the blame all rest upon my shoulders. He can but turn me away, and there are more places than parish churches. I'll wager, madam, that the two fools are yet wise enough to say nothing about it, for their own sakes. They would merely be laughed at throughout the court, and lampooned by every scribbler in London. No, no ! Sir George's vanity will tie up his tongue, and the Alderman will be too happy to find he has a ring worth eighty pounds, for a chain he valued at forty.

Miss Law. But Sir Peter will never consent to my marrying Captain Norton, even should the others withdraw their pretensions.

Tif. How can you tell, madam, till you've asked him ? As soon as the old suitors have declared off, let the new one put the question ; and if Sir Peter doesn't consent at once, run away with the Captain.

Miss Law. Oh, Tiffany ! I couldn't—I couldn't, indeed.

Tif. Couldn't you ? Well, then, let him run away with you. It doesn't much signify.

Enter SERVANT with a letter.

Serv. A letter, Madam.

Miss Law. [Aside to TIFFANY.] 'Tis his hand, Tiffany.

Tif. [To SERV.] Well, does anybody wait ?

Serv. No, mistress.

Tif. Neither need you, then. Quick, madam, let us have the news.

As the SERVANT is going out, enter CHARLES, [C. D.] who makes a sign to him not to notice him. Exit SERVANT.

Miss Law. What can he have to write about?

Tif. Law, madam, that's just like a person wondering what time it is while the clock is striking, when, if they would but count, they could tell themselves. Open the letter, madam, and ten to one but we shall know what it's about.

Miss Law. [Reads] "Dearest Alicia, the Duke of Buckingham intends playing one of his extravagant jests upon your guardian this evening; but, as usual, has been unable to keep his own secret. I send you a brief account of the plot and the actors in this ridiculous comedy, which, by the Duke's own carelessness, has fallen into the hands of my friend Colonel Aston. Make what use you will of it, and command in this, as in all things, your devoted servant, Richard Norton."

Char. [Aside] So! so!

Tif. Oh, Gemini! let's see the plot. This warning may work wonders for us.

Char. [Aside.] Here, then, are two discoveries: the lady has a favoured swain, and the Duke of Buckingham a jest on foot, which, it seems, all the world is to know but his master.

Tif. [Who has read the enclosure.] Well, of all the mad tricks, surely no brains but Buckingham's could have hatched such a project. I wonder if old Rowley's in the secret?

Miss Law. The King!

Char. [Aside.] He means to be, depend on't.

Tif. Yes, the King. We always call him old Rowley, you know, because there's an old black horse of that name in the royal stud, that was a precious wild colt in his time.

Char. [Aside.] Odds fish! this comes of listening.

Tif. He might make rare sport by turning the tables on the Duke, making him drunk instead of Sir Peter, and putting the real ladies in the place of the sham ones.

Char. What is the meaning of all this? I must know at once.

Tif. And then, if Old Rowley—[the King taps her on the shoulder.]—Mercy on us! who's there?

Char. Old Rowley himself, madam. [Bowing to Miss LAWSON.]

Miss Law. His Majesty! [Attempting to kneel; CHAR. prevents her.]

Tif. [Dropping on her knees.] Oh dear! oh dear! don't

hang me this time, please your Majesty, I'll never call you Old Rowley any more !

Char. Hang thee, child ! no, no, thou'rt in no danger of hanging this bout ; thou wilt merely be whipped at the cart's tail, and have one of those pretty little white velvet ears nailed to the pillory.

Tif. Oh ! mercy, mercy ! your most gracious Majesty !

Char. Nay, I fear 'tis past praying for ; thou hast disparaged the King before a witness—this fair lady must needs give evidence against you. What think you, madam ?

Miss Law. That you will forgive her, sire ; you are the father of your subjects.

Char. [Aside.] Of too many of them I'm afraid I am. [Aloud.] And what wilt thou do to deserve my clemency ? [To TIFFANY.]

Tif. As little as my betters, sir ; less I'm sure's impossible !

Char. Odds fish ! wench, thou say'st truly ; there's Rochester, Buckingham, Shaftesbury, and the rest, I verily believe they will all be tired of offending before I am of forgiving ; so get up from thy knees, Mistress Tiffany, and let us learn more of this mine Buckingham has been digging, and how thou wouldest work the countermine.

Tif. There's the paper, your Majesty. [Giving him the enclosure.] Give him the letter too, madam, and ask his protection. [Aside to Miss LAWSON.]

Miss Law. I dare not, Tiffany.

Char. Aha ! a whimsical conceit, it must be owned ; and he has made too free with my name, seemingly, to let me into his confidence. [To TIF.] And so thou wouldest substitute the originals, eh, Mistress Tiffany ?

Tif. Oh, lud ! your Majesty heard that too ?

Char. I'll hold an hundred to one, now, that the trick played on Sir George Hewit and the alderman, in the exchange of their love tokens, was of thy contrivance.

Tif. Your Majesty will not tell Sir Peter ?

Char. No, no, I am no tale-bearer, child ; Cupid knows the mischief I might make at court if I were that way inclined. The young gentleman who forwarded this paper to you, Miss Lawson, holds, I believe, our commission in the Life Guards ?

Miss Law. He does, sire.

Char. We must speak to your guardian concerning him. Hark ! is not that Sir Peter's voice now on the stairs ?

Miss Law. It is, sire.

Char. [To TIF.] Pen, ink, and paper ! [TIF. produces them ; the King sits and writes.]

Enter SIR PETER LELY, E. H.

Sir P. What do I see ! his Majesty here ! Der Teufel !

Char. Sir Peter, you sup to-night with the Duke of Buckingham, in his apartments at Whitehall. I am affronted with Villiers for not making me one of the party.

Lely. [Aside.] Mein Herz ! mein Herz ! what shall he know of this !

Char. Especially as I find you are to see some pictures of rare merit, by Master Godfrey Kneller. I think if they were painted by my command, I might have been permitted the first peep at my own property. But Buckingham does just as he pleases.

Lely. Can it be possible, then, that your Majesty has never seen—

Char. You think, I suppose, that our Scotch blood may have brought with it the gift of second sight, for most assuredly nothing but such a faculty could enable me to see that which has never yet existed.

Lely. So it is not true then, sir, what I have been told by his grace—tousand teufels ! begging your most gracious Majesty's pardon !

Char. Calmez-vous, preux chevalier ! choler is bad for digestion. Open not your lips in this matter except to eat the Duke's supper, and leave the rest to the wisdom of the King's most honourable privy council, of which you behold here a newly appointed member. [Chucking TIFFANY under the chin.]

Lely. Mistress Tiffany ! your Majesty is pleased to be merry.

Char. Odds fish, man ! she wont be more unpopular than Lauderdale, and they can't call such a minister an *old* woman, at any rate. Sir Peter, you will bring Miss Lawson with you to Whitehall this evening, I must present her to the Queen. We owe you a grudge for having kept so much beauty from our knowledge, but we will suggest a way by which you can atone for your fault. You, Mistress Tiffany, will be pleased to make what haste you can to the palace, and inquire for Master Edward Prodgers, of my chamber, give him this note, and, as you value those pretty ears aforesaid, drop not a word to any other mortal soul of what has passed here bétween you and—Old Rowley. [To SIR Peter] A ce soir, chevalier—not a step, I am here incog. remember !

Lely. Your Majesty must be obeyed. [Exit CHAR.] So, what shall all this mean, Alicia ?

Miss Law. Tiffany will tell you, sir. [Aside.] I dare not, for my life ! [Exit Miss LAWSON.]

Lely. So, if you please, then, Mistress Tiffany.

Tif. Yes, sir. [Aside] I must run with this letter.

[Exit TIFFANY.]

Lely. So!—Hundred thousand teufels! Nobody shall not tell me nothing!

[Exit.]

SCENE V.

A Gallery in Whitehall.

Enter the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Duke. Who waits there? Jerningham! what's the time?

Enter JERNINGHAM.

Jer. Past eight, my Lord.

Duke. The Devil!—the Burgundy at Will's must have been drugged, sure; my siesta has lasted three hours by Shrewsbury clock, as Warwickshire Will says. Is all ready, Jerningham?

Jer. All, your Grace; and the ladies have sworn to be punctual.

Duke. By their honours, I hope; for the oath else were not worth a groat. Let me know when Sir Peter arrives; and now vanish.

Jer. Oh! my Lord, I had nearly forgotten to tell you that Mistress Marshall says your Grace must have made a mistake in the note you sent her this afternoon, as she never was a Colonel of Life Guards, or played a set of tennis with your Grace in the King's company.

Duke. And who the devil said she did, sirrah? Is she mad? or art thou? or dost think I am?

Jer. I but give your Grace the message as 'twas given to me.

Duke. "Colonel of Life Guards!"—"played at tennis!"—what does the baggage mean?—my note to her contained no such matter; but the whole plot and mystery of our frolic to-night, set forth so plainly, that neither she nor her companions could mistake their parts. Did I not read it to you myself, to the intent that if you blundered in your directions, they should have black and white to go by.

Jer. Your Grace certainly did read me such a letter, but I thought you might have changed your mind, for you sent none such by me to Mrs. Marshall.

Duke. 'Sdeath, villain! I gave it into your own hands at the same time that I dispatched Culpepper with—Phew! by Jupiter, I see it now! With my usual cursed carelessness, I've misdirected the covers, and sent the whole story to Colonel Aston! Ha! ha! ha! and so Beck Marshall got a note beginning "Dear Tom," and ending with "come to us at Will's,—I shan't be drunk this half-hour." Ho! ho! ho! But what the plague

will the Colonel do with his letter? Peach to Lely?—he'll have scarcely time; or to the King?—with all my heart, they can't spoil the jest now.

Enter SERVANT.

Well, sir?

Ser. Sir Peter Lely to wait on your Grace.

Duke. Odso, Jerningham away to thy post; and hark ye, if Hewit and the alderman arrive, cram them into the little closet, where they can see without being seen; but I left them both so drunk at the coffee-house that I question if either can find his way hither to-night!

[*Exit DUKE; as JER. is going out the other side.*]

Enter the KING and PRODGERS.

Char. Alte la! Monsieur Jerningham. We will relieve you from some of this trouble.

Jer. [Aside.] The King!

Char. Follow master Prodggers, and abide by his directions.—Not a word! Obey, sirrah! Thou hadst best, I promise thee.

Pro. This way, sir.

[*Ezeunt PRODGERS and JERNINGHAM.*]

Char. A present, entrez, messieurs et mesdames! [*Several ladies enter, masked and cloaked, and conducted by SAVILLE and other courtiers.*] Saville, Sidney, and the rest, lead the ladies down that gallery into the antechamber prepared for them. They need not take their stations till the signal is given we have agreed upon. Quickly, gentlemen—and silently, ladies, if possible.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

An Apartment in Whitehall.

Along the back of which extends a rich curtain. Doors in each wing. Servants discovered laying out a supper table. PRODGERS and JERNINGHAM superintending.

Pro. Now, master Jerningham, inform the Duke supper is served; and as you value your advancement, observe to the letter every part of my instructions.

Jer. I shall sir. [*Exit, R. H.*]

Pro. [To SERVANTS] You, fellows, remember that his Majesty will be in that closet, and have an eye to your proceedings. So, they come. [*Exit into closet, L. H.*]

Re-enter from R. H. door, JERNINGHAM, preceding the DUKE and SIR PETER LELY.

Duke. There! my prince of painters! behind that mysterious drapery hang the clandestine copies of thy inimitable works, the Beauties of the Court of Charles the Second. For the

rogue has been mean enough to borrow the very attitudes and dresses ! 'Gad he was determined they should be known by their gowns if he failed in their faces ; and to make assurance double sure, he has had their names painted on the frames too ; but sit down, sir knight of the eazel. Thy rival shall have fairer play than he deserves at thy hands. Thou shalt criticise on a satisfied stomach. Thou shalt be inspired by the generous Burgundy and the lively Champagne !—Alerte ! Jerningham ! Fill the goblets ! and hark, in thine ear ! [aside] The ladies come ?

Jer. All my lord.

Duke. And do they look like 'em ?

Jer. Your grace will be astonished how well the jades have managed it.

Duke. Any news of Sir George and the Alderman ?

Jer. None my lord.

[CHARLES and PRODGERS appear at the closet door.

Duke. Enough ! [aloud] Fill, sirrah!—I drink to the modern Apelles. Oh, that he had an Alexander to honour him ! The great little Alick would suffer none to paint his Grecian nose but the immortal limner of Cos ! The little great Charles has his swarthy phisiognomy daubed by every sign painter in the three kingdoms.

Lely. [With an inclination to the KING, unseen by BUCKINGHAM] It is a proof of his Majesty's great popularity. No single painter could supply the demand for his Majesty's portraits !

Duke In gold and silver you mean, my king of colours ! There's a great demand for his Majesty's picture in metal, I grant you !—but his Majesty has been graciously pleased to furnish us with so many living copies of his royal countenance, that prints and paintings are rather heavy in the market.

Char. [To PRODGERS, who looks disconcerted] Never mind me, Prodggers ! I know the old proverb, and must take the consequences. [Aside to himself] But I begin to wince for the ladies !

Duke. Fill, Jerningham ! fill the knight's glass to the brim ! [Sings]

“ The man that is drunk is devoid of all care,
Fal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la ;
The moor's poisoned dart he scorns for to wield,
His bottle alone is his sword and his shield,
Fal, la, la, la, la,
Fal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la ! ”

Have we no music ? Is not my German band in attendance ?

Jer. In the next room, your grace.

Duke. Let the rascals sound then !

[JERNINGHAM goes to the door, and makes a sign. Music within, and TIFFANY enters, disguised as a Moorish Page.*

[Exeunt SERVANTS.]

Duke. Why how now, Jerningham !—What Bartholomew-fairing have we here ?

Jer. A Maroqueen boy, my lord, from Tangiers, whom his Majesty has sent your grace for a page ! he hath a pretty knowledge of music, and will dance you his country dances by the hour. (TIFFANY salaams the DUKE.)

Duke. Allah Acbar !—What !—a veritable imp of Mahound !—a true Barbary colt !—a sucking infidel !—a baby Bedouin ! Speaks he any English, Jerningham ?

Jer. But a few broken words, my lord, patched with some bad Spanish !—but his actions are most eloquent.

Duke. Basta, then ! Let him give us a taste of his quality ! and hand the flagon of Rhenish to Sir Peter ! Drunken sie ! drinkeh sie ! mein guten freund !—'Tis your own Rhein wine ! The grape of your vaterland. So drink “Upsee Dutch !” and the devil take the flincher !

[Music. TIFFANY takes the flagon and goblet quickly from SIR PETER, and performs a dance, during which she puts a drug into the goblet, plies BUCKINGHAM with wine, and merely feigns a similar service to LELY.]

After the dance—

Duke. [Beginning to feel the influence of the wine] Bravo ! my little barbarian ! Aha ! What says Apelles ?

Lely. [pretending intoxication.] O das ist goot—Sehr goot, your grace. But your grace does not drink—I am emptying all the bottles meinself !

Duke. Not drink ! By the black stone at Mecca!—that young spawn of the desert has made my brain spin round like a dancing dervish ! [Aside.] A plague upon it, I'm almost as drunk as that old fool Lely himself. [Aloud.] What ho ! Jerningham ! thou villain ! away with the curtain and be hanged to thee ! unveil the paradise of Whitehall, and shew us the fawn-eyed peri's of England !

[Music. TIFFANY claps her hands, and the curtain at the back of the stage opens and discovers—The Duchess of Cleveland, The Duchess of Richmond, The Duchess of Portsmouth, The Countess of Falmouth, Countess of Hamilton, Mrs. Middleton, Miss Temple, and Nell Gwynne, standing or seated, as in the original portraits, within frames labelled accordingly.]

[Exeunt TIFFANY and JERNINGHAM.]

* For the personal convenience of Madame Vestris this has been altered, and she now appears in female Moorish costume ; but this change affects only a few lines of the following dialogue.

Duke. There ! there's a sight that beats the reception of the Muscovite ambassadors, or the sham siege of Maestricht, in Windsor great park !

Lely. Ah ! at once I confess myself outdone ! I could almost swear they were the ladies themselves !

Duke. [Aside.] How drunk he must be ! [Aloud.] The ladies themselves ! No, rot it Sir Peter, the pictures arn't half so highly painted.

Char. Can this be called back-biting now, when he says it to their faces ?

Lely. His Majesty had reason to say they were more like the originals than my poor performances.

Duke. Why it must be confessed thou hast flattered some of 'em most damnable !

Lely. How, my lord !—It is impossible to do so.

Duke. Impossible ! thou smooth-tongued supple jack ! Why, look at my own precious kinswoman to begin with. Barbara Villiers, Countess of Castlemaine and Duchess of Cleveland ! Who but the King and that other old fool, Sammy Pepys, ever thought her so mighty beautiful !—a termagant hussey ! Thou didst well to paint her as Bellona, the Goddess of Discord !

[*The DUCHESS frowns at LELY.*]

Lely. [Hastily.] Minerva ! Minerva ! the Goddess of Wisdom !

Duke. Out on thee, hypocrite ! Goddess of Wisdom, quotha. Where's her owl ? unless thou art he ! I say Bellona, and thou knowest it. Look if she haven't turned up her nose so often at poor old Rowley, that he might hang the ducal coronet upon it, with which he bought permission to make love to that pretty fool, Miss Stewart, who jilted him after all for the Duke of Richmond !

Char. [Aside.] Odds fish ! But these truths are rather of the sharpest

Duke. There *she* is, dressed as Diana, forsooth ! What the devil made thee so satirical, eh, Master Apelles ? Hadst thou an eye to the Campaspe of our Alexander, Eh ?

Lely. [Confused.] My Lord Duke ! I pray you—

Duke. Pshaw ! man ! I shan't peach—why not thou as well as the fellow—what d'ye call him ?—who stamped her face for Britannia on the back of the halfpence ? If the coin had been brass, it had been more in character.

Movement of the DUCHESS OF RICHMOND, suppressed by a sign from CHARLES.

Char. [Aside.] There's no help for't now—he's off—stop him who can !

Duke. As to Jennings and Bagot, and Temple and Price, and all that set—De Gustibus say I. But Hamilton and Falmouth have left the two first widows, to the great comfort of both parties. The grave Sir Charles Littleton promises to rid

us of that silly coquette, Temple, and Mistress Price may hunt up her old masquerade dress, and sell oranges at the Playhouse in reality. Killegrew says its all she's fit for !

Char. [Aside] They'll tear his eyes out, Prodgers!

Pro. They can't get at him, sir—I've fastened the backs of the frames, and removed the steps.

Duke. [Aside.] How devilish like some of the sluts have made themselves; but Sir Peter must be confoundedly drunk not to see they're flesh and blood. [Aloud.] There's Nell Gwynne now—or Madam Ellen, as the folks call her—a slatternly dwarf, with pig's eyes and chinesee feet. [NELL laughs.] Curse your giggling, whoever you are. [Aside.] But I'll forgive the baggage anything, were it only for the jest she makes of that French baby, Portsmouth, [the DUCHESS starts up, but sits down again at an imploring sign from CHARLES,] whose only recommendation is, that her extravagance keeps the King a good boy, by making him dependant on Parliament for his subsistence

Duchess of Portsmouth. [Carried away by her indignation] Coquin! scelerat! somebody let me out.

Char. It's all over! I guessed how 'twould end.

Duke. Hey day! Doll Common's determined to act up to her part. Why, Sir Peter, that's a speaking likeness! Ha, ha, ha! thou look'st all aghast, man. "Leave a jest when it's at the best," says the Spaniard! Come down, you wild jades, and "shew like what you are!" as Will Shakspeare has it. Jerningham! some more wine for the women, and help 'em out.

All the Ladies. Aye, and we'll see how you can help yourself out.

[CHARLES, PRODGERS, SAVILLE, &c. advance from the closet]

Char. [Stopping BUCKINGHAM] Let 'em alone, George, if thou hast any love for thine eyes, for even my authority would fail at this moment to keep their nails from thy face.

Duke. What's the meaning of all this? The King! Well, with all my heart—your Majesty's welcome—Jerningham! bring the wine, I say. His Majesty's come, and by Bacchus and Venus we'll make a night of it

Enter JERNINGHAM and SERVANT.

Char. To bed! to bed, George! Thou art drunk enough as it is.

Duke. Drunk! I am sober as a judge! It's Sir Peter, your Majesty—he's so drunk that he can't stand, your Majesty.

[Falls.

Char. Away with him, some of ye. [JERNINGHAM and SERVANT bear out BUCKINGHAM] Sir Peter, for the trick he would have played you, I think you may safely leave your vengeance in the hands of these ladies, who, when they are a little cooler, shall be set at liberty.

Enter CAPTAIN NORTON, MISS LAWSON, and TIFFANY

Your fair ward here has chosen a husband for herself, and I have promised her that you will not object to her choice. Mistress Tiffany, thy jest has gone rather further than I intended; but 'tis no fault of thine, wench, and thou hast played thy part to perfection. Thou shall not go unrewarded.

Tif. Your Majesty's good nature is proverbial. But may I hope to find your Majesty's faithful Commons as kindly disposed towards the passing of this little act.—[To the audience]

'Tis a mere sketch—its sole intent and aim,
To give some well-known pictures *here* a frame.
If somewhat like th' originals ye've found 'em,
Forgive the carving rude that doth surround 'em.
We have attempted here to-night, to shew
Of Charles's Court, the Beauty and the Beau,
Each in their habit as they lived and walked
The mall, and flirted, frolicked, sung, and talked.
The airs you've heard were then composed; indeed,
The very dogs are of King Charles's breed.
Scene, music, dress, all cull'd the time to fit,
You have lack'd nothing of it, but the wit.
So will the critics' stern indictment read.
But ere the charge be made, the bard doth plead
"Guilty," and throws himself—the old resort—
Upon the mercy of this awful Court.
I, as his counsel, beg you to be tender,
Although I own he is an old offender:
Commute the punishment his crime has courted,
And, by your favour, let him be transported !

FINALE,

Solo.—TIFFANY.

AIR.—“*To all you Ladies now on Land.*” composed in 1666.

To all fair Ladies in the land,
We trust our cause to-night;
But first would have them understand
How hard it is to write:
Be kind our many faults unto,
And only here our Beauties view.

Fal, la, la, la, la, la, la !

CHORUS.—“*The Waits.*”—J. SAVILLE, 1666.

With a fal, la, la, la, la, la, &c.

ALCESTIS,

THE ORIGINAL

STRONG-MINDED WOMAN;

A CLASSICAL BURLESQUE,

IN ONE ACT.

BEING

A MOST SHAMELESS MISINTERPRETATION OF THE
GREEK DRAMA OF EURIPIDES.

WITH AN ORIGINAL PROLOGUE, UPON THE OCCASION OF ITS
SUBSEQUENT REVIVAL.

BY

FRANCIS TALFOURD,

Author of "Shylock," "Ganem, the Slave of Love," &c., &c.

THIRD EDITION.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
THEATRICAL PUBLISHER,
LONDON.

Originally Performed at the Strand Theatre, July 4th, 1850.

CHARACTERS MISREPRESENTED.

APOLLO	(the original Sir Oracle)	MISS ADAMS.
ORCUS	{ (or Death; his first appearance in so early a stage—an internal god, and an infernal nuisance)	MR. H. FARREN.
HERCULES	{ (a hero whose address was well known at his club)	MR. W. FARREN.
ADMETUS	{ (an individual weak in intel- lect, and not 'recommended by any Faculty')	MR. COMPTON.
POLAX	{ (inspector of Pelisse and Pett- coats, as usual of the 'Hra division)	MR. W. SHALDERS.
ALCESTIS	{ (the regular Greek Play heroine, rigidly correct, and irreproachably Classical)	MRS. L. MURRAY.
PHŒDRA	{ (servant of all work and no play; taken up by the Policeman aforesaid)	MRS. A. PHILLIPS.
TWO CHILDREN	{ (very bad characters, as they have nothing to say for themselves)	MISSES SHARP AND GILBERT.

SCENE—*Phereia, in Thessaly.*

TIME—*Old enough to know 'etter.*

The PLOT, which has been thought an eligible ground plot for building one story on, is therefore mainly referable to the injured poet above mentioned, and may be thus briefly described. Admetus, being due to Death, and as such totally unprepared to take himself up, is about to betake himself down, according to previous arrangement, when Orcus, who has been meanwhile trying his mean wiles upon Alcestis, (Admetus' very much better half) expresses himself willing to receive her as a substitute; her husband, friends and relations, not feeling quite so disposed to be disposed of. Alcestis however consents, packs up her own traps, and then obligingly goes packing down those of Orcus. At this melancholy juncture, Hercules chances to be passing through Thessaly, on his return from his provincial engagements, and having a knack of turning up a trump at a rub, plays his club so judiciously as to retake the Queen, in spite of the deuce, and restores her to her family and friends.

The Scene, being the work of Mr. W. Shalders, need but be seen to be appreciated, and will be all his fancy painted it. It is hoped that the piece will be no less in drawing.

For the Costumes, Messrs. Nathan have undertaken to give all the characters a proper dressing.

The (special) Appointments which have been made by Mr. McGinfl, will be strictly kept—in the Property Room; and the effect of the Music will doubtless be electrical through so able a conductor as Mr J. Barnard.

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE.

BY FRANCIS TALFOURD.

Upon the revival of "Alcestis" November 24, 1853.

Spoken by Miss HARRIETT GORDON.

"Stay—not so fast—I have a word to say
Before the curtain rises on our play,
And venture a few passing observations,
Upon our scenery and decorations :
Now, scorning with a subterfuge to sneak off,
I'll own at once that none of these to speak of,
Will in our simple tragedy be found—
Remember, we are treading classic ground,
And from the drama's strict laws do not mean
To wander off in quest of change of scene ;
While, I may add, we've no excuse to roam,
Since in our characters we're all at home.
On gaudy pageants, which elsewhere prevail,
We turn our back, as we unfold our tale,
Wherein Greek meets Greek as in days of yore—
So the scene behind is what it was before
The spirited leaders of this o'er fast age
Kicked o'er the traces of the slow old stage.
Plays of the greatest and the least pretence
Are mounted so regardless of expense
That fifty nights is scarce a run accounted—
Run ! they should gallop, being so well mounted !
In such fine feathers managers now show them,
The authors of their being wouldn't know them !
Burlesquewrights shake their waggish heads, and vow
That e'en the best of fairy-pieces now
Must have red fire the dresses well to show off,
As fowling pieces without smoke can't go off ;
And find when only aimed to cut a dash,
The loosest loading makes the brightest flash ;
The aim may wild be, though the object's tame—
But then as Shakespeare says " What's in an aim ! "

Talking of Shakespeare, Avon's bard I mean,
Whom though all know, so few have rightly seen,
Not quite so fine as he's of late been painted ;
Nor near so bad as sometimes represented—
Well, Shakespeare, who, disdaining tinsel aid,
In this good city drove a thriving trade,
(Whether on play or actor it reflects,)
Becomes a bankrupt now with no *effects*.
Lest they should be accumulating more dust,
The boards of Drury Lane are cut—for sawdust ;
And as the stage won't draw itself, perforce is
Dragged through the mire by a strong team of horses !
Follow their steps we would not if we could—
Frankly, in this case, could not if we would.
And, as Alcestis splendour cannot try at,
What you enjoy must be all 'on the quiet.'
No horse will pull *our* play up if it drag,
No banners when our wit is on the flag,
No great effects or new imported dance,
The drooping eye will waken and entrance ;
No fairy land burst wisely on the view,
To dissipate your mem'ry of who's who ;
But an old story from a classic clime,
Done for the period into modern rhyme.
So now you know the worst, and for the rest,
Alcestis once again will do her best.

ALCESTIS, THE ORIGINAL STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.

SCENE—Before the house of Admetus. A modern area practicable L.H. practicable door and steps R. H. Upon the door plate in Greek Characters is seen Μρ Αδμητος—and also πλεασε τη φιγγ θε βελλ.

Enter APOLLO (L.)

APOLLO. Ladies and Gentlemen, I am Apollo—
Although I frankly own it doesn't follow
From my costume ; no matter how I'm decked,
Though not p'raps classical, I'm quite correct.
The fact is, 'twixt ourselves, I plainly see it is
All up with us—this age don't care for deities,
And with our attributes there's no deceiving it,
My lyre for instance—people don't believe in it.
The vulgar rabble's wiser than the sages
Of those delightful green old middle ages.
Then they respected altars ! ah ! things I trow
In every respect are altered now !
My oracles don't get, upon my word,
A common hearing from the common herd—
Not e'en a votive kid, much less a nice
“ Go-in at a tremendous sacrifice.”

Our temples, which were crowned in former day }
 With leaves of laurel, now they leaves, and say }
 They won't give laurel where they can't o-bey. }
 With votaries the shrine's no longer thronged,
 And greviously our sacred rites are wronged
 By men, who, changing all their vows to cursings,
 Begin to talk about the "rights of persons."—
 If this goes on much longer, for myself, I
 Must really give up trade, and shut up Delphi.
 But who comes here? Ah! Orcus, how d'ye do?

Enter ORCUS, L.H.

ORCUS. I'm pretty well, and who the deuce are you?

APOLLO. Not know Apollo! have you lost your eyes?

ORCUS. If you're Apollo I apologize.

APOLLO. Well, and what brings you here? for I must say }
 That Death should walk in the broad face of day }
 And chat in a familiar off-hand way,
 Really appears to me an impropriety
 Which would be scouted in genteel society.

ORCUS. Of what's correct all know Apollo's nice sense,
 But being Orcus I've a 'Awker's licence.

APOLLO. And what's the object that you have in view?

ORCUS. Well, as a friend, I don't mind telling you—
 I—I am in love!

APOLLO. You take away my breath!
 Is love a "ruling passion strong in Death?"
 And might I venture to enquire her name?
Blonde or Brunette?

ORCUS. Well, *lightish* for a *flame*.

APOLLO. Another? well—opinions differ so—
 I thought that you had flames enough below.
 But, pardon me, proceed to revelation
 Of the fair maid's cognominal appellation—
 In plainer words, you have forgot her name.

ORCUS. Alcestis.

APOLLO. Not Admetus' wife?

ORCUS. The same.

APOLLO. What, is she due already?

ORCUS. No, not yet;
 But if she choose to pay her husband's debt

In *propria personā*—eh—dy'e see?
 I'll take her down instead of him with me,
 Else like a detonator down he goes
 To pay the *debt o'natur* which he owes!—
 Don't interrupt—my mind's made up—I've
 sworn it,

And, for the weakness that relents, I scorn it.

APOLLO. Forgive him.

ORCUS. What would of my word be thought then?

APOLLO. You'd *let him off* were't not for the *report* then?

ORCUS. Mind your own business, and leave me to mine,
 Or, since it seems you can't refrain from prying
 Where you're not wanted—know, I mean to
 carry her

To my domains, where, spite of you, I'll marry her!

APOLLO. If you persist in these uncouth expressions
 I'd not, for something, occupy your hessians.
 However, we won't quarrel—there's my hand,
 But, if I can I foil you—understand.

ORCUS. The friendly strife I'm ready to begin,
 With all my heart, and may the best man win!

SONG—ORCUS.—“Standard Bearer.”

Though you appear the model minstrel knight,
 I'm King of Night, and you won't catch me sleeping;
 So, interfering with my vested right

I'll see if I can't make you pay for peeping!
 The lady owns to me a higher claim,
 You shan't redeem for nought the long pledged token—
 And e'er you put me out, and win my flame,
 My compact or your head shall first be broken!

Exeunt severally.

Enter ADMETUS, very dejected, from the house; he has a long pipe in his hand, and slowly advances to the front.

ADMETUS. Oh what a night of mourning I have passed!
 But, thank the stars, they've disappeared at last.
 I thought with light my heaviness would cease,
 Yet the day's *broken* and I find no *peace*.
 My pipe's my only consolation now,
 And I will clear my pipes and tell you how.

ALCESTIS.

SONG—ADMETUS. AIR.—“*Billy Nutts the Poet.*”

On all hands be this truth allowed,
Experience must show one
When life's o'ershadowed by a cloud,
The only way's to *blow* one!
It has been my cure, if other folk
Would only deign to try it,
The cares of life would end in smoke,
Let him, who can, deny it.

Of pain they take a *bird's eye* view,
Of grief feel no *returns*, sirs,
For Care not care a single *screw*,
And disappointment spurn, sirs!
With every ill the effect's the same,
Whatever cause may rack ye—
The widower might his *weeds* disclaim
And sing out ‘*I O Backy!*’

Then on all hands, &c.

Some with the juicy grape their cares bid go forth,
And sing “Fill up the sparkling bowl,” and so forth ;
But e'en that fails to chase my fears away—
The die is cast, and I must die to day!
I can't pretend—and he's a fool who would—
Bear death at forty-two with fortitu-de ;
Yet I am in for it, I must confess,
With no great chance of getting out, unless
Some friend were here to serve me with his wit.

Enter ORCUS, L.

ORCUS. I, as your friend, can serve you—with this writ ;
Nay, don't be frightened—It is only I—
Your little bill, Sir, of mortality. (*presenting it*)

ADME. Oh, curse it !

ORCUS. Spare your curses, my young spark.
ADME. I merely made a cursory remark. (*looking at bill*)
ORCUS. Ah ! look at it. I fancy e'en your skill
Can't find a flaw there.

ADME. To your little bill
I am no stranger, though I never meet it.

ORCUS. It has been long standing.

ADME. Standing ? pray *re-seat* it ;

Or if you think such proposition strange,
We'll let it *run* a little for a change.

ORCUS. It's very well to talk, but these *facetiae*,
However specious won't supply the specie—
I'm no great talker, so with me to sup
You must stump down, Sir, if you can't *stump up*.
(*ADMETUS* kneels to *ORCUS*, who repulses him)

SONG—ORCUS. **AIR**—“*Woodman, spare that tree.*”

My good man, spare thy knee,
Make not one single bow,
Thy youth won't shelter thee,
I mean to have you now!
I've a conveyance here at hand,
To take you from this spot—
My good man, you'd better stand,
Your *axe-ings* touch me not!

Enter ALCESTIS, from the house, she advances majestically down the stage, and stands between them.

ALCES. Hey! Hoity, toity, what on earth's the matter?
That in the public street you make a clatter?
(to *ADMETUS*) Explain, what means this? How the ninny quakes!
Till now I always thought him “no great shakes.”

ADME. Why, I've discovered in our empty till
A disability to pay his bill;
Can't settle the account, and so you see
Must go to the account which settles me.

ORCUS. (*aside*) Sylph-like in form, a goddess, too, in feature
To sum up all—she's a stupendous creature!
To curb my rising love I idly tries,
I eyes the idol that I idolize!

ALCES. (*to ORCUS*) Good Mr. Death, find something else to do,
Than suing one who is not worth a *sou*.

ADME. At least a moment suffer me to lag,
To cram a few things in a carpet-bag. (*Orcus signifies no*)
A hair and tooth brush in a *sac-du-nuit*.

ORCUS. I'm very sorry, but it cannot be;

Such things you'll find no use for, though you
may, Sir,

When sunk so low be glad, p'rhaps, of a *raiser*.

ADME. My plaintive tears your hands bedew, you see.

ORCUS. You may be-dew, indeed are due to me
And so *a-dieu* to life.

ADME. Yet hear me.

ORCUS. Nay;

I want no prayers, I only claim my prey.
You've but one chance—a poor one—can you find
A greater fool than you are, who's inclined
To take your place, and in your stead to go ?
I'll wait for you another year or so.

ADME. You're very good—I've tried it on, but most of
My friends don't seem disposed to be disposed of
At such a sacrifice; my father e'en,
Though in a green old age, was not so green,
But instantly the proposition flouted—

And mother didn't seem to care about it.

How true, that when misfortunes overtake us,
The whole "Society of Friends" are *Quakers*!

ORCUS. Yet why thus the inevitable step shun ?

I'll promise you below a warm reception !

ADME. Yes, but your warmth I fear's all of the wrong
sort.

(to ALCESTIS) Have you no *voice*, dear, for your
mourning consort?

ALCES. What can I urge? yet stay, I've half a mind
To do the heroine! (to ORCUS) Suppose I were
inclined
To close with you?

ORCUS. I've no time for supposing,
I am an advocate for "early closing."

ALCES. Well, since *he* hasn't pluck then to go through it
My mind's made up! never say die—I'll do it!

ORCUS. You'll take his place? that's odd!

ALCES. 'Tis even so.

ADME. I'm stupified!

ALCES. You hadn't far to go.

ORCUS. Well, I embrace your offer.

ADME. (to ALCESTIS) And I you
My tears resolve themselves into *a-dieu*.

Alcestis, love, I cannot find the heart
With one so captivating e'er to part !

ALCES. I may be captivating, but Death, stronger,
Will not be *kept-a-waiting* any longer.

ADME. Go, then, and better to indulge my grief,
I'll fetch another pocket handkerchief.

Exit ADMETUS into the house.

ORCUS. (*to ALCESTIS*) You're ready ?

ALCES. How are we to go, old chap ?

ORCUS. Oh ! never fear, I'll drive you in my *trap*.

ALCES. I must go packing down *your trap*, and so
You'll let me pack up *my traps* ere I go ?
And grant me a few minutes, I beseech,
For the delivery of my maiden speech—
'Tis usual.

ORCUS. I'll give you in that case,
If it is *meet*, say half-an hour's *grace*.

Exit ORCUS, L. H.

ALCES. 'Tis done ! the very ferry boat I see,
And Charon, who's to take such care on me.
E'en now in fancy I'm across the Styx ;
And now I'm nothing ; literally *Nick's* !

SONG—ALCESTIS. AIR.—“The Waterman.”

For of course you have heard of that jolly old waterman
Who over Styx is accustomed to ply :
He feathers his oars with much skill and dexterity,
Rowing the parties who're going to die :
He looks out so sharp, and he reckons so steadily,
That none can escape, go they ne'er so unreadily,
And he eyes all us gals with so greedy an air,
That this waterman ne'er gives a chance to a *fair*.

SONG—ALCESTIS. AIR.—“Nix my Dolly,”

In the boat by a strong tug I am borne,
There a premature widow I sit forlorn.

(*to Orchestra*) Scrape away !

My noble husband the live-long day,
Will have nothing to do but cut capers gay,
While Nick my body will take away,
Nick my body will take away.

But I don't so much care, for some fine day,
Folks will dub me a heroine, I dare say—

In a play.

And I as a martyr shall chronicled be,
The heroine great of some trage-dee;
So Nick my body may take away.
Nick my body may take away.

Exit ALCESTIS into the house.

POLAX (*is heard outside, L.H.*) Move on, there ! don't stand blocking up the street !

Enters L.H., he is habited in a classic dress, with the exception of his hat, cape, and staff, which are those of a modern policeman.

I've ventured a few yards beyond my beat !
The fact is, that I can't withstand the looks
Of Phœdra, handsomest of all *plain* cooks.
Romeo's soliloquy to slightly vary—
I do remember an approximate arey,
And thereabouts she dwells, a thrifty elf,
On seven pounds a year, and finds herself
In tea and sugar, from which fact I'm led
To fear my Phœdra isn't over-fed.
In her small kitchen dries a reindeer's tongue
Suspended from a hook, and by it hung
Are other ill-made dishes ; on the drawers, Sirs,
A beggarly account of cups and saucers,
With earthen pots and pans ; while in the dresser
She keeps the love-letters I write her—bless her !
Remnants of finery—a half-knitted cuff,
And that peculiar substance, kitchen stuff,
Composed of candle ends—indeed, whate'er
The family inconveniently can't spare.
Her Sunday bonnet, too, although I doubt
She doesn't often get a Sunday out !

SONG.—POLAX. AIR—“*Rumpti Bumpti.*”

I'm monarch of all I survey,
My will there is none dare dispute,
From street organ and image boy's tray,
To the bag-pipes and cracked German Flute.

If apple-woman dare me to annoy,
 Vending oranges, apples, or pears,
 There is nothing I so much enjoy,
 As to pop on her wares—unawares !
 Although I object to street fights,
 And vote burglary rather a bore,
 On a boy half my size I delights
 To exert the strong arm of the law—
 For I'm monarch, &c.

And, if I don't mistake, the house is here ;
 At any rate, I'll try it (*calls*) Phœdra, dear !

(PHŒDRA appears at the area gate, opens it, and comes down)

PHŒDRA. Who calls so loud ?

POLAX. One who's allowed to call.

PHŒDRA. Why make a rout, then, when you give a bawl ?

POLAX. Phœdra, I have observed of late, with pain,
 Your constant swaying from your constant swain.
 The arrival of a rival here I spy—
 You've cut your old *beau* for some *a-newer-tie*,
 So slight my hand—I see—I understand.

PHŒDRA. Of course a *Seer* is up to *slight of hand*.

POLAX. Now, though I do not wish to be censorious—

PHŒDRA. What ? You are jealous—are you ? This is
 glorious !

POLAX. I don't half like those Sunday evening walks—

PHŒDRA. But you can't think how prettily he talks !

POLAX. Flattery's his profession—I see through it—
 He's bred to butter, and of course he'll do it.
 A cook should be a cook, not a coquette.

PHŒDRA. Don't intend to give it up though yet.

SONG.—PHŒDRA. AIR—“I'm afloat.”

I'm a flirt, I'm a flirt, yet on thirty's bright side,
 And numbers have offered to make me their bride ;
 Yet, though suitors don't flag in attention to me,
 I'm a flirt, I'm a flirt, and my hand is yet free !
 I turn up my nose at the gent and young lord,
 Though by their attentions I'm constantly bored ;
 And ne'er as a wife at the altar I'll kneel,
 While my eyes carry fire, and my heart remains steel !
 In all that I do, I consult my own mind,
 And I warrant I leave all the slow girls behind ;

For, though puppies don't flag, no, nor waver you see,
I'm a flirt, I'm a flirt, and my hand yet is free !

But since you take to schooling others, pray, Sir,
What has detained you such a time away, Sir ?
I haven't seen you for a week.

POLAX. So long ?

Come—not a week—that's coming it too strong.
But by yon—anything you please—I vow—

PHŒDRA. Your vows have not the slightest weight, Sir, now ;
A pretty state your pretty protestations
Have brought me to—with such acts I've no
patience.

The fire you kindled in my breast forsaking,
You've put out—

POLAX. How ?

PHŒDRA. Like other fires—by raking.

POLAX. Nay, you mistake, naught can my ardour change.

PHŒDRA. Such fire comes not within my kitchen range
Of intellect, so best at once we part.

POLAX. Nay, let me follow suit dear to your heart.

PHŒDRA. But I prefer another—therefore, Sir,
I must discard the suit which you *prefer*,
Who are a shuffler and a double dealer.
So shuffle off and cut !

POLAX. (*kneeling*) My heart's dear stealer,
Hear the appeal of an appealing ' Peeler.'

PHŒDRA. Nonsense ! your useless courtship better cease,
man.

POLAX. Be not a ' crusher' to your fond policeman !
See, here I kneel, the picture of despair !

PHŒDRA. Picture by *Constable*, extremely rare !

POLAX. Nay, cruel Phœdra, hear me, do you choose
My head should illustrate some Grecian *noose* ?
Yes, yes, since you of pity know no sense,
Better at once be hanged than in suspense :
A cord will sweetly end my mind's destruction.

PHŒDRA. In legal phrase, ' *a-cord* and satisfaction.'

POLAX. But hearken, my death at your door I'll lay !

PHŒDRA. Then in the morning ' twill be swept away.

POLAX. And can you laugh ? I'll stab myself, and go
A groaning ghost down to the shades below !

PHŒDRA. Poor ghost ! you'll stab yourself, and be, of course,
In-spectre of the stab-you-lary force.

POLAX. Look kindly on me—I'll be evermore—
Your constant swain—

PHŒDRA. You'd be a constant bore.

POLAX. But to be plain with you—

PHŒDRA. That's no great feat,
You must be plain with every one you meet.

POLAX. Oh ! look not on my form with too much rigour,
In buying good stuff never mind the figure !
Nay, hear my suit—

PHŒDRA. Each word your chance, Sir, lessens.
What ? try a suit on in a lady's presence !

POLAX. Why this rough treatment at your hands ?

PHŒDRA. Oh—stuff—
'Tis the chaps like you on them that makes them
rough !

POLAX. Why, Phœdra, because once I chance to fail,
Jump at conclusions, take o-f-fence and rail !

PHŒDRA. (giving her hand) Well, there ! that I was hasty,
I confess.

POLAX. And you will yet be Mrs. Polax ?

PHŒDRA. Yes.

POLAX. O happiness ! alas ! harsh duty tears
Me from thee to my rounds upon the Squares ;
Yet, one kiss on that cheek before I quit.

PHŒDRA. I wonder you've the cheek to ask for it !

POLAX. 'Tis but to sign our bargain.

PHŒDRA. Sign it ? Pooh !
I'll put my hand to it, if that will do.

(offers to slap his face)

POLAX. You'll make your mark, you mean ? No ; when you
write,
The down strokes of your round hand are not light :
The impression you have made 's enough i'facks
Without the impression of your sealing whacks.

PHŒDRA. There then. (he kisses her)

POLAX. If e'er were day of rapture this is !
So now I'm off.

PHŒDRA. Oh ! goodness gracious, missis !

POLAR pretends to be addressing some one off, L.

POLAR. Move on, young fellow ! I'm a looking at you—
You've been at that some time—don't let me catch you !

Exit POLAX, L.

(ALCESTIS has appeared at the top of the door steps, leading
TWO CHILDREN, and comes down)

ALCES. Phœdra, inform me truly, if you can,

Who is that very fast and loose young man ?

PHŒDRA. (hesitating) Why, if you please, that's—

ALCES.

No prevarication

PHŒDRA. My cousin.

ALCES. That's a very old *relation*.

Don't think with cousins though to cozen me.

PHŒDRA. Then, he's my husband, please, as is to be,
A young policeman—

ALCES. Then my scoldings cease.

All petticoats are caught by the *pelisse*.

Now go in-doors, I'm going to speak, you see,
The regular classical soliloquy.

Exit PHŒDRA into the house.

(ALCESTIS advances with the two children)

Oh ! sun, and moon, and stars ! oh, day and night !

Oh every thing above an inch in height !

Oh Day ! as black as black of Day and Martin,

To what infernal realms must I be starting !

Oh bed !—beg pardon—nuptial couch, I mean,

'Twere green, though, to regret now Gretna Green.

Else might I ask, were not the question idle,

Why was I ever saddled with this bridal ?

Or why—but these, alas, are *whys* too late—

Did I with such a milksop link my fate !

Whv at the altar did we join our hands ?

Why Hymen e'er unite us in his bands ?

Those bands which ne'er have played the, *heavy waits*,
A-merry-key in our *united states* ?

Why was my heart to be with such a spoony un,

A wretched picture of a poor *heart* union ?

For life with him was nothing but a curse,

And though I took him 'for better or for worse,'

The world can't surely wonder I forsook him, for

I found him such a deal worse than I took him for.

Oh, parent hearth ! oh, earth, air, fire, and water !

Oh, son in petticoats and unmarried daughter !

What's to become of you when my sun sets,
 Props of my house—I may say, *par-a-pets*?
 They say that beauty's but a snare, if true,
 They'll be *caught in it* who are *courting* you ; } *
 But rather may your grace, bewitching *naïveté*,
 And noble *carriage* be a *handsome's safety*.}*
 My Eumelus, too, who is to insert
 The missing button in his baby shirt
 When I am gone? or who supply the stitches
 That may be wanting in his infant—trousers?
 And when in youth his jacket he outwears,
 And sows his wild oats, who's to *sow his tares*?
 And is't for this I've led the virtuous life
 Of tender mother and affectionate wife?
 And I should add—obedient daughter, too;
 But that I might, in a strict point of view,
 Account myself an *orphan*, for so seldom
 My parents were apparent till hell held 'em,
 (Forgive the monosyllable, sweet ladies,
 I meant but Tartarus, or the classic Hades)
 That I'd no time to aggravate Mama,
 Or make my Pa my foe by a *faux pas*!
 I might, if I had space, expatiate—
 Alas! though, I've no room to ruminate,
 Still less, as I die early, to di-late!
 So I have done—another observation
 Would be entire supererogation.
 My life, 'tis clear, no words of mine can save,
 And I must pass at once from '*gay to grave!*'
 That bourne from which each traveller born soon learns
 T' expect 'small profits and no quick returns.'
 I must descend; egad! I can't help thinking
 E'en now I 'gin to feel a sort of sinking;
 I'll show them though how well real good stuff *dies*—
 No woman tears sha'l dim my closing eyes,
 I'll not e'en *hit off* 'one of my own sighs.'

Enter ORCUS, L. H.

ORCUS. Be quick and die.

ALCESTIS. Why, don't you know, you dunce,
 Nobody can be *quick* and dead at once?

ORCUS. You're humming me, or must excuse my humming
 The popular words, ' You are a good time coming.'

DUET—ALCESTIS and ORCUS.

AIR—“*My skiff is on the shore.*”

ORCUS. My trap is in the floor,
 And waiting for thee:
 I can't allow no more,
 You must travel with me;
 And as we're sinking down my song shall be
 My dearest Alcestis, I love but thee!

ALCESTIS. Yes, I fear you're got me now—
 You're got me now—you're got me now,
 So I don't intend to make a row,
 But must reconciled be.

BOTH. Your } My } trap is in the floor,
 And waiting for { me,
 You won't } I can't { allow no more,
 I You } must travel with { thee;
 And as we're sinking down { your } song shall be
 { my }

ALCESTIS. { Whatever you please, for it's nothing to me!
 ORCUS. { My dearest Alcestis, I love but thee!

They have been standing upon trap c. during the above, and gradually descending—they sink.

Enter ADMETUS from the house.

ADMETUS. Woe! woe! in vain I weep, my tears will flow,
 And I can't stop these coursers with my woe.
 She was a pattern to her sex, I doubt
 Ere this the Styx has washed the pattern out!
 Her laugh, so merry in the days of yore,
 Will never echo through the building more;
 That airy footfall hushed will plainly tell
 How death from me has wrung my airy belle
 And, dull as is a rainy Vauxhall fete,
 My fate will now become, I calculate;
 But I'm prepared, do with me as you will, Fate,
 Vauxhall is nothing to my Rush-of-ill-fate!
 Ah! who comes here? not Hercules, sure, is it?

Enter HERCULES, L.H.

HERCULES. I've just dropped in to pay a flying visit :

My leave of absence lasts but a few days,
And I've no time for any *waste* in *stays*.
In fact, I'm going to astound the neighbours,
By the recital of my dozen labours.

SONG—HERCULES. AIR—“Paddy Miles.”

I am Hercules, famed for my deeds and my labours,

With honours a trump turning up at a *rub*,
For slaying my foes and assisting my neighbours

By the aid of this “Juvenile Travellers’ Club!”
Although I’m apprenticed to one called Eurystheus,

And bound to perform whatsoever he sets ;
Yet he finds all his dodges are not of the least use,
For his driest of tasks but my appetite whets !

When first in my cradle and counted a suckling,

Two snakes tied around me their “Knotting ‘em Twist ;”
But I twisted their necks like a pair of young ducklings,

And arrested their strength by the strength of my wrist.
A friend had a nice little property formerly,

But a *lion upon it* there happened to be :

Straight I followed my *bent*, though that seems an anomaly,
And hided the lion whose hide now hides me !

The stag of Diana I hunted a long while,

O'er mountains, hills, valleys, plains, rivers, and rocks ;
His long running account I soon balanced in strong style,
For I staggered the stag, and unsettled his stocks !

For Augeas that *stable* improvement I wrought too,

That to modernized Smithfield I fain would apply,
But—the rest of my labours old Ovid has taught you,
And Lempriere’s Classical Dictionary !

ADME. (*aside*) I must dissemble. (*aloud*) Sir, you haven’t dined.

HERC. I’ll pick a bit with you—you’re very kind.

But how is this, Admetus, my frivolity

You don’t receive with your accustomed jollity.

ADME. Well, since you must know all, this day my wife
Was by a rough artist taken from the life ;

'Twas Death, and the original is his.

HERC. I see the *illustration* by your *phiz* ;
But since I know of this, my friend, for grub
I'll not annoy you, but dine at my *club*.

ADME. Excuse me, I won't hear of your departure,
To friendship I prefer to be a martyr ;
So you shall stay, we'll make you up a bed.

HERC. You're very good ; and is she really dead ?

ADME. Extremely so.

HERC. Since such, then, is the fact,
Tell us, Admetus, how d'ye mean to act ?

ADME. I'm at my wits' ends.

HERC. (aside) I dare say you are.
That little territory don't go far.
But don't be shut up, what is to be done, man ?

ADME. I'll be *shut up*, and in my *man-sion shun man* !
Yes, live on bread and water for a year,
Discourse with no one, nobody shall dare
To offer the most trivial observation,
Or volunteer a word of consolation ;
I'll taste no wine till on my bier I'm stretched.
And every one about me shall be wretched !
Or, if o' the water course, I e'er repent me,
Like Ariel " I'll do my *spiriting* gently ; "
My pipe's bowled out, her death, 'tis only proper,
Should operate as my tobacco stopper.
But if you like a cigar—

HERC. Not I, indeed, as
It would be wrong to smoke a widower's weeds.
Amiable mourner ! it is quite appalling
To see a rising chap like you so chap-fallen ;
So I'll appease my hunger with a snack,
As you proposed, then start off in a crack,
And do my best to bring Alcestis back !

SONG—HERCULES. AIR—" *Cavalier*. "

Like a dutiful knight,
I'll set off honour bright,
When my hunger and thirst I have stayed ;
And this gay devil here,
Very small shall appear,
As the lady I seek, Sir, and aid !

For I'll soon let him know
 'Tis a word and a blow,
 Or two blows and no word with me ;
 And I ne'er will give o'er,
 Till old Orcus I floor,
 And have made Alcestis free !

If he entertain thought
 Which he didn't to ought,
 And not at all becoming his age,
 I'll engage, never fear,
 He'll give up such idea,
 And his *passion* will yield to my *rage* !

So, wiser by far,
 You'll light up a cigar
 And go home—leave the matter to me.
 To the lady I slopes,
 Soon to lead her, I hopes,
 And restore her ere long to thee !

ADME. You're very kind, but the attempt is vain,
 She is a loss I ne'er shall see a-gaiu.

HERC. Don't be too sure of that, I yet may save her ;
 I first shall put it to him as a favour ;
 Should he refuse her restoration hither,
 I must oblige him to oblige me with her.

ADME. You cannot mean—

HERC. That I must Orcus drub,
 And from my strong hand play my winning club ;
 I'll polish him, I warrant.

ADME. What ? in fight ?

HERC. In fight ? how else ? d'ye think those noodles right,
 Who with a sanctimonious visage go forth
 To preach the polished arts of Peace, and so forth ?
 To me such notions are entirely foreign ;
 Polish of Peace ! for *polish* I try "*Warring*."
 So now I'm off, I'll not be long away,
 "My soul's in arms," et cetera—good day !

Exit HERCULES into the house.

SONG—ADMETUS. AIR—“Jolly Nose.”

Goodness knows what I suffer to think of the grip
 That old Orcus has laid on my deary :

Though for doing as she did and missing my lip,
I'm, I calculate, rather too leary !

Goodness knows when I look at myself in the glass,
I am struck with the sad recollection
Of how plump I was once—now, I'm brought to a pass
Of thinness which won't bear *reflection* !

When I think of my lass I all comfort refuse,
And repudiate all consolation—
I'm a prey to the most undeniable blues,
And the wretchedest dog in creation !

Some say she was easy put out, but I'm quite
Sure the blockheads knew nothing about her ;
Now, she's *put out*, and with her has put out *de-light*,
For I live but in darkness without her !

Within the house I must bewail my bride,
*For such deep sighs as mine can't be *out-sighed*.*

Enter PHŒDRA angrily, from the house.

How dare you, Phœdra, rudely thus intrude
Upon the widowed mourner's solitude ?
Peace and begone !

PHŒDRA. No peace, Sir, you will find,
Until you've heard a small piece of my mind
I've lived with you, when Monday next appears,
As maid of all work and no play, three years ;
And, though my saying it may p'rhaps seem funny,
You wouldn't find a better at the money ;
I've served in many families, but must say
Never was served as I have been to-day—
And if it is repeated, some fine morning
Give you fair warning, I shall give you warning !

ADME. This everlasting rattle, prythee, cease,
And tell us calmly what's the matter, please.

PHŒDRA. Oh ! it's that friend of yours, that Hercules,
That warrior in *undress uniform*,
Since he came in has done nothing else but storm;
Not only walks into our house and stops,
But also walks into our mutton chops,
With such a *twist* as gave me quite a *turn*.

ADME. But what's your special grievance ?

PHŒDRA. You shall learn

First, he informs me that the meat is spoiled,
Then finds the vegetables overboiled ;
' Service is no inheritance,' then where's
The use of giving us poor servants *airs* ?

ADME. He seems to make no bones.

PHŒDRA. No bones ? The glutton
Has nothing made *but* bones of our cold mutton !
If he comes here for supper, I'll grow bolder
And show him—

ADME. That's right—show him the *cold shoulder*.

PHŒDRA. And I must add, after a loss so recent
Such conduct is especially indecent.

ADME. Nay, he's our friend at bottom.

PHŒDRA. Then, would he
Were our friend at the bottom of the sea.
However, he is gone, and there's an end on't,
But if he comes again, I go, depend on't.

DUET.—AIR—“ *Tow, row, row.*”

That I'm a menial I'm aware, Sir.
And with such term must e'en live branded,
But, if you go too far, prepare, Sir,
For a blow up, for I won't stand it.

ADME. Phœdra, now—don't make a row,
Why put yourself out of humour ?
Don't, dear, now !

PHŒDRA. It's little I get in shape of wages,
And with such as it is, I'm quite contented ;
But whoever puts upon me I engages
Great or small he shall repent it !

ADME. Phœdra, now—don't make a row,
Why put yourself out of humour ?
Don't, dear, now !

(Voices are heard outside in altercation, then enter HERCULES
with ALCESTIS veiled, ORCUS following, L. H.)

ORCUS. Well, there, I give her up, then, since it seems
You must be thwarting all my little schemes.

HERC. Admetus, do you know this lady veiled?

ADME. With hope and fear at once I am assailed:

It must be she, and yet I own it's puzzling
 Her features to distinguish through the *muslin*
 Pluck off that envious veil, nay, wherefore pause
 'It is the *gauze*, my soul, it is the *gauze*'
 Must plead excuse for me, the only test is,
 Thus to remove it—yes, it is Alcestis!

(he removes the veil—ALCESTIS faints)

With sudden joy her senses have gone from her,
 Who'll put a *full stop* to this fearful *coma*?
 Is it a swoon, or nothing but a feint?
 Alas! I fear she's dead!

ALCESTIS (recovering) You're wrong, I aint.

ADME. Ah! she revives! (to HERCULES) and did you win
 her?

ALCES. Pooh!

Of course I'm *won*, and now I'm coming *to*.

(PHŒDRA has fetched the CHILDREN from the house; ALCESTIS
 embraces her and them)

ALCES. My own dear Phœdra! and my blessed children!
 This sudden happiness is quite bewildering!

ORCUS. It's very well for you, but I've been treated
 Most shamefully indeed, I may say cheated.

HERC. Well, if you feel aggrieved at this my action,
 I'll give you every sort of satisfaction—
 Pistol, sword, single stick—though there are few
 Who'd like to cross the single Styx with you.
 You know where I am to be found?

ORCUS. Why, yes,
 I at your club soon found out your address.

(rubbing himself)

No! No! of kicks and cuffs I've had my fill,
 You are a knight—"knocks et præterea nil,"
 Indeed, they are so terrible, an error
 'Twere scarce to call you son of *Nox* and *Terra*
 Besides, I know, in spite of all that's passed,
 They're pretty sure to come to me at last!

Enter APOLLO, R. H.

APOLLO. I've just looked in in time to wish you joy,
 Why, Orcus, you don't look as well, old boy,
 As when we parted, scarce an hour ago!
 But, not to further snub a fallen foe,
 There is my hand, you'll take it in good part,
 And let our quarrel drop?

ORCUS. With all my heart.

And now you must excuse me if I go,
 I've urgent business in the shades below.

APOLLO. Well, if you must, farewell! and for myself, I
 Am going to my own *shades*, those *at-Delphi*.

Enter POLAX, L.H.

POLAX. I fear to enter or to interfere
 In so much happiness, but Phœdra, dear,
 You'll pardon me in venturing to express,
 With due apology for suddenness,
 A hope, since things are in this happy state,
 You'll not with me decline to conjugate
 Phœdra, do but consent to be my wife,
 And hear my plan of happiness through life.
 So we'll to all a pair of patterns jog!

PHŒDRA. A pair of patterns? what? when one's a clog?

ALCES. A truce to badinage, for, to say sooth,
 Whatever's bad-in-age is worse in youth.

PHŒDRA. I must take time to think on't, I don't know—
 But a proposal does come *apropos*.
 To-morrow you I'll with an answer favour,
 Till then must waive reply.

POLAX. Nay, it were safer
 To seal it with a kiss, and not a waiver.

ALCES. Come, kiss him, Phœdra, why a grievance make it?
 You know you like it!

PHŒDRA. Well, then, he may take it.

POLAX. That's better.

(*kisses her—she gently boxes his ears*)

PHŒDRA. Mind, Sir, I said "take," not "snatch!"

POLAX. Your *tinder-box* assures me we're a *match*.

ALCES. That's settled, then, and as delays I hate,
 The marriage contract shall be drawn up straight.

ADM. Yes, that's all very well, but you'll admit
We must get these kind friends to *witness* it;
The document is valueless, of course,
Unless it bear the seal of their applause.

ALCES. (*to audience*) Our story's finished, and our trouble
ends here;
But should the approbation of our friends here
Nerve us to re-enact our fancied sorrow,
We'll but adjourn it till this time to-morrow !

FINALE.—AIR—“Rosin the Beau.”

ALCES. We have come to a happy conclusion—
A happy conclusion? who knows!
Kind friends, don't destroy the illusion
But let all be *couleur de rose*!

ORCUS. I've been most disgustingly treated—cheated,
Most shamefully shamelessly used!
But I'm ready to have it repeated
If by it you'll say your amused!

ADM. If you think that our drama is *naked*,
You'll rejoice that its' brought to its' *close*;
But we trust you won't so far forsake it
For the sake of Alcestis repose!

ALCES. Look benignly on our trepidation
Now our drama is brought to a close,
When we ask for your kind approbation
Let your ‘ayes’ be far over your “noes!”

CHORUS.— Let your ayes, &c.

R. APOLLO. POL. PHÆD. ALC. ADM. HERC. ORCUS. L.

CURTAIN.

A ROMANTIC IDEA

A COMIC DRAMA

IN ONE ACT

BY

J. R. PLANCHE, Esq

AUTHOR OF

Reputation; Follies of a Night; Somebody Else; Grist to the Mill; Captain of the Watch; A Cabinet Question; Irish Post; The Jacobite; Spring Gardens; The Pride of the Market; Not a Bad Judge; The Jenkinses; Knights of the Round Table, &c.&c.

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A ROMANTIC IDEA.

First Performed at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, Thursday, March 2nd, 1849.

CHARACTERS.

HANS	{ A young German Author	} MR. CHARLES MATHER
SKELTER,	in search of an Idea.	
ROGUEINGRAIN, (a Tavern Keeper)		MR. H. HALL.
FRANZ, (a Waiter)		MR. SELBY.
KARL, (a Postillion)		MR. ROBERT ROXBY.
MADAME ROGUEINGRAIN . . .		MISS K. FITZWILLIAM
THERESE		MISS LOUISA HOWARD

PERSONAGES IN THE TRAVELLER'S DREAM.

ADOLF, (a supposed Orphan) . . .	MR. CHARLES MATHER
GRIMBALD, (Count of Spectresheim)	MR. H. HALL.
HUGO	MR. SELBY.
THE JESTER	MR. ROBERT ROXBY.
THE COUNTESS HILDEGARDE	MISS K. FITZWILLIAM
BERTHA (a Wealthy Ward of Grimbald)	MISS L. HOWARD.

COSTUMES.

HANS.—Blouse, light trousers with a stripe down the sides, gaiters and shoes, small knapsack, cap with peak, moustache, imperial.

ROGUEINGRAIN.—Iron grey hair, moustache, and beard; grey frock coat, wide trousers, dark waistcoat, shoes.

FRANZ.—Jacket, trousers, apron.

KARL.—Blue jacket, yellow cuffs and collar, leather breeches, leather boots, glazed hat.

MADAME.—Light coloured dress, apron, neat cap, large ear-ring.

THERESE.—Figured muslin, shawl, bonnet, &c.

THE VISION.—COSTUMES OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

GRIMBALD.—Black and gold tunic, crimson velvet cloak and hose, crimson stockings, black and gold shoes.

HUGO.—Green tunic and hose.

JESTER.—Party-coloured Jester's dress.

COUNTESS.—Light blue velvet robe of the period, gold girdle.

BERTHA.—Pink dress of similar fashion.

N.B.—**ADOLF** (Hans), does not change.

A ROMANTIC IDEA.

SCENE I.—*Gardens of an Inn on the Banks of a River.*
In the distance a Forest, above which are seen the Ruins of the Castle of Spectresheim.

PEASANTRY discovered dancing, FRANZ looking on—at the end of dance enter ROGUEINGRAIN from house, and peasantry disperse in couples about garden.

ROGUE. (*giving FRANZ a box on the ear, L.*) What d'ye stand gaping there for with your hands in your pockets, booby—why don't you fetch beer for the company?

FRANZ. (c.) Mustn't I wait till the company order it?

ROGUE. There's a pretty question! Suppose they don't order it at all, am I to sell no beer, rascal? How am I to live d'ye think, and keep a house over my head—(*crosses c.*) and you, you lazy dog into the bargain? Go and put the beer before 'em, they'll drink it, I warrant you—and I'll take care they shall pay for it. Run, you snail, you! (*gives him another cuff as he crosses.* Exit FRANZ into house, L.) Its becoming serious; I've married a young wife, increased my expenses, and business has fallen off ever since. Here's the season half over and no tourists, no traveller, no rich English to fleece—not even a Russian count or a French marquis on his way to the baths, to whom I can warrant one bottle of my last year's home made, as fine old Johannisberg, out of the prince's own cellar. Not a soul darkens my door, but the villagers, and some poor devil of a painter or student with a knapsack on his back, and next to nothing in his pockets. As I'm a sinner! there's another of the trampers. Ugh! I'm sick of the sight of 'em. (*goes into house, L.,*)

HANS SKELTER appears at c. from R.

FRANZ. (*who during the landlord's soliloquy, has brought out and served beer to villagers.*) What's the matter with him now, a grumbling old curmudgeon, "Lazy dog," indeed! call me a lazy dog who does the whole work of the house, for since master's married he does nothing at all but *moon* about with his pipe in his mouth and his arms crossed. I'd as soon see the devil—

HANS. (*slapping him on the shoulder.*) Indeed!

FRANZ. Ah!

HANS. The preference is flattering to the party concerned—whom may he be?

FRANZ. Wh—wh—who may you be if you come to that?

HANS. Not the person you take me for, evidently, despite the old proverb.

FRANZ. (*aside.*) I'm not so sure of that. There's a very malicious look about him.

HANS. How far is it to Darmstadt?

FRANZ. (*aside.*) If he were the devil he'd know that without asking. (*aloud.*) Four leagues and upwards.

HANS. So far! Then I cannot reach there this evening.

FRANZ. That depends on—how you travel, (*examining him.*)

HANS. Oh! as you see, on foot—and I've walked far enough already to-day. So I think I'll set up my staff here for the night.

FRANZ. Stop here—for the night!

HANS. Why, have you any objection—or have you no room.

FRANZ. Room! oh, goodness! yes, there's room enough, I'm only thinking of—

HANS. The company! Don't be afraid; I'm travelling on foot for my pleasure, and not from necessity. Come put on this table the best you have in the house to eat and to drink, and tell the chambermaid to put clean sheets on the bed, and I'll give you an extra florin a-piece for your trouble.

FRANZ. (*aside.*) An extra florin! (*placing table down, L.*) I don't care who he is, if he pays at that rate—no more will master, I'm sure. (*aloud.*) Yes, sir! directly sir! [Exit FRANZ, L. and returns laying the cloth during this speech.]

HANS. (*brings down a chair R. of table.*) I should have preferred sleeping at Darmstadt to-night, notwithstanding. But after all, it doesn't much signify, a day more or a day less on the road; and who knows but I may pick up some hint here for my book. There's a ruin to begin with, (*looking at castle*) a very picturesque one indeed; and though I've seen a hundred, at least, in the course of my tour, nothing interests me like a ruin.

Re-enter FRANZ with eatables, plates, &c., which he places on table.

FRANZ. Master will bring the wine himself, sir.

HANS. Very well! But tell me first, what ruin is that up yonder?

FRANZ. Ruin!

HANS. Yes, ruin! it is a ruin!

FRANZ. Oh, yes! it is a ruin, sure enough.

HANS. Has been a castle of some importance apparently. How do you call it?

FRANZ. Call it!

HANS. What's its name? It has a name, I suppose.

FRANZ. Oh, yes! it—it has a name—and a very bad name.

HANS. Out with it, however bad.

FRANZ. I'm much obliged to you—I'd rather not.

HANS. Why, what's the matter with the fellow? not tell me the name of a place you're looking at all day long?

FRANZ. No! it brings ill luck.

HANS. Ah! Now I am more anxious than ever to know it—there is some legend, some story attached to it.

FRANZ. A horrible story!

HANS. Tell me that then, directly.

FRANZ. Not I. I can't bear to think of it, much less tell it.

HANS. What, when it must have happened ages ago !

FRANZ. Oh ! its not what happened ages ago—its what happens there now, very often—every night, some say.

HANS. Every night ! This becomes particularly interesting—come, pluck up a spirit, and tell me all about it.

FRANZ. No—no thank you. Here's master, ask him. He's a married man, and don't sleep alone as I do.

Enter ROGUEINGRAIN, with bottle and corkscrew.

ROGUE. Servant, sir. Wished for a bottle of my fine Johannisberg, I hear. Fair to tell you its a high priced wine, sir—came out of the Prince's cellar. Don't serve general customers with it ; keep it for Royal and Imperial personages—ambassadors and foreign noblemen, who—

HANS. Keep it by all means, then. I wouldn't deprive 'em of a drop of it.

ROGUE. Humph ! (*disconcerted.*) Oh ! far as a bottle goes, sir—and to a good judge—as I've no doubt you are, (*drawing cork, and putting bottle on table*) it's only two dollars, sir.

HANS. Only two dollars ! Well, come, if you'll throw me a story into the bargain.

ROGUE. A story !

HANS. Yes, the story of that ruin which your waiter here is afraid to tell me.

ROGUE. Cowardly booby—not that I'm very fond of talking about such matters myself, sir. There are some very queer stories told about that place. (*in a whisper.*) It—wasn't always a ruin as it is now.

HANS. I could have guessed so much.

ROGUE. Then you needn't say I told you.

HANS. I'll keep it a profound secret ; but what is the name of the ruin ?

ROGUE. (*mysteriously.*) Its old name was Spectresheim, when it was a grand castle and belonged to the Counts of Spectresheim ; but the villagers round about have another name for it now. They call it (*whispering*) Teufelsturm, the Devil's Castle, because (*lower*) he comes there every night.

HANS. He ? what the——

ROGUE. Exactly.

HANS. How do they know—do they ever see him?

ROGUE. See him! mercy forbid; but they can hear him laughing amongst the flames that flicker about the ruins, like so many will-o'-the-whisks.

HANS. And have they no curiosity to see what he's like, or how he amuses himself?

ROGUE. Good gracious, how you talk, sir? There's not a soul would go within a mile of the ruins after night-fall, if he wasn't obliged.

HANS. Well, now I should like to pass a night amongst them, if I were certain I should see or hear anything extraordinary.

ROGUE. Its my belief you'd never see or hear anything again, if you did, sir.

HANS. Oh! I'd take my chance of that—and by Jove I will, too!

ROGUE. Oh! don't, sir. Don't think of it—you'll be burnt alive, sir.

HANS. Burnt! I shall be more likely frozen, if the night turns out a cold one; but we'll see about that after supper. In the meanwhile, be good enough to find somebody who will earn a few swanzigers by showing me the nearest road up to the ruins.

Enter FRANZ with plates, L.

FRANZ. (*dropping plate*) Up to the ruins!

ROGUE. There! that's one of my best plates.

FRANZ. Well, how could I help it, when I heard—

HANS. Never mind, put the plate in the bill; but get me a guide to the devil's tower.

FRANZ. Oh, murder! what—after you've heard the story?

HANS. Story! By-the-bye, I haven't heard the story.

FRANZ. Ask mistress, sir, to sing him the ballad about it.

HANS. A ballad about it—delightful—by all means, call your mistress.

FRANZ. Yes, sir. (*runs in, L.*)

ROGUE. Eh! stop! I don't know—(*aside.*)—I don't

much fancy my wife singing to a dare-devil young fellow like this.

Enter FRANZ, L. with MADAME ROGUEINGRAIN.

FRANZ. Here's mistress, sir.

HANS. Madame, I—eh?

MADAME. R. Hah!

ROGUE. Humph! what's the matter?

MADAME. R. Matter! nothing—only—

ROGUE. Only what?

MADAME. R. This gentleman and I have met before.

ROGUE. Met before!

HANS. (*aside.*) The pretty market girl I had such a flirtation with two years ago at Strasburgh—I thought I knew the face. (*aloud.*) Enchanted to renew our acquaintance. (*crosses to her.*) So you are married since we parted.

ROGUE. Yes, sir, to me—Tobias Rogueingrain—this is my wife, sir, and—

HANS. And I congratulate you most sincerely; nay, Master Rogueingrain, I may say, I envy you. It isn't every man of your age who is lucky enough to monopolize such a pretty young creature as my fair friend here. (*talks aside with MADAME ROGUEINGRAIN.*)

ROGUE. (*aside.*) Impertinent puppy—and his fair friend too! Oh, I shall keep an eye on Madame Rogueingrain.

MADAME. R. (*to HANS SKELTER.*) Don't, don't; my husband is so jealous—I wish I had not spoken—he'll lead me such a life.

HANS. Will he, poison him with a bottle of his own wine, then—it's only two dollars.

MADAME. R. How can you talk so—you're a very wicked young man.

ROGUE. (*aside.*) Whispering in this fashion—I'm getting in a fever. (*aloud.*) Madam Rogueingrain! what are you doing?—you're keeping the gentleman from his supper.

MADAME. R. The gentleman's talking about our ruin.

ROGUE. Our ruin! I've no doubt—I thought as much.

MADAME. R. And I'm telling him the shortest way to it.

ROGUE. Oh, my head, my head!

HANS. You can sing me a ballad about it, I hear.

MADAME. R. O yes, with pleasure.

HANS. Then pray do while I eat my supper, not to lose time, for its getting dark already.

FRANZ. (*to VILLAGERS.*) Here, here ! Mistress is going to sing the ballad about the—you know.

(*Music.* — VILLAGERS all crowd round MADAME ROGUEINGRAIN. HANS SKELTER sits down at table to his supper.

BALLAD.—MADAME ROGUEINGRAIN.

The aged Count of Spectresheim,
Hath married a maiden fair;
Young Hildegarde, in beauty's prime,
His wealth, his rank, will share :
A vassal's daughter, meanly clad,
Is now a countess gay ;
Alack for the Lord of Spectresheim,
Alack and a-well-a-day.

CHORUS.—Speak low—in whispers tell
What in Spectresheim befell ;
Fear the Demon Jester's pow'r,
Shun the demon's ruin'd tower.

There was a youth in Spectresheim,
A gentle fair-haired boy ;
An orphan deemed, who used to climb,
Count Grimbald's knees with joy :
In the Holy Land hath Adolf been,
For ten long years away ;
And a gallant knight he now returns,
Alack and a-well-a-day !

CHORUS.—Speak low, &c.

[she brings HANS SKELTER down.

The feast was spread in Spectresheim,
Red wine the cups ran o'er ;
But ere the midnight hour could chime,
That hall ran redder gore ;

And the Demon Jester laughed aloud,
 As to crackling flames a prey,
 Fell perjured lord and guilty dame,
 Alack and a-well-a-day !

CHORUS.—Speak low, &c.

[FRANZ removes the table back.]

HANS. Very horrible, and very mysterious. I don't quite understand, now, what the poor people had done to be killed and roasted—or why the said Demon Jester made such an infernal joke of it.

MADAME R. Oh! there are six and twenty more verses, if you like.

HANS. By no means—I couldn't think of troubling you; but, perhaps, in six words you might explain.

MADAME R. Oh! quite, as far as I know. The young knight was the count's own son, by a noble damsel he had wickedly betrayed; and when his son returned from Palestine he found the count had married a pretty, but poor girl, that he had formerly seen and made love to himself. So then his father, to prevent mischief, determined to own him; but the countess, before she was aware of the fact, poisoned her husband, and then, in a fit of jealous vengeance set fire to the castle.

HANS. Upon my word she must have been a very charming companion; but the jester?

MADAME R. Ah! that nobody quite understands; but it is supposed that he was—some body—one needn't mention—who was in love with the countess himself, and took that shape in order to make as much mischief as possible.

HANS. In which amiable attempt he appears to have perfectly succeeded. So—having swallowed as much sausage and sour krout as my hunger compelled me, and vainly endeavoured to wash it down with the extraordinary composition I have been obligingly allowed a specimen of at two dollars a bottle—if the guide is forthcoming, I will repair to rest.

MADAME R. In the devil's tower! Oh! sir! pray don't be so rash; we can make you a nice bed in the house, sir.

(to ROGUEINGRAIN.) Husband, don't let the poor young gentleman go.

ROGUE. Indeed, but I will though, Mrs. Rogueingrain, as soon as he's paid his bill, and glad to get rid of him; I'd as leave have the old gentleman from the castle himself in my house, as that young gentleman, with his winks and his whispers.

Enter FRANZ, running, L. U. E.

FRANZ. Master, master! here's Ma'amselle Therese!

ROGUE. My niece! you don't say so.

FRANZ. Yes, come all the way from Munich.

Enter THERESE and KARL, L.U.E. KARL shakes hands with the VILLAGERS.

ROGUE. Why, Therese!

THER. Dear uncle! No doubt you're surprised to see me; but the baroness was ordered to the baths by her physician, and so I came with her, of course, and as we stop for the night in the neighbourhood, I asked leave to come and see you.

ROGUE. Well, I declare! and who's that with you?

THER. Why, don't you remember Karl, the son of the old ferryman, that lived under the hill yonder?

ROGUE. To be sure I do, an impudent young vagabond.

THER. Hush! that's he. He's a postillion now, and drove us the last stage, and finding I was coming here, good-naturedly offered to bring me. Karl, here's my uncle. (*he comes down.*)

KARL. Servant, Master Rogueingrain.

ROGUE. (*nods, without speaking to him.*) S'death, where's my wife got to? Still whispering with that confounded stranger. Madame Rogueingrain, here's my niece, Therese. Therese this is your aunt.

(MADAME ROGUEINGRAIN salutes THERESE, and they go up the stage in conversation.

KARL. What, Master Rogueingrain, married a young wife? I wish you joy. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

ROGUE. What d'ye mean by ha! ha! ha! ha! Is there anything particular to laugh at?

KARL. No, nothing particular. It's happened before.

ROGUE. What's happened before?

KARL. (R.C.) Why, that a man of your age has married a girl of her's, and been—

ROGUE. (R.) Well, sirrah, what—

KARL. Laughed at, that's all—ha! ha! ha! ha!

HANS. (*laughing.*) Ha! ha! ha! Why, Master Roguingrain, who's your friend in the boots? He seems a wag.

ROGUE. A good-for-nothing knave, that I thought would have been hanged by this time. But the devil takes care of his own.

HANS. Well, have you found me a guide to the ruins yet?

ROGUE. A guide to the ruins—why there's the very fellow for you; knew every hole and corner of 'em when he was an urchin; and used to play all sorts of mischievous tricks in them, on purpose to frighten the poor villagers, who'd reason enough to be frightened, heaven knows, without his meddling. Secure him, sir, I advise you, (*aside.*) and the devil fly away with them both together.

HANS. That's fortunate. Harkye, my friend, (*to KARL.*) I want a guide through the wood, up to the old castle there. Have you time and inclination to earn a little money? I'm told you know the road.

KARL. I should think I ought, sir; I was born in the forest, yonder; and, if you don't want me to stop—

HANS. No, no; I don't want anybody to stop; particularly if they're afraid.

KARL. Afraid! Ha! ha! ha! It ain't that I'm afraid, sir, but I've only an hour to spare.

HANS. It's a bargain, then, let's be off.

(*resuming his knapsack, &c.*)

ROGUE. Going! I beg your pardon, sir; but—the bill, sir.

HANS. Oh, the bill! ay, true, the bill—quick, what is it?

ROGUE. Tell you directly, sir. Supper, one florin, wine two dollars, broken plate—humph! altogether ten florins, sir

HANS. Only ten florins, the price is trifling compared to the indigestion; such a fit of dyspepsia ought to cost

double the money, (*pays him.*) and here, you waiter—what's your name?

(crosses c. to FRANZ who is gazing at THERESE.)

FRANZ. Sir ! (coming down slowly, and looking behind him.)

HANS. There's what I promised you. (*gives money.*)

FRANZ. Thank you, sir.

(takes it mechanically, still looking at THERESE.)

HANS. What are you looking at?

FRANZ. Me, sir ?

HANS. Yes, you, sir ! it's my belief you're staring at that pretty girl who has just arrived.

FRANZ. Oh, sir !

HANS. Oh, sir ! oh, sir ! I thought so, sir. What, you've a sneaking kindness for her, ch ?

FRANZ. Don't mention it, sir, it's of no use ; master wouldn't hear of it ; I've no money, sir ; O dear !

HANS. Poor devil ; but come, talking of the devil, where's my friend in the boots ? Now, I'm ready, if you are.

KARL. This way, sir.

HANS. Good night, Rogueingrain !—my love to your wife.

ROGUE. Sir !

KARL. Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

[*Exeunt HANS SKELTER and KARL, L.U.E.*

MADAME R. (advancing.) Is the young gentleman gone, husband ?

ROGUE. Yes, thank goodness.

MADAME R. O dear ! we shall never see him any more.

ROGUE. I hope not, with all my soul.

MADAME R. For shame, Rogueingrain.

THER. Why, where has he gone, uncle ?

FRANZ. To the old castle, ma'amselle ; to pass the night there. He must be mad.

THER. Why, certainly, when he might sleep in a snug bed here ; it's a strange fancy, particularly as there seems a storm coming up.

ALL. A storm !

ROGUE. So there is, I declare.

THER. Otherwise there'd be no danger.

ALL. No danger !

THER. Karl says they are all nonsense, the stories you've heard.

ROGUE. Karl—oh, who'd believe Karl ! Haven't I seen ? (*Thunder, Villagers begin to retire U.E.R. and L.*)

FRANZ. Hark ! there it begins ; don't let's talk of the castle, something's sure to happen.

MADAME R. O dear ! O dear ! The poor young man—in such a night, too, I shan't be able to sleep for thinking of him.

ROGUE. Madame Rogueingrain, I forbid you to think of him ; and I desire you'll go to sleep directly. In, all of you, and shut up the house. There go the villagers as fast as they can run.

(*Peasants are seen hurrying home—storm increases—scene closes.*)

SCENE II.—Forest, and Ruined Gateway.

Enter HANS SKELTER and KARL, L.

HANS. Here's a deluge, we shall be drown'd.

KARL. Here, sir ; here's shelter under this arch—it's part of the old gateway to the bridge, you have but to cross that, and you are in the castle. (*rain.*)

HANS. I've chosen a fine night for my visit ; what rain !

KARL. Rather heavy for the time, but it won't last—too much wind, and I can see the clouds breaking yonder already.

HANS. I dont mind getting wet, if I can only keep my pistols dry.

KARL. What, you are well armed, eh ? ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

HANS. (*aside.*) I don't much like that fellow's laugh. It has a very sinister sound. (*aloud.*) What's the joke, pray ?

KARL. Joke—nothing, sir ; only I should fancy that firing at Beelzebub would be like putting butter on bacon.

HANS. O, my good friend, it is not his satanic majesty in person that I have made this little provision for ; but

any facetious gentleman that might presume to represent him.

KARL. There's no danger of that now, sir. Some years ago, I wouldn't have said as much—for I don't mind telling you, sir—when I was a boy, the old castle was the haunt of a desperate gang of smugglers, and they played all manner of pranks in it, to keep strangers at a respectful distance.

HANS. Oho! then the spirits lodged here were considerably above proof?

KARL. Ha! ha! ha! Right sir; and the lights, and groans, and the ghosts, were all the work of old Landkeg and his gang. I was hand-and-glove with them, being a mischievous young monkey, and played the devil myself sometimes.

HANS. And uncommonly well you looked the part, I've no doubt.

KARL. Sir, you flatter me. Ha, ha, ha, ha! But that's all over now, and so is the rain. The moon is beginning to struggle through the clouds. You can see the castle straight before you there, sir.

HANS. Perfectly.

KARL Then I'll wish you good night, with your leave.

HANS. Good night. There's your drinkgelt.

(gives money.)

KARL. Thanks! Pleasant dreams to your honor.

HANS. (aside.) What he says may be true; but I'll look to my pistols for all that.

KARL. Ha, ha, ha!

HANS. I don't like that fellow's laugh at all. [Exit, R.

SCENE III.—*Interior of the Ruins. Through the broken arches and pillars of what was the Banqueting Hall of the Castle, the distant country is seen, the river winding through it, by moonlight.*

Enter HANS SKELTER, R.

HANS. A very picturesque ruin indeed!—well worth the trouble of climbing up to!—particularly at such a moment. The great English Romancer has said—

“ He who would see fair Melrose aright
Must visit it by the pale moonlight.”

And I am grateful to the goddess of the silver bow for affording me a similar advantage at Spectresheim. And now—where shall I take up my lodging? This is a snug corner; screened from the wind, and where no rain has beat in. What have we here? Some old barrels, pieces of rope, and broken tobacco pipes—collateral evidence against Mein Herr Landkeg, and in favour of the story of my friend in the boots. Yes, over this moss-grown relic will I spread my cloak, and with my knapsack under my head, sleep, as Shakspere has it, “in spite of thunder!” Shakspere—Scott—great names!—but out of fashion!—Publishers say they are too natural for the modern taste—that the world is sick of good wine and calls for brandy—books that will harrow up the feelings; not in the old sentimental style of Kotzebue and Mrs. Radcliffe; but the new French one of Alexander Dumas and Eugene Sue. If I could find some ultra horrible incidents—some incredible atrocity—something that nobody *ought* to read—it would sell like wildfire—I should be execrated and adored!—(*during this time he has struck a light, made up a small fire, and lighted his pipe.*) Yaw—(yawning.) I’m very sleepy—(*clock chimes in the distance.*)—Midnight! If a ghost don’t come soon, I really can’t wait for it—it must be good enough to wake me—(*sings to himself*)

“ The aged Lord of Spectresheim
Hath married a maiden fair !”

The laugh of that ugly postillion is still in my ears—a sort of Zamiel laugh, with a Mephistophiles grin. I don’t wonder the jealous old landlord and his pretty wife—my fair friend—Count Grimbald—Adolf—sausages and sour-kraut—pistols—poison—only two dollars—Demon—Jester—(*sleeps.*)

(*Music pianissimo, to the air of the ballad. The whole SCENE gradually changes to the Castle as in Feudal times. A grand - banquet. KNIGHTS, LADIES, PAGES, &c.*)

CHORUS.

The idol fair of every knight,
 The theme of every bard ;
 Come, pledge we here in goblets bright
 The noble Countess Hildegarde.

Enter THE JESTER, c.

JEST. 'Tis well, 'tis well—proceed, unthinking worms !
 Feast high !—with savoury viands pamper appetite !
 And drain the maddening cup until the blood
 Rages within your veins ! Drink, noble champions !
 Whilst floods of light are poured upon the banquet,
 And mirth and minstrelsy beguile the hours
 Fast fleeting—never to return. Ha, ha, ha ! ha !
 Speed on in Pleasure's course !—But Time speeds too
 Unheeded !—The abyss is yawning wide
 Beneath the roses ! Soon shall it engulf
 The banquet and the guests—the feast and feasters !
 The songs will change to shrieks of agony,
 The red wine run a stream of human gore,
 And forked flames fold in their fierce embrace
 The now proud Hall of Spetresheim.

HANS. (*as in his sleep.*) Who is my friend in the odd
 tights, I wonder ?

Is he about to set the house on fire ?
 If so, I'd better run and fetch the engines.

JEST. Young stranger—not to me ; but to thyself—
 Wonder not who I am—but what thou art—
 Arise !—and listen.

HANS. (*comes forward.*) Sir, I'm all attention.

JEST. Thou art the heir of Spectresheim.

HANS. The devil !—

I beg your pardon ! I would say—good gracious !
 You don't say so !—

JEST. I say it, and will prove it.

HANS. In that case, sir, you will confer on me
 An obligation I shall ne'er forget.

JEST. Indeed ! Remember, then, thy word is pledged
 To grant the first boon I shall ask of thee.

HANS. I didn't know it was, upon my word ;
 But if you say so, it would not be civil

To contradict you ; therefore anything
Within my power—I shall be delighted—
Provided always—as the lawyers say—

JEST. I earn the boon—agreed !—Ha, ha, ha, ha !
Behold ! where comes the Count of Spectresheim,
Your noble father—(*points L. 3 E.*)

HANS. He, my father !—Bless me !
You do surprise me now.

JEST. Thou hast been deemed
A foundling—by his bounty reared within
These walls, and sent to gain in Palestine
A name thy birth denied thee. Listen, youth,
In silence, and believe. [Exit R.U.E.]

HANS. I'm dumb and credulous.

Enter COUNT GRIMBALD, L.U.E.

(*All the guests bow and retire, R. and. L.U.E.*)

COUNT. Death and eternal tortures !—I'll no longer
Endure this more than mortal agony !
O base, ungrateful, false, perfidious woman !—
She smiled on every knight around the table,
And every knight in turn did smile on her !

HANS. If this, indeed, should be my noble father,
I hope he does not mean my lady mother
Has been so far forgetful of herself
As to cast sheep's eyes at her gallant guests
And let my father see her.

COUNT. This is she,
Whom from a mean estate I raised to share
My wealth, my rank, my power ! Oh, where is he .
My child !—the boy I dared not call my son !

HANS. That's me.

COUNT. Return from distant Palestine
My Adolf, to these arms.

HANS. I thought my name
Was Hans, but find its Adolf. Well, with all
My heart, I like it better.

COUNT. O return,
And I will do thee right—give thee in marriage
My wealthy ward—the young and beauteous Bertha :

Make thee mine heir, and die, perchance, forgiv'n !

[Exit COUNT, R. 3 E.]

HANS. Of course—the good old gentleman—forgiven !

I'm sure I'll pardon him with all my heart !

How strange !—and how important, if its true !—

And should this lovely heiress only prove

The fair unknown, who reigns within this bosom,

My joy were boundless—but, alas ! so much

Is much too much to hope for. Some one comes—

A female—and unless my eyes deceive me,

Rather good looking. There's a youth with her

Who seems to think so too.

Enter BERTHA and HUGO, L. 1 E.

HUGO. But one word more—

Sweet Bertha—say you love me !

BERTHA. That were bold—

But if my Hugo has a mind to guess,

He may imagine I have said I love him,

And spare a maiden's blushes.

HANS. (*aside.*) Very pretty,

Though not perhaps quite new.

HUGO. I will imagine !

O blest avowal ! that is not avowed.

But more distinct from being never uttered !

She says she loves me, whilst she says it not !

O swear to me in terms as positive,

That you will be my bride—and mine alone ?

HANS. At the same time he means, of course—

HUGO. Though all

The world in arms combine to sever us !

BERTHA. I swear !

HUGO. O rapture ! hark ! she swears !

My Bertha swears !—Drink, ears, the precious oath.

BERTHA. Hush !—footsteps !—hence—away !

If we are found together, we are lost !

HUGO. Too true ! too true !—to-night at twelve, we meet

To part no more.

BERTHA. No—no—

HANS. (*aside.*) Two negatives

Make one affirmative—she will be there.

HUGO. Farewell—remember twelve ! [Exit HUGO. L.

BERTHA. Ah, me ! To go

Is not to stay—at least, Love tells me so.

[Exit BERTHA. E.

HANS. And for a wonder Love does not deceive her—

My honored sire and my strange friend in tights.

Enter COUNT and JESTER, R.U.E.

COUNT. Arrived ! you say arrived ! my young, my brave—

(crosses to L. HANS SKELTER crosses behind to R.)

JEST. (c.) Behold him !

COUNT. To my arms ! (embracing him.) Oh, I would hold thee,

For ever here ; but, that it might not be—

HANS. Convenient.

COUNT. Oh, my Adolf ! do I see thee
Once more within these walls ?

HANS. Sir, you know best.

COUNT. Modest as he is wise ! O thou says't well ?

For if to see, were but with open eyes
To gaze upon these features, then indeed
It might be said I saw thee. But alas !
This world is all illusion—nothing is
But what is not—and what is not is—nothing !

JEST. Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

COUNT. What dost thou laugh at ?

JEST. Nay,

At nothing. Was it not of that you spoke ?
I always laugh at nothing.

COUNT. Peace, fool ! (COUNTESS L.U.E. laughs without.)

JEST. Hark !

There is more laughter—is that too at nothing ?

COUNT. Tormentor, no ! for 'tis my wife who laughs,
And laughs I fear at me.

JEST. That's next to nothing.

COUNT. (to HANS.) Boy, I have married since we parted.

HANS. Since !

(aside.) Then this is not my mother, or if so,
He should have married her some time ago.

JEST. Room for the Countess Hildegarde !

Enter the Countess HILDEGARDE, l. 3 E. attended by Six PAGES and Two USHERS, who cross to R.

COUNTESS. (*starting at the sight of HANS.*) O heavens !

HANS. (*starting also*) What do I see ? my fair unknown !

COUNTESS. 'Tis he !

Open thou earth and hide me !

JESTER. Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! [Exit, l.-

COUNT. What mean those words, that terror !

Speak, Hildegard !

COUNTESS. Ask not—presume not—think not !

Let ignorance as black as pitchy Styx

Surround thy soul with bliss unutterable !

For, oh ! if but one spark of knowledge fall

Into the magazine of thy dark mind,

Sense will be shattered by the wild explosion

That must ensue ! Therefore, be merry husband,

My words were of no consequence whatever.

And you, sir, (*to HANS.*) welcome ; we have often heard

The Count lament the absence of his young

And valiant protégé—you are most welcome.

One who is dear to one so dear as he,

My dearest lord—the dearest one must be,—

Save one who must be dearer ! (*aside.*)

HANS. O dear me !

COUNTESS. (*aside to HANS.*) Hush ! for your life ! till now, we never met.

HANS. (*aside.*) Madam, I will remember, to forget.

[Exit COUNTESS and PAGES, R. 2 E.-

COUNT. Come hither, Adolf. (*draws him aside.*) Adolf, thou hast seen

My wife before.

HANS. Sir !

COUNT. Nay, deny it not.

I know, am sure on't—boy ! prepare to hear

What until now no mortal tympanum

Did ever pierce. Adolf, thou art my son !

HANS. (*aside.*) It is a fact, then, I am really Adolf,

The heir of Spectresheim. (*aloud.*) My noble father
Upon my knees—

COUNT. No, Adolf, no ! 'tis I
Should kneel, for I have wronged thee, boy ; but
now
Will make thee brave amends—see'st thou yon maid,
That high-born beauty, rich as she is fair,
Bertha of Schillingsworth ! she is my ward,
Ere sun-set thou shalt lead her to the altar.

HANS. Bertha ! impossible !

COUNT. Hah !—how !—beware !
Wake not the sable thought, that in my soul
Tosses and tumbles in a hideous dream,
Fearing to find it true. Thou art my son,
And though the Countess never was thy mother,
She is my wife ; thou canst not marry her,
And must not love her. Therefore, marry Bertha,
Love *her*,—be rich—be happy ; no reply,
It is my will, obey me, boy, or die !

[Exit COUNT, R.U.E.]

Enter COUNTESS, R. 2 E. and listens.

HANS. Die ! this is getting serious, by Jove !

How can I marry Bertha, when I know
She's over head and ears in love with Hugo ?

COUNTESS. What do I hear ! wed Bertha ! thou ! no,
never,

First perish all the world, and thou the first !
False Adolf !

HANS. False ! that's mighty cool of you,
I—false—when you are married to another ?

COUNTESS. And what of that ? O sophistry of man !

Must poor, weak, wavering woman's yielding nature
Be ever made the mean apology

For thy cold selfish treason ? But, beware !

Thou know'st not Hildegarde ! gentle and patient
As the pet lamb, or callow-sucking dove,

When passion sways her not ; cross but her will,
The eagle startled from her airy nest,

The tigress newly plundered of her young,
The deadly snake untimely trodden on,

Is not so fierce, so merciless, so fatal !

Wed Bertha, and thou diest !

[*Exit, R. 1 E.*

HANS. 'Pon my soul

A pleasant prospect, but if I stand this
I am a Dutchman ! No, if my step-mother
Go one step farther, I'll step out and—

Enter HUGO, L. with two swords.

HUGO. Hold !

If I am not deceived thy name is Adolf.

HANS. If I am not deceived it is—what then ?

HUGO. Why, then, my name is Hugo.

HANS. Sir, with all

My heart. I've not the least objection to it.

HUGO. And is that all ? Rushes not back the blood
To thy quick beating heart at that dread sound ?

HANS. Not that I am aware of, sir ; why should it ?

HUGO. Then couple it with Bertha, and with shame
Sink to the centre, or prepare to meet
My vengeance.

HANS. Sir, excuse a strong expression,
But you are mad

HUGO. Mad ! O thou sayest sooth,
For I love Bertha to distraction ! mad
I am indeed—and 'tis enough to make me.
Thou art, it seems, the son of my fell foe,
Grimbald of Spectresheim. The hated guardian
Of my heart's empress, he would give her hand
And wide domains, the lands of Schillingsworth,
To thee, his heir—already far too wealthy ;
Whilst the poor troubadour, whose only fortune
Is centred in his harp and sword, must see
The prize wrenched from his grasp. O well, indeed,
May he be mad ; but therefore, tempt him not,
Resign the maid, or straight defend thy life.

(*offers sword.*)

HANS. Sir, I don't care a button for the maid,

But won't be bullied thus by any man.

Come on, I'll show you how we students handle

A sword at Heidelberg.

(*They fight, HANS SKELTER runs HUGO through the body at the first pass, he falls, L. 2 E.*)

Enter BERTHA, R. 1 E., followed by Two PAGES, who cross to L.

BERTHA. Ha! wretch! what hast thou done? Hugo,
my life!

My love! my husband! O my life is dead—
My love is cold—my husband is departed.
Assassin! thou hast slain him!—Monster end
Thy work and slay me too—strike—

HANS. Madam, really

You must excuse me. If that gentleman
Be dead, I beg his pardon most sincerely.
I'd not the least intention. It was simply
In self-defence.

BERTHA. In self-defence! O coward!
What was thy worthless self compared to him,
My beautiful my brave. If thou had'st fallen
Instead of him, I had been happy.

HANS. Madam,
You overpower me.

BERTHA. Peace! the raven's voice
Is music to thy tongue. Behold how much
A woman dares, Hugo, I follow thee.

(*snatches up Hugo's sword, and stabs herself, and is carried off L. by the PAGES.*)

HANS. Help! murder!

Enter the COUNTESS, R.1 E. with a cup in her hand.

COUNTESS. Murder! hush! who was't cried murder?
I've done it, but we must not talk of it.

See, Adolf, the cup is empty, he has drained it.

HANS. He! who?

COUNTESS. My husband. He who was the barrier
'Twixt us and happiness.

HANS. My noble father!

COUNTESS. Father! he thy father? O fatal secret!

HANS. Wretched woman! speak! What have you done?

Enter COUNT, 1 E.R. supported by ATTENDANTS, and followed by GUARDS in confusion.

COUNTESS. Behold!

COUNT. Adolf, I am poisoned.

Revenge my death.

(dies, and is borne off by ATTENDANTS, R.1 E.)

HANS. I will! Seize on the Countess!

(two ATTENDANTS bear off the body of HUGO, L.2 E.)

COUNTESS. Back, menials! lay not your base hands upon me,

But look to your own safeties. O 'tis well
Ungrateful Adolf, this was done for thee,
With whom I meant to fly these doomed walls;
But this is greater vengeance, thou art lord of them!
Rejoice, then, heir of Grimbald!—Count of Spectresheim!

Your Castle blazes—see the flames approach.

There is no refuge—no escape—the gates
Are locked. The keys that would have opened them
To aid our flight, into the moat I cast.

(flings them out of window, L.)

Now perish all together.

ALL. Horror! horror! [Exit COUNTESS, L.]
(the castle appears in flames all fly in terror.)

Enter JESTER, who seizes HANS.

JEST. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

HANS. The Jester.

JEST. Yes, who comes

To crown the jest. Adolf of Spectresheim,
I claim thy promise.

HANS. Don't talk nonsense, fool,

But show me the way out.

JEST. There is no way!

The heir of Spectresheim is pledged to grant
The boon I ask of him. 'Tis but to dwell
In flames with me for ever!

HANS. Me! I'll see you—

JEST. You shall—come come.

HANS. Help ! murder ! s'death, I had
A pistol somewhere—ah, here ! let me go,
Or,—

JEST. Fire ! It is my element. (*dragging him.*)

HANS. Nay, then, here goes !

(*Fires at him, and sinks on the couch, l., from which he rose at the beginning of dream.*)

(*The moment the shot takes place, the JESTER vanishes through the pillar immediately behind couch ; the whole scene changes to the ruins as before, with the exception that it is now sunrise.*)

HANS. (*jumping up hastily and scarcely awake.*) Hollo ! what's the matter ? Have I shot any body, or any body shot me ? Where the deuce am I, and what have I done ? Not a soul near me. Broad daylight, and I in the midst of these old grey ruins, instead of—Why I must have been dreaming. (*shout in the distance " Halloo."*) Voices shouting. (*looks out.*) Yes, there's the landlord and his wife, and a whole crowd of villagers coming over the bridge. (*answering them.*) Halloo ! Here I am, all alive ; not eaten, roasted, nor flown away with ; though I still fancy I feel that pleasant gentleman's grasp at my throat, and saw him vanish through — What have we here ? (*going l.*) all the barrels burnt to a cinder ! Egad, I might have been roasted though. Eh, what's here amongst this rubbish ? (*picking out of it an old letter.*) notes ?—bank notes ?—phoo ! no, only an old letter. (*looking at signature.*) Stop, “Tobias Rogueingrain,” and addressed to—aha ! my service to you, Master Rogueingrain ! (*reads letter.*)

Enter KARL, ROGUEINGRAIN, and MADAME, THERESE, FRANZ, and Villagers, l.u.e.

KARL. Here, here he is, all right, ha ! ha ! ha !

HANS. (*starting.*) Stand off, or I'll fire ! eh, oh—it's only boots, I thought it was tights.

MADAME R. Oh, I'm so glad you're safe, sir ; but as we came across the bridge, we thought we heard a shot.

HANS. I've no doubt, I fired at him.

ALL. At whom?

HANS. (*solemnly*) The Demon Jester.

ALL. Ah!

FRANZ. You've seen him, wh—wh—what was he like?

HANS. I'm bound to confess, as like my friend Karl here—

(*all get away from KARL.*)

KARL. Like me—ha! ha! ha! you don't say so.

HANS. Ay, as like as Master Roguingrain here, is to the Count of Spectresheim, my noble father.

ROGUE. Your noble father? He's out of his wits.

HANS. Or my fair acquaintance to the Lady Hildegarde, who so obligingly poisoned him for my sake.

MADAME R. Your sake.

HANS. Yes; I am Adolf, heir of Spectresheim!

ROGUE. Quite mad; fright has turned his brain.

HANS. Not a bit of it! but your confounded supper gave me the night-mare, and lent all your faces to the shadows it raised. The only reality I have stumbled on, is this truly interesting document, a letter addressed to no less a personage than Herr Landkeg.

ALL. The smuggler!

HANS. Late of this parish; and which I shall bestow on my friend, Franz, as a reward for his courage in venturing up here on my account. Hark ye, (*aside to him.*) have you the niece's consent if you can't get the uncle's.

FRANZ. Oh, yes, sir! and he knows that.

HANS. Read that letter to him, privately.

FRANZ. This letter (*reading.*) "My dear Landkeg, there's bad news, I shall be ruined if it is suspected that the last cargo—"

ROGUE. Eh!—stop—hush, Franz, give me that letter.

HANS. (*preventing him.*) Give him your niece for it.

ROGUE. Therese, certainly not.

HANS. (*to FRANZ.*) Finish the letter aloud, to the company.

ROGUE. No, no, I consent.

HANS. You're a sensible man, notwithstanding appearances; I shall witness the contract, and you shall give us all a capital breakfast, (*ROGUEINGRAIN dissents*) and never be jealous of your wife again, (*ROGUEINGRAIN dissents.*)

or I'll tell the whole story in the romance I'm about to write, with the real names.

ROGUE. Well, well, anything.

HANS. That's right, then I'll only make use of the Legend of Spectresheim. Perhaps dramatise my dream, why not? "The Demon Jester" would be a capital title, and a capital title goes a long way with the public. The incidents are common-place enough, but there might be some novelty in the treatment of them; and, if well got up, and tolerably acted, my anticipation of its success may not turn out "**A ROMANTIC IDEA.**"

THE
BEGGAR'S OPERA,

IN TWO ACTS,

BY

JOHN GAY,

ILLUSTRATED BY R. CRUIKSHANK.



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THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

Characters.

CAPTAIN MACHEATH	Mr. W. HARRISON.	Covent Garden.	Drury Lane.
PEACHUM	Mr. W. FARREN.	Mr. FRAZER.	Mr. W. BENNETT.
LOCKIT	Mr. BARTLEY.	Mr. DOWTON.	Mr. YARNOLD.
MAT O' THE MINT	Mr. S. JONES.	Mr. MELVILLE.	Mr. MEARS.
BEN BUDGE	Mr. DAVIS.	Mr. ATTWOOD.	Mr. FENTON.
CROOKFINGERED JACK	Mr. CONNEL.	Mr. C. FENTON.	Mr. G. COOKE.
JEMMY TWITCHER	Mr. HUGHES.	Mr. W. C. HAMMOND.	Mr. ROBERTS.
WAT DREARY	Mr. FURNESS.	Mr. RAY.	Mrs. SELBY.
NIMMING NED	Mr. ATKINS.	Mrs. ALBAN CROFT.	Mrs. WAYLETT.
ROBIN OF BAGSHOT	Mr. KERRIDGE.	Mrs. BARNETT.	Miss PETTIFER.
FILCH	Mr. HARLEY.	Miss BARNETT.	Madame PILATI.
PLAYER	Mr. SELBY.	Mrs. MELVILLE.	
BEGGAR	Mr. GRANBY.		
MRS. PEACHUM	Mrs. C. JONES.		
POLLY	Miss RAINFORTH.		
LUCY	Madame VESTRIS.		
MRS. COAXER	Mrs. EMDEN.		
JENNY DIVER	Miss JACKSON.		
MRS. BRAZEN			
MRS. VIXEN			
SUKEY TAWDRY			

Costumes.

MACHEATH.—Cream coloured breeches and waistcoat, scarlet square cut coat, trimmed with gold, jack boots, three cornered hat, trimmed with gold lace, ringlets, white lace neckcloth and ruffles, sword and spurs.

PEACHUM.—Black square cut coat and breeches, trimmed with gold lace, crimson waistcoat, trimmed with gold lace, white woollen stockings pulled over the knees, lace neckcloth and ruffles, Midas wig, square shoes and buckles, and sword.

LOCKIT.—Snuff coloured coat and waistcoat, black breeches, brown striped worsted stockings pulled over the knees, shoes and buckles, blue spotted neckerchief, iron grey wig.

MAT O' THE MINT.—Dark green square cut coat and breeches, blue stockings, shoes and buckles, three-cornered hat, and white cravat.

THE GANG.—Square cut coats and breeches of brown, grey, puce, and drab, jack boots, square toed shoes, buckles, &c.

FILCH.—Square cut fustian coat and breeches, red waistcoat, blue hose, square shoes, and blue handkerchief.

PLAYER.—Square cut dark blue coat and waistcoat, flowered satin, blue silk hose over the knees, shoes, buckles, ruffles, and curled white wig.

BEGGAR.—Red brown square cut coat, patched, and breeches, grey worsted stockings, darned, brown handkerchief, and three-cornered hat.

POLLY.—Dove coloured brocade tucked-up gown or sack, trimmed with blue quilled ribbon, white silk brocade petticoat, old English lace cap, trimmed with blue, white satin shoes, lace handkerchief, hair clubbed.

LUCY.—Brocade flowered cream coloured tuck-up gown, old English lace cap, trimmed with scarlet, scarlet silk petticoat, net handkerchief, row of black beads, black lace mits, bright shoes, buckles, hair clubbed,

Mrs. PEACHUM.—Brocade cream coloured dress and petticoat, with blue and yellow trimming, stomacher, lace cap and handkerchief, trimmed with blue and yellow, grey hair, clubbed, and high-heeled white satin shoes.

JENNY DIVER.—Dove coloured silk dress, white satin petticoat, apron, bound with white satin ribbon, lace handkerchief, net cap, trimmed with white satin ribbon, black shoes, and mits.

Mrs. COAXER.—Blue satin quilted petticoat, scarlet flowered satin dress, apron, bound with pink satin, net handkerchief, black velvet hat, scarlet feathers, blue satin bow under hat, the hat trimmed with blue, green and white ribbon, black satin shoes and buckles and black lace mits.

INTRODUCTION (SOMETIMES OMITTED).

AFTER THE OVERTURE,

Enter the BEGGAR, followed by PLAYER, &c.

BEGGAR. If poverty be a title to poetry, I am sure nobody can dispute mine. I own myself of the Company of Beggars, and I make one at the weekly festivals at St. Giles's. I have a small yearly salary **for** my catches, and am welcome to a dinner there whenever I please, which is more than most poets can say.

PLAYER. As we live by the Muses, it is but gratitude in us to encourage poetical merit wherever we find it. The Muses, contrary to all other ladies, pay no distinction to dress; and never partially mistake the pertness of embroidery for wit; nor the modesty of want for dullness. Be the author who he will, we push his play as far as it will go. So, (though you are in want,) I wish you success heartily!

BEGGAR. This piece, I own, was originally writ for the celebrating the marriage of James Chanter, and Moll Lay, two most excellent ballad-singers. I have introduced the similes that are in all your celebrated operas: the Swallow, the Moth, the Bee, the Ship, the Flower, &c. Besides, I have a prison scene, which the ladies always reckon charmingly pathetic. As to the parts, I have observed such a nice impartiality to our two ladies, that it is impossible for either of them to take offence. I hope I may be forgiven that I have not made my opera throughout unnatural like those in vogue: for I have no recitative; excepting this, as I have consented to have neither prologue or epilogue, it must be allowed an opera in all its forms. The piece, indeed, hath been heretofore frequently represented by ourselves in our room at St. Giles's, so that I cannot too often acknowledge your charity in bringing it now on the stage.

PLAYER. But, I see it is time for us to withdraw—the actors are preparing to begin. Now then, let them play away.

Exeunt, l. h. The act drop rises.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Peachum's House.*

PEACHUM sitting at a table with a large book of accounts before him.

AIR.—“*An old woman clothed in grey.*”

Through all the employments of life,
Each neighbour abuses his brother :
Whore and rogue they call husband and wife.
All professions be-rogue one another.
The priests call the lawyer a cheat,
The lawyer be-knaves the divine ;
And the statesman, because he's so great,
Thinks his trade is as honest as mine.

A lawyer is an honest employment, so is mine. Like me, too, he acts in a double capacity, both against rogues, and for them ; for 'tis but fitting that we should protect and encourage cheats since we live by them.

Enter FILCH, L. H.

FILCH. Sir, Black Moll has sent word her trial comes on in the afternoon, and she hopes you will order matters so as to bring her off.

PEACH. Why, as the wench is very active and industrious, you may satisfy her that I'll soften the evidence.

FILCH. Tom Gagg, sir, is found guilty.

PEACH. A lazy dog ! When I took him the time before, I told him what he would come to if he did not mend his hand. This is death without reprieve. I may

venture to book him; (*writes.*) for Tom Gagg, forty pounds! Let Betty Sly know that I'll save her from transportation, for I can get more by her staying in England.

FILCH. Betty hath brought more goods to our lock this year than any five of the gang! and, in truth, 'tis pity to lose so good a customer.

PEACH. If none of the gang take her off, she may, in the common course of business, live a twelvemonth longer. I love to let women 'scape, Filch. A good sportsman always lets the hen-partridges fly, because the breed of the game depends upon them. Besides, here the law allows us no reward: there is nothing to be got by the death of women —except our wives.

FILCH. Without dispute she is a fine woman! 'Twas to her I was obliged for my education. To say a bold word, she has trained up more young fellows to the business than the gaming-table.

AIR.—FILCH. “*The bonny grey-ey'd morn.*”

'Tis woman that seduces all mankind;

By her we first were taught the wheedling arts;
Her very eyes can cheat—when most she is kind,

She tricks us of our money, with our hearts.

For her, like wolves by night, we roam for prey.

And practice every fraud to bribe her charms;
For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,

And beauty must be fee'd into our arms. *Exit L. II.*

PEACH. But it is now high time to look about me for a decent execution against next session. I hate a lazy rogue by whom one can get nothing till he is hanged. “A register of the gang!” (*reading.*) “Crook-fingered Jack”—a year and half in the service. Let me see how much the stock owes to his industry. One, two, three, four, five gold watches, and seven silver ones. A mighty clean-handed fellow! sixteen snuff boxes, five of them true gold, six dozen of handkerchiefs, four silver hilted swords, half-a-dozen of shirts, three tie-perriwigs, and a piece of broadcloth. Considering these are only the fruits of his leisure hours, I don't know a prettier fellow, for no man alive hath a more engaging presence of mind upon the road. “Wat Dreary, alias

Brown Will"—an irregular dog, who hath an underhand way of disposing of his goods. I'll try him only for a session or two longer upon his good behaviour. "Harry Paddington"—a poor petty-larceny rascal, without the least genius. That fellow, though he were to live these six months, will never come to the gallows with any credit. "Sam Slippery"—he goes off the next session; for the villain hath the impudence to have views of following his trade as a tailor, which he calls an honest employment. "Mat o' the Mint" listed not above a month ago—a promising, sturdy fellow, and diligent in his way—somewhat too bold and hasty, and may raise good contributions on the public if he does not cut himself short by murder. "Tom Tipple," a guzzling, soaking sot, who is always too drunk to stand himself, or to make others stand—a cart is absolutely necessary for him. "Robert of Bagshot, alias Gordon, alias Bluff Bob, alias Carbuncle, alias Bob Booty—"

Enter MRS. PEACHUM, R. H.

MRS. P. What of Bob Booty, husband? I hope nothing bad hath betided him. You know, my dear, he's a favourite customer of mine; 'twas he made me a present of this ring.

PEACH. I have set his name down in the black list, that's all, my dear. He spends his life among women; and as soon as his money is gone, one or other of the ladies will hang him for the reward, and there's forty pounds lost to us for ever.

MRS. P. You know, my dear, I never meddle in matters of death; I always leave those affairs to you. Women, indeed, are bitter bad judges in these cases; for they are so partial to the brave, that they think every man handsome who is going to the camp or the gallows. But really, husband, you should not be too hard-hearted, for you never had a finer, braver set of men than at present. We have not had a murder among them all these seven months; and truly, my dear, that is a great blessing.

PEACH. What a dickens is the woman always whimpering about murder for? No gentleman is ever looked upon the worse for killing a man in his own defence; and if business cannot be carried on without it, what would

you have a gentleman do? So, my dear, have done upon this subject. Was Captain Macheath here this morning, for the bank notes he left with you last week?

MRS. P. Yes, my dear—and though the bank hath stopped payment, he was so cheerful and so agreeable. Sure there is not a finer gentleman upon the road than the captain. If he comes from Bagshot at any reasonable hour, he hath promised to make one this evening with Polly, me, and Bob Booty, at a party at quadrille. Pray, my dear, is the captain rich?

PEACH. The captain keeps too good company ever to grow rich. Marybone and the chocolate houses are his undoing. The man that proposes to get money by play should have the education of a fine gentleman, and be trained up to it from his youth.

MRS. P. Really, I am sorry upon Polly's account the captain hath not more discretion. What business hath he to keep company with lords and gentlemen? he should leave them to prey upon one another.

PEACH. Upon Polly's account! What a plague doth the woman mean?—Upon Polly's account!

MRS. P. Captain Macheath is very fond of the girl.

PEACH. And what then?

MRS. P. If I have any skill in the ways of women, I am sure Polly thinks him a very pretty man.

PEACH. And what then? You would not be so mad as have the wench marry him? Gamesters and highwaymen are generally very good to their mistresses, but they are very devils to their wives.

MRS. P. But if Polly should be in love, how should we help her, or how can she help herself? Poor girl! I'm in the utmost concern about her.

PEACH. But 'tis your duty, my dear, to warn the girl against her ruin, and to instruct her how to make the most of her beauty. I'll go to her this moment, and sift her. In the meantime, wife, rip out the coronets and marks of these dozen of cambric handkerchiefs, for I can dispose of them this afternoon to a chap in the city. *Exit, L. H.*

MRS. P. Never was a man more out of the way in an argument than my husband. Why must our Polly, forsooth, differ from her sex, and love only her

husband? And why must our Polly's marriage, contrary to all observation, make her the less followed by other men? All men are thieves in love, and like a woman the better for being another's property.

Enter FILCH, L. H.

Come hither, Filch; if an unlucky session does not cut the rope of thy life, I pronounce, boy, thou wilt be a great man in history. Where was your post last night, my boy?

FILCH. I plied at the opera, madam; and considering 'twas neither dark nor rainy, so that there was no great hurry in getting chairs and coaches, made a tolerable hand on't. (*draws handkerchiefs from up his sleeves, under each side of his waistband, from each leg, and one from his neck; as he draws it up, looking as if he were hanging.*) These seven handkerchiefs, madam!

MRS. P. Coloured ones, I see. They are of sure sale from our warehouse at Redriff among the seamen.

FILCH. And this snuff-box.

MRS. P. Set in gold. A pretty encouragement this to a young beginner.

FILCH. I had a fair tug at a charming gold ticker. Plague take the tailors for making the fobs so deep and narrow. It stuck by the way, and I was forced to make my escape under a coach. Really, madam, I fear I shall be cut off in the flower of my youth; so that every now and then since I was pumped, I have thoughts of taking up and going to sea.

MRS. P. Poor lad! how little does he know yet of the Old Bailey! For the first fact I'll insure thee from being hanged; and going to sea, Fileh, will come time enough, upon a sentence of transportation. But hark you, my lad —don't tell me a lie, for you know I hate a liar. Do you know of anything that hath passed between Captain Mac-heath and our Polly?

FILCH. I beg you, madam, don't ask me, for I must either tell a lie to you or to Miss Polly—for I promised her I would not tell.

MRS. P. But when the honour of our family is concerned—

FILCH. I shall lead a sad life with Miss Polly, if ever



she comes to know I told you. Besides, I would not willingly forfeit my own honour, by betraying anybody.

MRS. P. Yonder comes my husband and Polly. Come, Filch, you shall go with me into my own room, and tell me the whole story. I'll give thee a glass of a most delicious cordial that I keep for my own drinking.

Exeunt, R. H.; as they are going off, FILCH picks MRS. PEACHUM's pocket of a white handkerchief.

Enter PEACHUM and POLLY, L. H.

PEACH. You know, Polly, I am not against your toying and trifling with a customer, in the way of business, or to get out a secret or so; but if I find out that you have played the fool, and are married, you jade, I'll cut your throat, hussy! Now, you know my mind.

Enter MRS. PEACHUM, R. H., in a very great passion.

AIR.—MRS. PEACHUM,—“*Oh, London is a fine town.*”

Our Polly is a sad slut! nor heeds what we have taught her—I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter; For she must have both hoods and gowns, and hoops to swell her pride,

With scarfs, and stays, and gloves, and lace, and she will have men beside;

And when she's dressed with care and cost, all tempting, fine, and gay,

As men should serve a cucumber, she flings herself away.

You baggage! you hussey! you inconsiderate jade! had you been hanged it would not have vexed me, for that might have been your misfortune—but to do such a mad thing by choice. The wench is married, husband!

PEACH. Married! The captain is a bold man, and will risk anything for money—to be sure he believes her to have a fortune. Do you think your mother and I should have lived comfortably so long together, if ever we had been married, baggage?

MRS. P. I knew she was always a proud slut, and now the wench hath played the fool and married, because, forsooth, she would do like the gentry. If you must be mar-

ried, could you introduce nobody into our family but a highwayman? Why, you foolish jade, thou wilt be as ill-used and as much neglected as if thou hadst married a lord!

PEACH. Let not your anger, my dear, break through the rules of decency; for the captain looks upon himself, in the military capacity, as a gentleman by his profession. Besides what he hath already, I know he is in a fair way of getting or of dying—and both these ways, let me tell you, are most excellent chances for a wife.

MRS. P. With Polly's fortune, she might very well have gone off to a person of distinction. Yes, that you might, you pouting slut!

PEACH. What, is the wench dumb? Speak, or I'll make you plead, by squeezing out an answer from you. (*pinches her—she cries out.*)

MRS. P. How the mother is to be pitied who hath handsome daughters! Locks, bolts, bars, and lectures of morality are nothing to them; they break through them all. They have as much pleasure in cheating a father and mother as in cheating at cards.

PEACH. Well, Polly, I shall soon know if you are married, by Macheath's keeping from our house.

(*POLLY crosses to c.*)

AIR,—POLLY. “*Grim king of the ghosts.*”

Can love be controll'd by advice?

• Will Cupid our mothers obey?

Tho' my heart were as frozen as ice,

At his flame 'twould have melted away.

When he kiss'd me, so closely he press'd,

'Twas so sweet that I must have complied,

So I thought it both safest and best

To marry, for fear you should chide.

MRS. P. Then all the hopes of our family are gone for ever and ever!

PEACH. And Macheath may hang his father and mother-in-law, in hopes to get into their daughter's fortune.

POLLY. I did not marry him, as 'tis the fashion, coolly and deliberately, for honour or money—but I love him.

MRS. P. Love him! worse and worse. I thought the girl had been better bred. O husband! husband! (*crosses*

to c.) her folly makes me mad! my head swims! I'm distract'd! I can't support myself—oh—(faints in a chair.)

PEACH. See, wench, to what a condition you have reduced your poor mother! A glass of cordial this instant! (POLLY goes out, R. H., and returns with it; MRS. PEACHUM drinks.) How the poor woman takes it to heart! (POLLY pours out a second glass, giving it to MRS. PEACHUM—as she is about to drink he takes it from her, and drinks.) This is the only comfort your mother has left.

POLLY. (R.) Give her another glass, sir; my mamma drinks double the quantity whenever she is in this way.

MRS. P. (c.) The girl shows such readiness, and so much concern, that I almost could find in my heart to forgive her.

DUET,—“*O Jenny, O Jenny, where hast thou been?*”

MRS. P. O Polly, you might have toy'd and kiss'd—

By keeping men off, you keep them on.

POLLY. But he so teased me,

And he so pleased me,

What I did, you must have done.

MRS. P. Not with a highwayman, you sorry slut!

PEACH. (L.) A word with you, wife. 'Tis no new thing for a wench to take a man without consent of parents. You know 'tis the frailty of woman, my dear. Make yourself a little easy. I have a thought shall soon set all matters again to rights. (*crosses to POLLY.*) Why so melancholy, Polly? Since what is done cannot be undone, we must endeavour to make the best of it. (*crosses to R. H.*)

MRS. P. Well, Polly, as far as one woman can forgive another, I forgive thee; your father is too fond of you, hussy. (*crosses to R. H.*)

POLLY. Then all my sorrows are at an end.

MRS. P. A mighty likely speech, in troth, for a wench who is just married?

AIR,—POLLY. “*Thomas, I cannot.*”

(SOMETIMES OMITTED.)

I, like a ship, in storms was toss'd,
Yet afraid to put into land,
For seized in the port, the vessel's lost
Whose treasure is contraband.

The waves are laid,
My duty's paid !
O joy beyond expression !
Thus safe ashore,
I ask no more—
My all's in my possession.

PEACH. I hear customers in t'other room ; go, talk with them, Polly, but come again as soon as they are gone. (*exit POLLY, L. H.*) Dear wife, be a little pacified ; don't let your passion run away with your senses. Polly, I grant you, hath done a rash thing ; but money, wife, is the true fuller's earth for reputation : there is not a spot or stain but what it can take out. A rich rogue now-a-days is fit company for any gentleman ; and the world, my dear, hath not such a contempt for roguery as you imagine. I tell you, wife, I can make this match turn to our advantage.

MRS. P. I am very sensible, husband, that Captain Macheath is worth money, but I am in doubt whether he hath not two or three wives already ; and then, if he should die in a session or two, Polly's dower would come into dispute.

PEACH. That, indeed, is a point which ought to be considered. The lawyers are bitter enemies to those in our way. They don't care that anybody should get a clandestine livelihood but themselves.

Enter POLLY, L. H.

POLLY. 'Twas only Nimming Ned : he brought in a damask window curtain, a hoop petticoat, a pair of silver candlesticks, a perriwig, and one silk stocking, from the fire that happened last night.

PEACH. There is not a fellow that is cleverer in his way, and saves more goods out of the fire, than Ned. But now, Polly, to your affair—for matters must not be left as they are. You are married, then, it seems ?

POLLY. Yes, sir.

PEACH. And how do you expect to live, child ?

POLLY. Like other women, sir—upon the industry of my husband.

MRS. P. What ! is the wench turned fool ? A high-

wayman's wife, like a soldier's, hath as little of his pay as his company.

PEACH. And had you not the common views of a gentlewoman in your marriage, Polly?

POLLY. I don't know what you mean, sir.

PEACH. Of a jointure, and of being a widow.

POLLY. But I love him, sir. How then could I have thoughts of parting with him?

PEACH. Parting with him! why that is the whole scheme and intention of all marriage articles. The comfortable estate of widowhood is the only hope that keeps up a wife's spirits. Where is the woman who would scruple to be a wife, if she had it in her power to be a widow whenever she pleased? If you have any views of this sort, Polly, I shall think the match not so unreasonable.

POLLY. How I dread to hear you advise! Yet I must beg you to explain yourself.

PEACH. Secure what he hath got, have him 'peached the next sessions, and then at once you are made a rich widow.

POLLY. What! murder the man I love? The blood runs cold at my heart at the very thought of it!

PEACH. Fie, Polly! What hath murder to do in the affair: Since the thing sooner or later must happen, I dare say that the captain himself would like that we should get the reward for his death sooner than a stranger. Why, Polly, the captain knows that as 'tis his employment to rob, so 'tis ours to take robbers; every man in his business, so that there is no malice in the case.

MRS. P. To have him 'peached is the only thing could ever make me forgive her.

AIR,—POLLY. “Now ponder well, ye parents dear.”

(kneeling, c.) O ponder well! be not severe—

So save a wretched wife;

For on the rope that hangs my dear,

Depends poor Polly's life.

(turns, and repeats the verse to PEACHUM.)

MRS. P. But your duty to your parents, hussy, obliges you to hang him. What would many a wife give for such an opportunity! (PEACHUM shakes his head and sighs.)

POLLY. What is a jointure, what is widowhood to me ? I know my heart—I cannot survive him.

MRS. P. What ! is the fool in love in earnest, then ? I hate thee for being particular. Why, wench, thou art a shame to thy very sex.

POLLY. But hear me, mother ! If you ever loved—

MRS. P. Those cursed play books she reads have been her ruin. One more word, hussy, and I shall knock your brains out, if you have any !

PEACH. (c.) Keep out of the way, Polly, for fear of mischief, and consider of what is proposed to you.

MRS. P. Away, hussy ! Hang your husband, and be dutiful. (PEACHUM *pushes* POLLY off, L. H.) The thing, husband, must and shall be done. If she will not know her duty, we know ours. (POLLY *returns and hides*, L. U. E.)

PEACH. But, really, my dear, it grieves one's heart to take off a great man. When I consider his personal bravery, his fine stratagems, how much we have already got by him, and how much more we may get, methinks I can't find in my heart to have a hand in his death. I wish you could have made Polly undertake it.

MRS. P. But in case of necessity—our own lives are in danger.

PEACH. Then, indeed, we must comply with the customs of the world, and make gratitude give way to interest. He shall be taken off.

MRS. P. I'll undertake to manage Polly.

PEACH. And I'll prepare matters for the Old Bailey.

(*Exeunt* PEACHUM, L. H., and MRS. PEACHUM, R. H.; the latter *returns for the bottle*.

POLLY. Now I'm a wretch, indeed ! I see him at the tree !—the whole circle are in tears ! What, then, will become of Polly ? As yet I may inform him of their design, and aid him in his escape. It shall be so. But then he flies—absents himself—and I bar myself from his dear, dear conversation !—that, too, will distract me. If he keeps out of the way, my papa and mamma in time may relent, and we may be happy ! If he stays, he is hanged, and then he is lost for ever ! He intended to lie concealed in my room till the dusk of the evening. I'll

this instant let him out lest some accident should prevent him. (*knocks at door, L. H.*)

Enter MACHEATH, D. L. F.

DUET.—“*Pretty parrot, say.*”

MAC. (L.) Pretty Polly, say,
When I was away,
Did your fancy never stray
To some newer lover?

POLLY. (R.) Without disguise,
Heaving sighs,
Doting eyes,
My constant heart discover.
Fondly let me loll!

MAC. O pretty, pretty Poll!

POLLY. And are you as fond of me as ever, my dear!

MAC. Suspect my honour, my courage—suspect anything but my love. May my pistols miss fire, and my mare slip her shoulder while I am pursued, if ever I forsake thee!

POLLY. Nay, my dear, I have no reason to doubt you—for I find, in the romance you lent me, none of the great heroes were false in love.

AIR,—MACHEATH. “*Pray, fair one, be kind.*”

My heart was so free,
It rov'd like the bee,
Till Polly my passion requited;
I sipt each flower,
I chang'd every hour,
But here every flow'r is united.



POLLY. Were you sentenced to transportation, sure, my dear, you could not leave me behind you, could you?

MAC. Is there any power, any force, that could tear me from thee? You might sooner tear a pension out of the hands of a courtier, a fee from a lawyer, a pretty woman from a looking-glass, or any woman from cards—but to tear me from thee is impossible!

DUET. “Over the hills and far away.”

MAC. Were I laid on Greenland's coast,
And in my arms embrac'd my lass,

Warm amidst eternal frost,
Too soon the half year's night would pass.

POLLY. Were I sold on Indian soil,
Soon as the burning day was clos'd,
I could mock the sultry toil,
When on my charmer's breast repos'd.

MAC. And I would love you all the day.

POLLY. Every night would kiss and play.

MAC. If with me you'd fondly stray,

POLLY. Over the hills and far away.

POLLY. Yes, I would go with thee; but, oh—how shall I speak it?—I must be torn from thee! We must part!

MAC. How! part!

POLLY. We must—we must! My papa and mamma are set against thy life: they now, even now, are in search after thee. They are preparing evidence against thee—thy life depends upon a moment! Begone—farewell!

MAC. My hand—my heart, my dear, is so rivetted to thine, that I cannot unloose my hold!

POLLY. But my papa may intercept thee, and then I should lose the very glimmering of hope. A few weeks, perhaps, may reconcile us all. Shall thy Polly hear from thee?

MAC. Must I then go?

POLLY. And will not absence change your love?

MAC. If you doubt it, let me stay—and be hanged!

POLLY. Oh, how I fear—how I tremble! Go—but when safety will give you leave, you will be sure to see me again; for, till then, Polly is wretched.

DUET.—“Oh the broom.” (*they separate during duet.*)

MAC. (L.) The miser thus a shilling sees,
Which he's obliged to pay;
With sighs resigns it by degrees,
And fears 'tis gone for aye.

POLLY. (R.) The boy thus, when his sparrow's flown,
The bird in silence eyes;
But soon as ought of sight 'tis gone,
Whines, whimpers, sobs, and cries.

Exeunt POLLY, R., and MACHEATH, L. H.

SCENE II.—*A Tavern near Newgate.*

JEMMY TWITCHER, CROOK-FINGER'D JACK, WAT DREARY, ROBIN OF BAGSHOT, NIMMING NED, HARRY PADDINGTON, MAT-O'THE-MINT, BEN BUDGE, and the rest of the GANG, at the table, with wine, brandy and tobacco. **FILCH** at a small table, R. H.

AIR.—MAT. “Fill every glass.”

Fill every glass, for wine inspires us,
And fires us,
With courage, love and joy.
Women and wine should life employ;
Is there aught else on earth desirous?

Chorus. Fill ev'ry glass, &c

Enter MACHEATH, L. H., singing the last line of Chorus.

MAC. Gentlemen, well met; my heart hath been with you this hour, but an unexpected affair hath detained me. No ceremony, I beg you.

MAT. We were just breaking up, to go upon duty. Am I to have the honour of taking the air with you, sir, this evening upon the Heath? I drink a dram, now and then, with the stage coachman, in the way of friendship and intelligence; and I know that, about this time, there will be passengers upon the Western Road, who are worth speaking with.

MAC. I was to have been of that party, but—

ALL. But what, sir?

FILCH. (*r., last*) But what?

MAC. Is there any one that suspects my courage?

MAT. We have all been witnesses of it.

MAC. My honour and truth to the gang?

MAT. I'll be answerable for it.

MAC. In the division of our booty, have I ever shown the least marks of avarice or injustice?

MAT. By these questions, something seems to have ruffled you. Are any of us suspected?

ALL. Are any of us suspected?

FILCH. (*last*) Are any of us suspected?

MAC. I have a fixed confidence, gentlemen, in you all as men of honour—

ALL. (*flattered*) Oh!

MAC. And as such I value and respect you. Peachum is a man that is useful to us.

MAT. Is he about to shew us any foul play? I'll shoot him through the head!

ALL. And I!

FILCH. And I.

MAC. I beg you, gentlemen, act with conduct and discretion. A pistol is your last resort.

MAT. He knows nothing of this meeting.

MAC. Business cannot go on without him. He is a man who knows the world, and is a necessary agent to us. We have had a slight difference, and, till it is accomodated, I shall be obliged to keep out of his way. Any private dispute of mine shall be of no ill consequence to my friends.

ALL. Oh!

MAC. You must continue to act under his direction; for the moment we break loose from him, our gang is ruined.

MAT. He is, to us, of great convenience.

MAC. Make him believe I have quitted the gang.

ALL. How!

MAC. Which I can never do but with life.

ALL. Oh!

MAC. At your private quarters I will continue to meet you. A week or so will probably reconcile us.

MAT. Your instructions shall be observed. 'Tis now high time for us to repair to our several duties; so, till the evening, at our quarters, in Moorfields, we bid you farewell.

MAC. I shall wish myself with you. Success attend you! (*sits down melancholy at the table.*)

AIR AND CHORUS.—MAT-O'THE-MINT AND GANG.

Let us take the road—

Hark! I hear the sound of coaches,

The hour of attack approaches,

To your arms, brave boys, and load.

Enter Gang See the ball I hold!

Let the chemists toil like asses,

Our fire their fire surpasses,

And turns all our lead to gold.

(*The Gang, ranged in the front of the stage, prime their pistols, and stick them under their girdles. MAT heads them, they go off in procession, R. H., bowing to MACHEATH, and singing the first part in Chorus. Fulch, who is last, picks the pocket of the man before him. When all off they give three cheers—the last in the distance*)

MAC. What a fool is a fond wench! Polly is most confoundedly bit. I love the sex—(*rises*) and a man who loves money might as well be contented with one guinea, as I with one woman. The town, perhaps, hath been as much obliged to me for recruiting it with free-hearted ladies, as to any recruiting officer in the army. If it were not for us, and other gentlemen of the sword, the saloons would be uninhabited.

AIR.—MACHEATH. "Would you have a young virgin?"

If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears;
Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly,
Raises the spirits and charms our ears.
Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,
But her ripe lips are more sweet than those—



R.C.

LUDWIG HARTMANN

Press her,
Caress her,
With blisses,
Her kisses

Dissolve us in pleasure and soft repose.

There is nothing unbends the mind like woman. Money is not so strong a cordial for the time. Drawer!

Enter DRAWER, R. H. D.

Is the porter gone for all the ladies, according to my directions?

DRAWER. I expect him back every minute: but you know, sir, you sent him as far as Hockley-in-the-hole. Sure some of them are below, for I hear the bar-bell. I will shew them up. Coming, coming! *Exit, r. h.*

Enter MRS. COAXER and JENNY DIVER, R. H.

MAC. Now, dear Mrs. Coaxer, you are welcome; you look charmingly to-day—what, and my pretty Jenny Diver, too! Now pray, ladies, take chairs. I hope, Mrs. Coaxer, you have had good success of late in your visits among the mercers.

(DRAWER brings wine)

MRS. C. (r.) We have so many interlopers; yet, with industry, one may still have a little picking. If any woman hath more art than another, to be sure 'tis Jenny Diver.

MAC. Have done with your compliments, ladies, and drink about. You are not so fond of me, Jenny, as you used to be.

JENNY. 'Tis not convenient, sir, to shew my fondness before company. But, to be sure, sir, with so much good fortune as you have had upon the road, you must have grown immensely rich.

MAC. (c.) The road, indeed, hath done me justice, but the gaming-table hath been my ruin.

JENNY. (l.) A man of courage should never put anything to the risk but his life. (*takes up his pistols*) These are the tools of a man of honour. Cards and dice are only fit for cowardly cheats, who prey upon their friends. (*they*

take him about the neck, and make signs to PEACHUM and CONSTABLES, who rush in upon him, R. H.)

PEACH. (down r.) I seize you, sir, as my prisoner.

MAC. Was this well done, Jenny? Women are decoy-ducks—who can trust them? Jades—jilts—harpies—furies!

PEACH. Your case, Mr. Macheath, is not particular. The greatest heroes have been ruined by women. But, to do them justice, I must own they are a pretty sort of creature, if we could trust them. You must now, sir, take your leave of the ladies; and, if they have a mind to make you a visit, they will be sure to find you at home. This gentleman, ladies, lodges in Newgate. Constables wait upon the captain to his lodgings.

AIR,—MACHEATH. “ *When first I laid siege to my Chloris.*”

At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure—

At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure;

Let me go where I will,

In all kinds of ill,

I shall find no such furies as these.

Exit MACHEATH, guarded with PEACHUM and CONSTABLES, R. D.—JENNY and MRS. COAXER, L. H.



ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Newgate.**Enter LOCKIT and MACHEATH, L. H.*

LOCKIT. Noble captain, you are welcome! You have not been a lodger of mine this year and a half. You know the custom, sir. Garnish, captain—garnish. Hand me down those fetters, there. (*Noise of fetters behind, R.*)

MAC. Those, Mr. Lockit, seem to be the heaviest of the whole set. With your leave, I should like the further pair better.

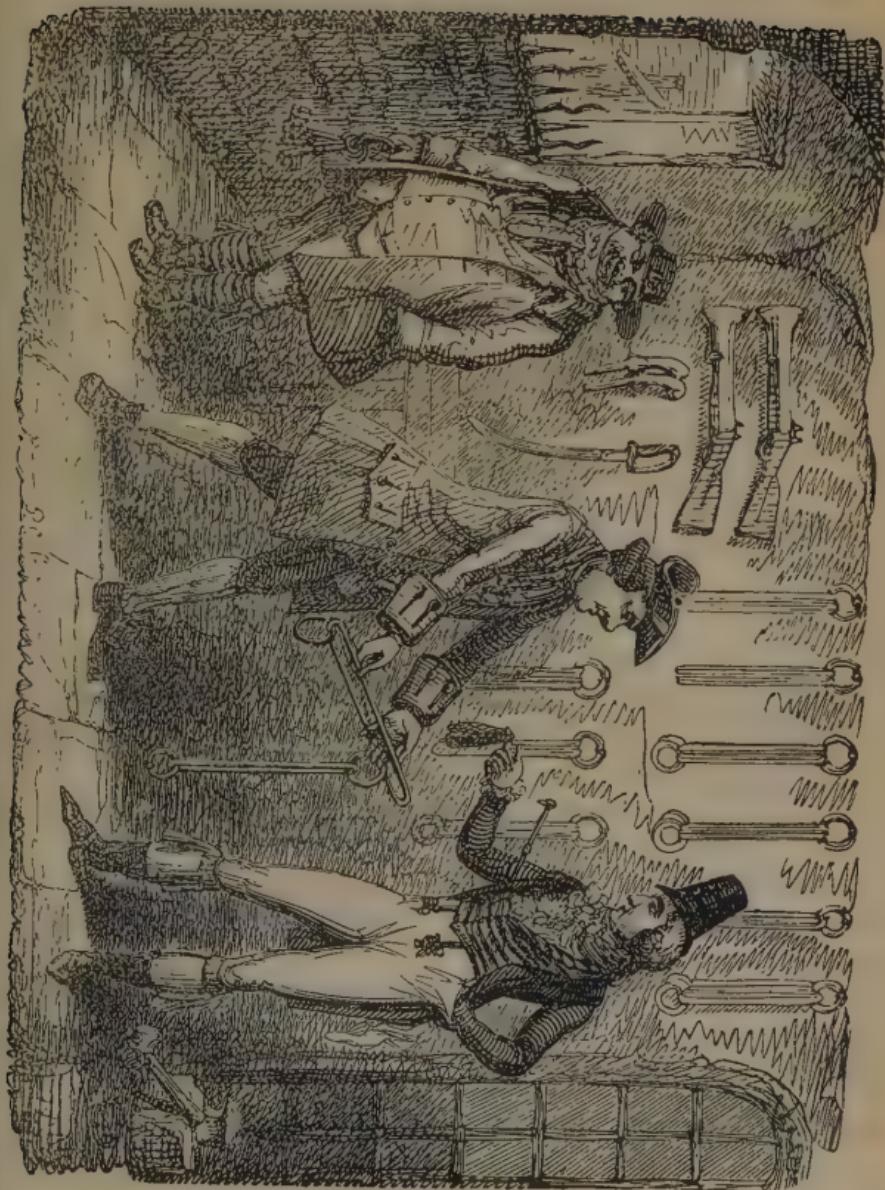
LOCKIT. Look ye, captain, we know what is fittest for our prisoners. When a gentleman uses me with civility, I always do the best I can to please him. Hand them down, I say! (*chains heard*) We have them all pric'd, from one guinea to ten; and 'tis fitting every gentleman should please himself.

MAC. I understand you, sir. (*gives money*) The fees here are so many and so exorbitant, that few fortunes can bear the expenso of getting off handsomely, or of dying like a gentleman.

LOCKIT. Those, I see, will fit the captain better. Take down the further pair.

Enter TURNKEY with the chains, R. H., and puts them on.

LOCKIT. Do but examine them, sir; never was better work. How genteely they are made! They will sit as easy as a glove, and the richest man in England might not be ashamed to wear them. If I had the best gentleman in the land in my custody, I could not equip him more handsomely! And so, sir, I now leave you to your private meditations. (*Exeunt LOCKIT and TURNKEY, L. H.*)



MAC. To what a woeful plight have I brought myself. Here must I, all day long till I am hanged, be confined to bear the reproaches of a wench who lays her ruin at my door—here she comes, and I cannot get away from her—would I were deaf!

Enter LUCY, R. H.

LUCY. You base man, you! how can you look me in the face! Oh, Macheath! thou hast robbed me of my quiet. To see thee tortured would give me pleasure!

AIR,—Lucy. “*A lovely lass to a friar came.*”

Thus, when a good housewife sees a rat
 In her trap in the morning taken,
 With pleasure her heart goes pit-a-pat,
 In revenge for her loss of bacon.
 Then she throws him to the dog or cat,
 To be worried, crush'd, and shaken.

MAC. (L.) Have you no tenderness, my dear Lucy, to see your husband in these circumstances?

LUCY. (R.) A husband!

MAC. In every respect but the form; and that, my dear, may be said over us at any time. Friends should not insist upon ceremonics. From a man of honour, his word is as good as his bond!

LUCY. It is the pleasure of all you fine men to insult the women you have ruined!

MAC. The very first opportunity, my dear; but have patience, you shall be my wife in whatever manner you please.

LUCY. Insinuating monster! And so you think I know nothing of the affair of Miss Polly Peachum? I could tear your eyes out!

MAC. Sure, Lucy, you can't be such a fool as to be jealous of Polly!

LUCY. Are you not married to her, you brute, you?

MAC. Married! very good. The wench gives it out only to vex thee, and to ruin me in thy good opinion. 'Tis true I go to the house—I chat with the girl—

LUCY. Oh!—

MAC. I kiss her.

LUCY. Kiss?—oh!

MAC. I say a thousand things to her, as all gentlemen do, that mean nothing, to divert myself; and now the silly jade has set it about that I am married to her.

LUCY. Come, come, captain, for all your assurance, you know that Miss Polly hath put it out of your power to do me the justice you promised me.

MAC. A jealous woman believes everything her passion suggests. To convince you of my sincerity, if we can find the ordinary, I shall have no scruples of making you my wife; and I know the consequence of having two at a time.

LUCY. That you are only to be hanged, and so get rid of them both.

MAC. I am ready, my dear Lucy, to give you satisfaction—if you think there is any in marriage. What can a man of honour say more?

LUCY. So, then, it seems, you are not married to Miss Polly?

MAC. You know, Lucy, the girl is prodigiously conceited. No man can say a civil thing to her but (like other fine ladies) her vanity makes her think he's her own for ever and ever!

(SOMETIMES OMITTED.)

AIR.—“*The sun had loos'd his weary teams.*”

The first time at the looking-glass

The mother sets her daughter,

The image strikes the smiling lass

With self-love ever after.

Each time she looks, she, fonder grown,

(*Looking at his hat, as if a glass, pulling a curl over his forehead.*)

Thinks every charm grows stronger;

But, alas, vain maid! all eyes but your own

Can see you are not younger.

When women consider their own beauties, they are all alike unreasonable in their demands; for they expect their lovers should like them as long as they like themselves.

LUCY. Yonder is my father. Perhaps this way we may light upon the ordinary, who shall try if you will be as good as your word—for I long to be made an honest woman.

Exeunt, R. H.

Enter PEACHUM and LOCKIT, with an account book, l. h.

LOCKIT. In this last affair, brother Peachum, we are agreed. You have consented to go halves in Macheath.

PEACH. We shall never fall out about an execution. But as to that article, pray how stands our year's account? (*they sit at table.*)

LOCKIT. If you will run your eye over it, you'll find 'tis fairly and clearly stated.

PEACH. This long arrear of the government is very hard upon us. Can it be expected that we should hang our acquaintance for nothing, when our betters will hardly save their's without being paid for it? Unless the people in employment pay better, I promise them for the future I shall let other rogues live beside their own.

LOCKIT. Perhaps, brother, they are afraid those matters may be carried too far. We are treated, too, by them with contempt, as if our profession were not reputable.

PEACH. In one respect, indeed, our employment may be reckoned dishonest; because, like great statesmen, we encourage those who betray their friends.

LOCKIT. Such language, brother, anywhere else might turn to your prejudice. Learn to be more guarded, I beg you.

(SOMETIMES OMITTED IN PERFORMANCE.)

AIR,—LOCKIT. “*How happy are we.*”

When you censure the age,

Be cautious and sage,

Lest the courtiers offended should be;

If you mention vice or bribe,

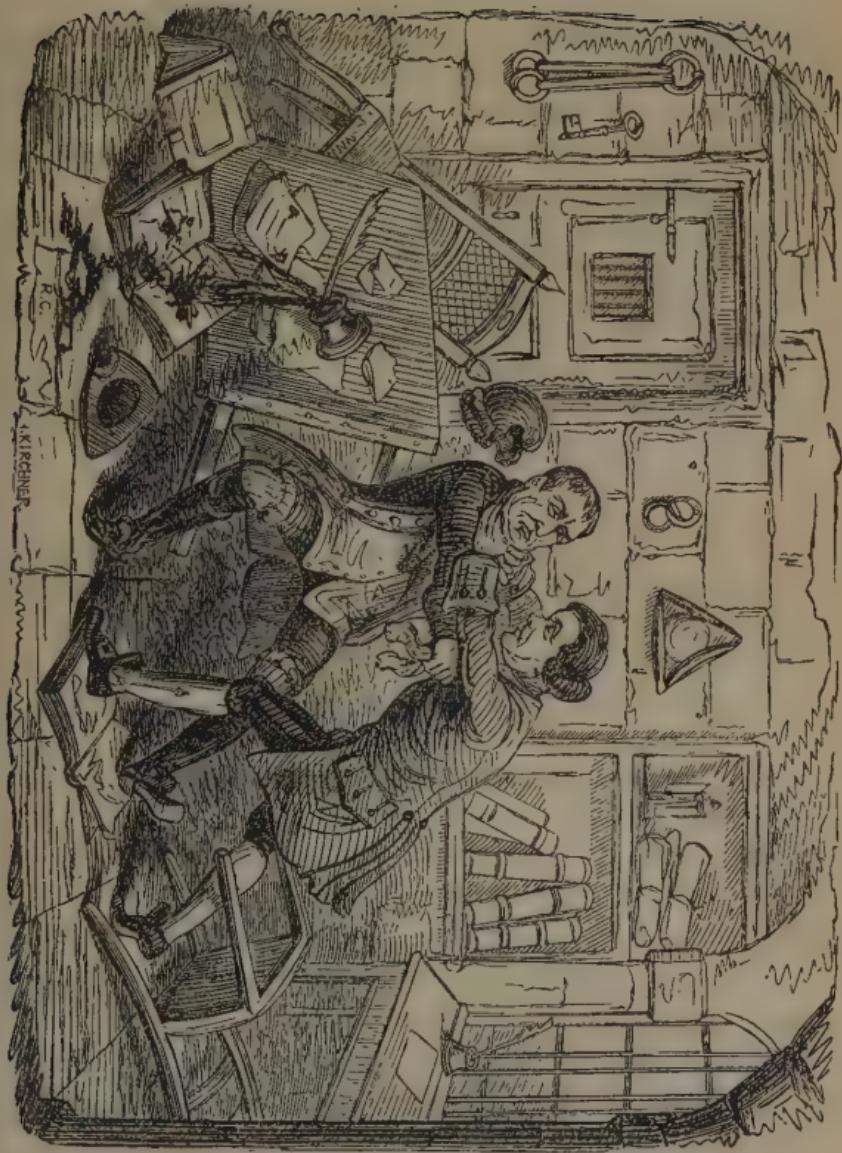
'Tis so pat to all the tribe,

Each cries, “that was levelled at me.”

PEACH. Here's poor Ned Clincher's name, I see. Sure, brother Lockit, there was a little unfair proceeding in Ned's case; for he told me in the condemned hold, that, for value received, you had promised him a session or two longer without molestation.

LOCK. Mr. Peahum, this is the first time my honour was ever called in question!

PEACH. Business is at end if once we act dishonourably.



LOCK. Who accuses me?

PEACH. You are warm, brother!

LOCK. He that attacks my honour, attacks my livelihood; and this usage, sir, is not to be borne!

PEACH. Since you provoke me to speak, I must tell you, too, that Mrs. Coaxer charges you with defrauding her of her information-money for the apprehending of curl-pated Hugh. Indeed, indeed, brother, we must punctually pay our spies, or we shall have no information.

LOCKIT. Is this language to me, sirrah, who have saved you from the gallows, sirrah?

PEACH. If I am hanged, it shall be for ridding the world of an arrant rascal. (*collaring each other.*)

LOCKIT. This hand shall do the office of the halter you deserve, and throttle you, you dog!

PEACH. Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong—we shall be both losers in the dispute, for you know we have it in our power to hang each other. You should not be so passionate.

LOCKIT. Nor you so provoking.

PEACH. 'Tis our mutual interest—'tis for the interest of the world we should agree. If I said anything, brother, to the prejudice of your character, I ask pardon.

LOCKIT. Brother Peachum, I can forgive as well as resent; give me your hand—suspicion does not become a friend.

PEACH. I only meant to give you occasion to justify yourself. But I must now step home, for I expect the gentleman about this snuff-box that Filch nimmed two nights ago in the park. I appointed him at this hour.

Exit, L. H.

Enter LUCY, R. H.

LOCKIT. Whence come you, hussy?

LUCY. My tears might answer that question.

LOCKIT. You have been whimpering and fondling like a spaniel over the fellow that hath abused you.

LUCY. One can't help love—one can't cure it. 'Tis not in my power to obey you and hate him.

LOCKIT. Learn to bear your husband's death like a reasonable woman; 'tis not the fashion now-a-days

much as to affect sorrow upon these occasions. No woman would ever marry if she had not the chance of mortality for a release. Act like a woman of spirit, hussy, and thank your father for what he is doing.

AIR.—LUCY,—“*Of a noble race was Shenko.*”

Is then his fate decreed, sir—

Such a man can I think of quitting?

When first we met, so moves me yet,

Oh, see how my heart is splitting.

LOCKIT. Look ye, Lucy, there is no saving him—so I think you must even do like other widows—buy yourself weeds, and be cheerful. Consider, girl, you can't have the man and the money too; so make yourself as easy as you can, by getting all you can from him. *Exit, L. H.*

Enter MACHEATH, R. H.

LUCY. Oh, sir, my father's hard heart is not to be softened—and I am in the utmost despair.

MAC. But if I could only raise a small sum—would not twenty guineas, think you, move him? Of all the arguments in the way of business, the perquisite is the most prevailing. Money, well-timed and properly applied, will do anything.

LUCY. What love or money can do shall be done; for all my comfort depends upon your safety. (*crosses R.*)

Enter POLLY, L. H.

POLLY. Where is my dear husband? Was a rope ever intended for this neck? Why dost thou turn away from me? 'Tis thy Polly—'tis thy wife!

MAC. Was ever such an unfortunate rascal as I am!

LUCY. Was there ever such another villain!

POLLY. Oh, Macheath, was it for this we parted? Taken, imprisoned, tried, hanged!—Cruel reflection! I'll stay with thee till death—no force shall tear thy dear wife from thee now. What means my love? not one kind word—not one kind look? Think what thy Polly suffers to see thee in this condition!

MAC. I must disown her. (*aside*) The wench is distracted!

LUCY. Sure men were born to lie, and women to believe them. Oh, villain—villain!



POLLY. Am I not thy wife? Thy neglect of me—thy aversion to me, too severely proves it. Look on me; tell me—am I not thy wife?

LUCY. Perfidious wretch!

POLLY. Barbarous husband!

LUCY. Hadst thou been hanged five months ago, I had been happy.

POLLY. And I, too. If you had been kind to me till death it would not have vexed me.

LUCY. Art thou then married to another? Hast thou two wives, monster!

MAC. (c.) If women's tongues can cease for an answer —hear me.

LUCY. (r.) I won't! Flesh and blood can't bear my usage!

POLLY. (l.) Shall not I claim my own? Justice bids me speak!

AIR,—MACHEATH. “*Have you heard of a frolicsome ditty?*”

How happy could I be with either,
Wore t'other dear charmer away;
But while ye thus tease me together,
To neither a word will I say,
But, tol de rol, &c.



P.C. & J.C.

(During song, he crosses to each, they turn away, &c.
End of song, he sits on table, c., swinging his legs, and singing last line)

POLLY. Sure, my dear, there ought to be some preference shown to a wife—at least, she may claim the appearance of it. (aside) He must be distracted with misfortunes, or he could not use me thus.

LUCY. Oh, villain, villain ! thou hast deceived me ! I could even inform against thee with pleasure. Not a prude wishes more heartily to have facts against her intimate acquaintance, than I now wish to have facts against thee. I would have satisfaction, and they should all out.

DUET,—POLLY and LUCY. “Irish trot.”

POLLY. I'm bubbled—

LUCY. I'm bubbled !

POLLY. Oh, how I'm troubled,

LUCY. Bamboozled and bit !

POLLY. My distresses are doubled.

LUCY. When you come to the tree, should the hangman refuse,

These fingers with pleasure could fasten the noose.

POLLY. I'm bubbled, &c.

MAC. Be pacified, my dear Lucy—this is all a fetch of Polly's to make me desperate with you, in case I get off. If I am hanged, she would fain have the credit of being thought my widow ! Really, Polly, this is no time for a dispute of this sort ; for whenever you are talking of marriage, I am thinking of hanging !

POLLY. And hast thou the heart to persist in disowning me ?

MAC. And hast thou the heart to persist in persuading me that I am married ? Why, Polly, dost thou seek to aggravate my misfortunes ?

LUCY. Really, Miss Peachum, you do but expose yourself. Besides, 'tis barbarous in you to worry a gentleman in his circumstances, Miss Polly !

AIR,—POLLY.

Cease your funning,
 Force or cunning
 Never shall my heart trepan;
 All these sallies,
 Are but malice,
 To seduce my constant man.
 'Tis most certain,
 By their flirting,
 Women oft have envy shown;
 Pleas'd to ruin
 Others' wooing,
 Never happy in their own.

decency, madam, methinks, might teach you to behave yourself with some reserve to the husband, while his wife present.

MAC. But seriously, Polly—this is carrying the joke a trifle too far.

LUCY. If you are determined, madam, to raise a disturbance in the prison, I shall be obliged to send for the r'nkey to shew you the door! I am sorry, madam, you force me to be so ill-bred, madam!

POLLY. Give me leave to tell you, madam, these forward girls don't become you in the least, madam; and my duty, madam, obliges me to stay with my husband, madam.

AIR,—“*Good Morrow, Gossip Joan.*”

LUCY. Why, how now, Madam Flirt?
 If you thus must chatter,
 And are for flinging dirt,
 Let's try who best can spatter,
 Madam Flirt!

POLLY. Why, how now, saucy jade?
 Sure the wench is tipsy—

LUCY. (speaks) Tipsy! (*flies at her—MACHEATH interposes*)

POLLY. How can you see me made (*to him*)
 The scoff of such a gipsy?
 Saucy Jade! (*to her*)

Enter PEACHUM, L. H.

PEACH. Where's my wench? Ah, hussy, hassy! Come home, you slut! and when your fellow is hanged, hang yourself to make your family some amends.

POLLY. Dear, dear father! do not tear me from him. I must speak—I have more to say to him.

PEACH. Sure all women are alike! if ever they commit one folly, they are sure to commit another by exposing themselves. Away! not a word more. You are my prisoner now, hussy!

Exeunt PEACHUM and POLLY, L.—LUCY pulls MACHEATH away—seats herself, R.—rocks her chair—MACHEATH goes to her, looks over each shoulder—she turning away.

MAC. I am naturally compassionate, wife, so that I could not use the wench as she deserved, which made you, at first, suspect there was something in what she said.

LUCY. Indeed, my dear, I was strangely puzzled!

MAC. If that had been the case, her father would never have brought me into this circumstance. No, Lucy, I had rather die than be false to thee!

LUCY. (*rises*) How happy am I, if you say this from your heart! for I love you so, that I could sooner bear to see thee hanged than in the arms of another.

MAC. But couldst thou bear to see me hanged?

LUCY. Oh, Macheath! I could never live to see that day.

MAC. You see, Lucy, in the account of love, you are in my debt. Make me, if possible, love thee still more, and let me owe my life to thee. If you refuse to assist me, Peachum and your father will immediately put me beyond all means of escape!

LUCY. My father, I know, has been drinking hard with the prisoners, and I fancy he is now taking his nap in his own room. If I can procure the keys, shall I go off with thee, my dear? (*pause*) I say, shall I go off with thee, dear?

MAC. If we are together 'twill be impossible to lie concealed. As soon as the search begins to be a little cool, I will send to thee; till then, my heart is thy prisoner.

LUCY. Come, then, my dear husband, owe thy life to me; and though you love me not, be grateful.

Exit MACHEATH, R.

How am I weather-beaten and shattered with distress.

(SOMETIMES OMITTED.)

AIR,—LUCY. “*The lass of Patie's mill.*
I, like the fox, shall grieve,
Whose mate hath left her side;
Whom hounds, from morn to eve,
Chase o'er the country wide.
Where can my lover hide?
Where cheat the weary pack?
If love be not his guide,
He never will come back.

SCENE II.—*The Prison.*

Enter LUCY, R.

LUCY. Jealousy, rage, love, and fear are at once tearing me to pieces. I find that Macheath has deceived me—he has tricked me to aid him to escape, and has gone to Polly, to whom he is really married.

Enter FILCH, L. H.

FILCH. Madam, here's Miss Polly come to wait upon you.

LUCY. Shew her in.

Exit FILCH, L. H.

Enter POLLY, L. H., both curtsey formally.

Dear madam, your servant. I hope you will pardon my passion when I was so happy to see you last—I was so overrun with the spleen, that I was perfectly out of myself! and really when one hath the spleen, everything is to be excused by a friend.

POLLY. I have no excuse for my own behaviour, madam, but my misfortunes; and really, madam, I suffer too upon your account.

LUCY. But, Miss Polly, in the way of friendship, will you give me leave to propose a cordial to you?

POLLY. Strong waters are apt to give me the headache! I hope, madam, you will excuse me.

LUCY. Not the greatest lady in the land could have better in her closet for her own private drinking. You seem low in spirits, my dear! Indeed, my dear Polly, we

are both of us a cup too low; let me prevail upon you to accept of my offer. (*aside*) I have the ratsbane ready!

Exit, R. H.

POLLY. All this wheedling of Lucy can't be for nothing — at this time, too, when I know she hates me! I'll be upon my guard, and won't taste a drop of her liquor, I'm resolved.

Re-enter LUCY, with strong waters, R. H.

AIR,—LUCY. “Come, sweet lass.”

Come, sweet lass,
Let's banish sorrow
Till to-morrow;
Come, sweet lass,
Let's take a chirping glass.
Wine can clear
The vapours of despair,
And make us light as air—
Then drink, and banish care.

LUCY. Come, Miss Polly, I must persuade you to what I know will do you good.

POLLY. Indeed, child, you have given yourself trouble to no purpose: you must, my dear, excuse me.

LUCY. Really, Miss Polly, you are as squeamishly affected about taking a cup of strong waters as a lady before company.

POLLY. What do I see? Macheath again in custody.

(*drops the glass of liquor on the ground*)



Enter LOCKIT, MACHEATH, PEACHUM, *and* CONSTABLES,
R. H.

LOCKIT. (R.) Set your heart at rest, captain—you have neither the chance of love or money for another escape; for you are ordered to be called down upon your trial immediately.

PEACH. (*gets* L.) Away, hussies! this is not a time for a man to be hampered with his wives—you see the gentleman is in chains already.

LUCY. (R. C.) Oh, husband! my heart longed to see thee; but to see thee thus distracts me!

POLLY. (L. C.) Will not my dear husband look upon his Polly?

MAC. What would you have me say, ladies? You see the affair will soon be at an end, without my disobliging either of you.

PEACH. But the settling of this point, captain, might prevent a lawsuit between your two widows. Set your heart at rest, Polly—your husband is to die to-day; therefore, if you are not already provided, 'tis high time to look about for another. There's comfort for you, you slut!

LOCKIT. We are ready, sir, to conduct you to the Old Bailey.

AIR,—MACHEATH, “Bonny Dundee.”

The charge is prepared, the lawyers are met,
The judges all ranged—a terrible show;
I go undismayed, for death is a debt,
A debt on demand, so take what I owe.
Then farewell, my love—dear charmers, adieu—
Contented I die—'tis the better for you.
Here ends all dispute, for the rest of our lives,
For this way, at once, I please all my wives.

Exeunt PEACHUM, LOCKIT, MACHEATH, &c., R.
POLLY and LUCY threaten each other, then embrace,
and go off crying, L.

SCENE III.—*The condemned hold. Table R. with brandy.
Table C. with wine.*

MACHEATH in a melancholy posture, sitting L. of C. table.

MEDLEY.

AIR,—“*Happy groves.*”

Oh, cruel, cruel, cruel case—
Must I suffer this disgrace?

AIR,—“*Of all the girls that are so smart.*”

Of all the friends in time of grief,
When threat'ning death looks grimmer,
Not one so sure can bring relief,
As this best friend, a brimmer. (*drinks*)

AIR,—“*Britons strike home.*”

Since I must swing, I scorn—I scorn to wince or whine!
(*rises*)

AIR,—“*Chevy Chase.*”

But now again my spirits sink,
I'll raise them high with wine. (*drinks*)

AIR,—“*To old Sir Simon the King.*”

But valour the stronger grows,
The stronger liquor we're drinking—
And how can we feel our woes,
When we've lost the trouble of thinking? (*drinks*)

AIR,—“*Joy to great Cæsar.*”

If thus a man can die,
Much bolder with brandy.

(*pours out a bumper of brandy, R.*)

AIR,—“*There was an old woman.*”

So I drink off this bumper, and now I can stand the test.
And my comrades shall see that I die as brave as the best.

AIR,—“*Green sleeves.*”

Since laws were made for every degree
To curb vice in others, as well as in me,
I wonder we ha’n’t better company
Upon Tyburn tree.
But gold from law can take out the sting,
And if rich men like us were to swing,
‘Twould thin the land such numbers to string
Upon Tyburn tree.

Enter FILCH, L. H.

FILCH. Some friends of yours, captain, desire to be admitted.

Exit FILCH.

Enter BEN BUDGE, and MAT-o'THE-MINT, L. H.

MAC. For having broken prison, you see, gentlemen, I am ordered for immediate execution. The sheriff’s officers I believe, are now at the door. That Jemmy Twitcher should ‘peach me, I own surprised me—’tis a plain proof that the world is all alike, and that even our gang can no more trust one another than other people; therefore, I beg you, gentlemen, to look well to yourselves, for in all probability you may live some months longer.

MAT. We are all heartily sorry, captain, for your misfortune; but ’tis what we must all come to.

MAC. Peachum and Lockit, you know, are infamous scoundrels! their lives are as much in your power, as yours are in theirs. Remember your dying friend—’tis my last request. Bring those villains to the gallows before you, and I am satisfied.

MAT. We’ll do it, captain. Good bye, captain, good bye, (*shake hands.*) Damn it, die game, captain!

Exit, BEN and MAT, L. H.

Re-enter FILCH, L. H.

FILCH. Miss Polly and Miss Lucy entreat a word with you.

Exit, L. H.

Enter LUCY and POLLY, l. h.

MAC. My dear Lucy! my dear Polly! whatsoever hath passed between us is now at an end.

TRIO,—LUCY, POLLY, and MACHEATH.

AIR,—“*All you that must take a leap.*”

LUCY. ’Would I might be hanged—

POLLY. And I would so too.

LUCY. To be hang’d with you—

POLLY. My dear, with you.

MAC. Oh, leave me to thought. I fear—I doubt!

I tremble—I droop! See, my courage is out.

(turns up the empty glass.)

POLLY. No token of love?

MAC. See, my courage is out!

(turns up the empty bottle.)

LUCY. No token of love!

POLLY. Adieu!

LUCY. Farewell! (bell tolls.)

MAC. But, hark! I hear the toll of the bell.

Enter FILCH, l. h.

FILCH. Four wives more, captain, with a kid a-piece.

MAC. Tell the sheriff’s officers I am ready. *Exeunt L.*

(SOMETIMES OMITTED.)

Enter BEGGAR and PLAYER.

PLAYER. (l.) But honest friend, I hope you don’t intend that Macheath shall be really executed?

BEGGAR. Most certainly, sir. To make the piece perfect, I was for doing strict poetical justice. Macheath is to be hanged; and for the other personages of the drama, the audience must suppose that they were all either hanged, or transported!

PLAYER. Why, then, friend, this is a down right deep tragedy! The catastrophe is manifestly wrong, for an opera must end happily.

BEGGAR. Your objection, sir, is very just, and is easily removed: for you must allow that in this kind of drama, ‘tis no matter how absurdly things are brought about—

o, you rabble there—(*calls off*) run and cry a “Reprise:”
et the prisoner be brought back to his wives in triumph!

MOB. (*without*) Reprieve! reprieve! (*shouts*)

PLAYER. All this we must do to comply with the taste
f the town.

BEGGAR. Through the whole piece you may observe
uch a similitude of manners in high and low life, that it is
ifficult to determine whether (in the fashionable vices)
ne fine gentlemen imitate the gentlemen of the road, or
ne gentlemen of the road the fine gentlemen. Had the
lay remained as I at first intended, it would have carried
most excellent moral: 'twould have shewn that the
wer sort of people have their vices in a degree as well as
e rich, and that they are punished for them.

Exeunt, L. H.

(*shouts and cries of “Reprieve!” “Reprieve!” as
the scene changes*)



SCENE IV.—*The Yard of the Prison.*

LUCY, MACHEATH, PEACHUM, MRS. PEACHUM, FOLLY,
LOCKIT, FILCH, and MOB.

MAC. So it seems I am not left to my choice, but must have a wife at last. For this time, I take Polly for mine—and for life, you slut, for we are really married. As for the rest—but at present keep your own secret, and we'll testify our joy with a dance.

*Old-fashioned Figure Dance, to the air of
“Sir Roger de Coverley.”*

Curtain.



ONLY A CLOD.

A Comic Drama,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF

"Poor Cousin Walter," "That Odious Captain Cutter,"
"Without Incumbrances" "Marco Spada,"
"Ranelagh," "Heads or Tails," &c.

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SAMUEL FRENCH & SON,
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38, EAST 14TH STREET.

*First Performed at the Royal Lyceum Theatre,
on Tuesday, May 20th, 1851.*

Characters.

HARRY THORNCOTE	Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS
SIR CYRIL BEAUMORRIS	Mr. BELLINGHAM.
BABBLETON	Mr. ROBERT ROXBY.
OWLET	Mr. SUTER.
GRACE THORNCOTE	Miss M. OLIVER.

MODERN COSTUMES.

THORNCOTE—Rough drab great coat, shooting coat, dark trowsers
leather overalls.

SIR CYRIL—Overcoat; fashionable walking dress.

BABBLETON—Overcoat; walking dress; white waistcoat, marked
with black spots.

OWLET—Short smock-frock; fustian trowsers, half boots.

GRACE—Plain but fashionable silk dress; black silk apron,

ONLY A CLOD.

SCENE.—*A Room in a Farm House, simple, but comfortable—In front, two windows—Snow on all the objects seen through windows—Doors R. and L.—A fire-place R. & E., with looking glass—Sofa near the fire-place, table and chairs—A sideboard between the windows, over the sideboard, among whips and guns, a pair of foils, a piano, L.—The dusk of the morning—A lanthorn is burning on the table—OWLET discovered sleeping on a chair, placed before the door, L.*

Enter GRACE THORNCOTE, R.

GRACE. (*without seeing OWLET*) The morning advances. Sir Cyril is probably already stirring; and Owlet, who has been doing sentry-duty all night, in this wretchedly cold weather, may be told that he can come into the house, poor fellow! (*crossing she perceives OWLET*) Why, he is here, asleep! (*shaking OWLET*) Owlet! Owlet, I say!

OWLET. (*still half asleep*) Eh! hah! It's no use—the Barrow night is not here, I tell you.

GRACE. Hush! silence, silly fellow.

OWLET. Why! its Ma'am Thorncote, my missus; and I thought she was long Bob of the police. (*rises*)

GRACE. Is it thus that you keep guard at the farm gate?

OWLET. Axing your pardon, ma'am, I only just came in a bit—and just sat down a bit—just to think a bit—

GRACE. And sleep a bit. If rest was so needful, you should have let me know. Are you not aware that Sir Cyril Beaumorris, lies concealed here, and may at any moment be arrested?

OWLET. Yes, yes, though I do blink a bit, I can see with half an eye for all that. I's cotched up all about his duel, and how his friend Mr. Babbleton, who was his second

is forced to make himself scarce too, and is playing at hide and seek, up at the Hall there, at Ma'am Verdant's, and how the Barrow knight came to conceal himself here at mayster's farm.

GRACE. Unfortunately, in the absence of my husband, so that upon me alone rests the responsibility of his safety.

OWLET. You needn't be frightful, missus. Nobody hasn't no idea of nothing. I've been on the watch all night; and not a rat could have stirred but I'd cotched sight of his tail.

GRACE. And yet I found you——

OWLET. A turning matters over in my mind a bit.

GRACE. With your eyes shut.

OWLET. Just not to be disturbed when a thinking. You'd always find that the best way, missus, if you tried.

GRACE. You are aware then, that Sir Cyril is not stirring yet.

OWLET. Stirring? nay, nay! in course I should have known it. (*Sir CYRIL appears at the door L.*) I'm a cute'un, though may be I don't look it; and if he had stirred never so little a bit, I must have seen him.

SIR C. (*advancing L.*) Then, why didn't you say you did?

GRACE. Ah! Sir Cyril.

OWLET. (*astonished*) What! you've been out of the house, Sir?

SIR C. As you see—since day-break.

GRACE. (*to OWLET*) Do you call that watching?

SIR C. Don't scold the poor fellow. Homer himself nodded, and yet he was a "cute'un" too. (*to OWLET*) Now go and look after my horse. I left him at the gate covered with foam.

OWLET. I'm a going, Sir. They've cotched me out a bit. But I can see with half an eye for all that.

Exit L. taking the lanthorn with him.

GRACE. How imprudent, thus to leave the house, to expose yourself to the risk of being met.

SIR C. What matter'd when so sweet a task lay before me? (*aside*) And besides nobody knows me here. (*aloud*) Did you not speak last night of your love for flowers? Before day-break, then, I was in the stable, saddled my horse myself, rode over to the Hall, woke up the gardener,

bribed him to make a *bouquet* of his best camelias, gallopped back, and now place in your hands this proof of my desire to fulfil your slightest wish (*presents a bouquet of camelias*) (aside) Pretty hard work though, it has been.

GRACE. (*with the bouquet*) It was for me How kind ! But, indeed, you should not—

SIR C. Pshaw ! it is only a slight return or the many nosegays of cowslips and daisies you picked for me as a child.

GRACE. Yes ! when your kind mother took me, her steward's daughter, into her house, not only to be your little playmate, but to profit also by your masters.

Sir C. (*gaily*) The profit certainly was all on your side.

GRACE. (*smiling*) Not so !

SIR C. Yes, indeed ! In music, French, German, all, you soon ran ahead of hair-brained Master Cyril, who cared for nothing, I remember, but rehearsing Paul to your Virginia, and had no other dream but of inhabiting a desert island, with you as his man Friday.

GRACE. A desert island, which you afterwards sought for in Paris, Vienna, London, and other impossible places.

SIR C. While you were married here in another part of England to a mere farmer—to find your education, accomplishments, genteel breeding, all thrown away upon—

GRACE. (*hastily interrupting him*) I have no reason to complain of my lot.

SIR C. Well ! I have no doubt that this Thorncote is all very well in his own proper sphere. I'll admit he has not flung your books out of the window, or broken up your piano for firewood ; but, after all, he is nothing but a clod-hopper. (*movement of GRACE*) And for my pretty Grace I had better hopes. (*taking her hand*) Must I again recall to your memory our former affection ?

GRACE. You have no reason, I am sure, to doubt of my gratitude to your mother—my friendship for yourself.

SIR C. But it was not only friendship we felt for each other in those happy days. (*movement of GRACE*) Was it not on account of a passion, I could no longer dissemble, that my mother forced me to leave for the Continent with my tutor ?

GRACE. (*embarrassed*) Ah, Sir Cyril, why recall all this? (*crosses L.*)

SIR C. (*aside*) She is moved! another touch of the romantic then, with an extra-dose of the sentimental—(*aloud, with feigned sentiment*) Why recall all this say you, ah! you have forgotten those happy moments; but in *my* heart, they still live and burn.

GRACE. Sir Cyril!

SIR C. (*as before*) Could you think, then, that separation and distance could make me forget those tender dreams of other days? Could you suppose that, when abroad—in town—I plunged into all the dissipation of the gay world, the feeling of my heart was one of pleasure?

GRACE. No?

SIR C. No, Grace, no, it was of despair, dissimulated deep despair.

GRACE. (*moved*) Could it be?

SIR C. Yes, I will deceive you no longer. I sought to cure myself of this ardent passion; my efforts were in vain, nay, only served to plunge the dart more deeply in my bosom.

GRACE. (*aside*) Poor young man!

SIR C. Your form pursued me everywhere; the thought of you, remained the mainspring of my life, my every action—(*aside*) Ah! an inspiration! (*aloud*) Yes! my every action: for even this duel, the cause of my concealment, was on your account.

GRACE. Ah! how?

SIR C. He, whom I wounded, when I spoke of my love—but without naming you, Grace, I swear to you—dared to ridicule my passion and my constancy.

GRACE. It was for me then.

SIR C. But now I bless this sad passage of my life, since it has again let me to you, Grace, to you, who cannot surely, be coldly insensible to an attachment so enduring and so true.

GRACE. Sir Cyril, I beseech you—

SIR C. Yes, yes, I will believe it, you cannot have seen me again without emotion; even now you are agitated, you tremble; hear me then, I entreat you, hear me

Enter BABBLETON, L.U.E.

BAB. Ah! ten thousand pardons.

GRACE. (*snatching her hand from SIR CYRIL*) Mr. Babbleton!

SIR C. Pshaw! I was expecting you.

BAB. Indeed! with impatience doubtless, and found the moments of expectation long. (*shaking hands with SIR CYRIL*) Excellent friend; and only in order not wholly to loose your precious time—(*seeing GRACE moving away*)—but if my presence drives away the lady, I retire—

GRACE. No, I am about to give orders to Owlet, to admit no strangers. *Exit R. 1 E.*

BAB. Ah, ah! we are getting on, it seems.

SIR C. (*with vexation*) Without advancing one step.

BAB. Ha, ha, ha! Like Billy Button, at Astley's, who gets on, with his face to the horse's tail.

SIR C. (*as before*) Thanks to you, who came blundering in at the moment I was about to force from her an avowal of her love.

BAB. What! you've been here these three days, and made no further progress than that—you, the Don Juan of Belgravia! humph, I begin to suspect that, if you are so long running down your game here, you must be on another scent elsewhere; you used to pay most suspicious attention to Mrs. Verdant not long ago, and, since you have been at the farm, you are always sneaking up to the hall.

SIR C. To see you.

BAB. For which reason you always choose the hours I am not there! (*SIR CYRIL, laughs*) Now, my dear fellow, I understand a joke as well as any one. I can always play one off at another's expense; but, between friends, it isn't the right thing. Fair play if you please; you have your stake, I've mine; you the farmer's wife, I the widow and her consols.

SIR C. Pshaw! your jealousy is no more than a fancy dress, to deck out your vanity; since you don't succeed with "the widow and her consols," you wouldn't be sorry to imagine that you must have a rival.

BAB. But I have a rival, another, an avowed one, young Hardy the Squire, close by, (*SIR CYRIL laughs*) who is forever up at the Hall, while I, who am afraid of my retreat

being known, am always obliged to keep out of the way.

SIR C. (*laughing*) While he has fair field to make love to "the widow and her consols." Ha, ha, ha, ha!

BAB. That's quite enough! that'll do! you are getting positively hysterical with your (*mimicking with vexation*) ha, ha, ha!

SIR C. (*trying to check his laughter*) Well! no offence. I have no doubt that your eloquence will prevail at last with the widow and her consols too—the eloquence of a rising young Templar, although without a brief.

BAB. The brief has nothing to do with it. I flatter myself, I am getting into note. I have a spanking reputation with the Surrey hounds, a name at the clubs for my pistol shooting, and a "positive blaze of triumph" among the ballet department at the Opera.

SIR C. (*smoking near the fire-place*) To say nothing of debts that "cry aloud to heaven."

BAB. That's my best trumpet. I *must* make a noise in the world. And when I do come forward, I feel then I have got wit, talent, *aplomb*, spirit, animation, all—all, that can shed a halo around my—my—confound it! I haven't got any cigars!

SIR C. There. (*gives him a cigar*)

BAB. Yes, I have within me the fire of an Erskine—the true spark of genius—it burns within. Can't you give me a light?

SIR CYRIL gives him a light, laughing. They smoke before the fire.

Enter THORNCOTE L.U.E., dressed in a farmer's rough costume, with a stout whip.—He is covered with snow—He is followed by OWLET—SIR CYRIL and BABBLETON turn their backs, and do not see him.

HARRY. (*to OWLET*) And Sir Cyril has been here for some days you say?

OWLET. Yes, mayster, look! there he is with t'other gentleman.

HARRY. I see. Go and tell your mistress I am arrived.

OWLET. That's the way night and day now. They never leave a poor fellow a moment, to sleep a bit, or eat a bit, or think a bit, or—I'm a going. *Exit OWLET, r. l.e.*

BAB. (*turning*) Hah !

HARRY. (*taking off his hat*) Gentlemen.

SIR C. (*turning*) Somebody here !

BAB. No, no, nobody—only a clod.

(SIR CYRIL and BABBLETON turn away, and talk before the fire, without paying any heed to HARRY.)

HARRY. I am sorry to disturb you, gentlemen, but having heard that there was company I— (*the others continue to talk without seeing him, turning their backs*) They don't appear to see me. Short-sighted probably—a defect people are apt to get by the habit of not looking beyond self. (*he approaches them*) Gentlemen, I have again the honour of wishing you a good morning.

SIR C. (*without turning*) Good morning, good morning.

BAB. (*turning*) Well, my good friend, what the deuce do you want ?

HARRY. What the deuce do I want ?

BAB. (*with his eye-glass*) Not so bad a specimen of the genus "clod-hopper." It seems my fine fellow, you are in the enjoyment of the most robust health.

HARRY. Why, I'm pretty well, thank you, my fine fellow. How are you ?

BAB. What do you mean by that familiar tone ?

HARRY. You called me your good friend ; and so intimate an acquaintance, I thought, warranted the familiarity.

SIR C. Come, come, Sir, tell us at once what you want.

HARRY. (*shaking his hat*) Just now, to get rid of some of this snow.

SIR C. It is snowing again ? (*goes to window in r.*)

HARRY. As you see.

BAB. (*with his eye-glass at HARRY*) True ! the fellow is covered. As I said he is a most inimitable specimen. Just turn round, and let us see you to the greatest advantage.

HARRY. (L.C.) Certainly, if you think my greatest advantage is to turn my back on you.

SIR C. (c.) He would make an excellent sketch.

BAB. (R.C.) A capital thought ! and you have a talent that way.

HARRY. Very flattering, certainly, to serve as a model

to such accomplished gentlemen ; but if you would allow me—— (*who takes out a small sketch book and pencil*) Just hand me over that chair.

HARRY. Just hand you over——

SIR C. That chair there, didn't you hear ?

HARRY. (*bringing the chair to R.C.*) I'm not aware of any defect in any one of my senses ; and if I can be of service——

BAB. (*taking off his hat*) You may just put down my hat at the same time.

HARRY. Put down your—(*checking himself*) True ! I have no objection to *put down* ; and besides gentlemen don't keep on their hats when they mean to be polite. (*aside*) Free and easy enough, upon my word !

THORNCOTE places his hat upon the table. SIR CYRIL sits before fire, drawing—BABBLETON leans on the mantle-piece, observing with his eye-glass.

SIR C. (*to HARRY*) Stop where you are—don't stir—There, that will do. (*THORNCOTE proceeds to shake the snow off his coat*) No don't shake off the snow. I want the effect ; it adds to the picture.

HARRY. But not to my warmth.

SIR C. What you are cold, are you ?

HARRY. Very. (*aside*) Though to my fancy you are cool enough too.

BAB. (*warming his back at the fire*) Cold! pooh! nonsense ! the weather is much warmer now.

HARRY. I dare say it is, since you've got your back to the fire—a very common effect in the laws of nature ; (*taking a chair to approach the fireplace*) and if you would have the kindness to make room for another there——

SIR C. (*drawing*) Don't stir, don't star ! wait till I've done, and then you may go into the kitchen ; there's a capital chimney corner there.

HARRY. Oh ! there is, is there ? (*aside*) Most decidedly I am out of place in my own house, but I'll see if places are not to be changed with these good gentlemen.

SIR C. (*drawing*) Such a figure on horseback now, with a snow landscape, would have a striking effect. (*to THORNCOTE*) Did you ride over here ?

HARRY. I drove over, but I stopped on my way, at young Squire Hardy's. I couldn't see him though; for as magistrate for the county, he was issuing a warrant.

SIR C. A warrant?

HARRY. It's in the hands of long Bob of the rural police, a dashing fellow, the terror of all the blackguards of the country; you are acquainted with him perhaps.

BAB. Mr. Long Bob! you don't say so?

HARRY. He has another fellow with him, who is just as sharp a hand.

BAB. (*aside*) The devil!

SIR C. (*aside*) This looks confoundedly suspicious.

HARRY. But that cannot have any thing to do with you gentlemen of course.

BAB. No, no, of course not—which way were they going?

HARRY. This way, just past the farm.

BAB. Past the farm.

SIR C. This way!

HARRY. Oh, they won't be long—(*pointing to the window*)—perhaps you may see them already.

SIR C. True. From these windows there is a view of the road. (*hastens to L. window, BABBLETON to the R.*)

HARRY. (*placing his back to the fire, and stretching out his legs comfortably aside*) Now, there is no need to go into the kitchen to the chimney corner there.

SIR C. (*at the window*) Do you see any thing?

BAB. (*at the other*) Do you?

SIR C. I see nothing.

BAB. Nor more do I.

HARRY. (*warming himself*) If the gentlemen will but stop till the men go past, they may have an excellent opportunity of studying snow effects upon figures on horseback.

SIR C. (*taking BABBLETON l.c.*) If this fellow is right, there's a warrant out against us after all. I begin to apprehend—

BAB. Now don't use the word apprehend, please. It's not comfortable.

SIR C. I'll question the good man.

BAB. Do, and then I will throw in a stiff cross-examination.

HARRY. (*to SIR CYRIL, who advances*) So, you've given up your (*makes signs of drawing*) striking effects!

SIR C. Yes, yes. But tell me, my good fellow, what did you hear about that same warrant?

HARRY. Why, only that there after two runaways. (*pulls off his great coat*) If you would just have the kindness to take that away—sorry to incommod you. (*SIR C. puts it down at back*)

BAB. (*advancing*) Two gentlemen, perhaps?

HARRY. Whether they are gentlemen or not is a doubtful point; but I heard it was on an account of an affair—(*taking off his thick gloves*) You may just put down my gloves at the same time. (*BABBLETION puts down his gloves*)

SIR C. (*advancing*) An affair? an affair of honour, perhaps?

HARRY. The honour is always another point on such occasions. (*taking off his neck-wrapper*) Sorry to incommod you again. (*SIR C. takes it angrily up to table at back*)

BAB. (*advancing*) You think, then, that they are not likely to get—

HARRY. Of course that must depend on whether they deserve—(*giving his whip*) My whip! that's all!—you are really too obliging. (*BABBLETION puts it down, as before*)

SIR C. (*apart to BABBLETION*) If we remain here we may be arrested.

BAB. (*apart to him*) But where are we to go? (*aloud*) The snow is pelting down more heavily than ever. What infernal weather!

HARRY (*standing comfortably before the fire*) You think so? Astonishing! How remarkable that we should have changed our minds. For I'm quite of your opinion now, that the weather has got much warmer.

SIR C. 'Pon my word, I should almost fancy the fellow was laughing at us.

BAB. It looks uncommonly like it, must own.

Enter GRACE, R., followed by OWLET, who crosses and exit L.

GRACE. (*on entering, to OWLET*) Why did you not tell me at once?

HARRY. (*going to embrace GRACE*) How's my own dear little wife?

SIR C. (L.) By jove, 'tis the farmer himself.

BAB. (L. c.) The husband! by all that's amazing!

HARRY. (*tenderly to GRACE*) How happy I am to see you again, my sweet girl. I burned with impatience to give you a good smack; but these gentlemen received me, on my arrival, in so friendly a manner, and thought me so picturesque in my great coat and etceteras, that I really could not stir.

SIR C. It's Mr. Thorncote then, that I have the honour—ah hem—I am positively distressed not to have recognised you.

HARRY. Oh! that often happens, when people never saw each other before.

BAB. And even *my* perspicuity was at fault; really there are days when one is uncommonly dull of comprehension.

HARRY. Those days are common enough with some people; besides you are not the first who has thought farmer Thorncote's hide a rough one.

GRACE. *with a deprecating movement*) Ah!

HARRY. (*after pressing his wife's hand, and re-assuring her with a smile*) He is not so rough, however, as to forget the obligations his dear little wife owes to the mother of Sir Cyril Beaumorris, or his desire to be of any service to her son.

SIR C. And yet you alarmed me just now.

HARRY. I beg your pardon, you alarmed yourself, and very needlessly.

BAB. So Mr. Long Bob, and the other sharp hand—

HARRY. Are sent in search of two housebreakers.

BAB. After two housebreakers, are you sure?

HARRY. I don't wonder at your astonishment; the police are not too vigilant now a' days. However, it will be my duty to watch over your safety, Sir Cyril. I shall not lose you out of my sight.

SIR C. Indeed!

BAB. (*laughing aside*) That's pleasant, ah, ah!

SIR C. Really, Mr. Thorncote, I cannot think of thus monopolising your precious time.

HARRY. It's my duty as your host. I shall commence

at once. A few orders to give about the farm, and I am at your service.

BAB. (*apart to SIR CYRIL*) Hollo! that's agreeable, isn't it?

HARRY. (*before going, taking GRACE round the waist*) All's right again now, my girl.

SIR CYRIL makes a movement of annoyance.

GRACE. (*removing THORNCOTE's arm*) What are you doing?

HARRY. Ah, true! It's thought vulgar, I suppose, for a husband to show attentions to his wife; your fashonables leave that to others. And I dare say there are plenty ready to take the trouble off his hands.

BAB. (*L.C., laughing*) Plenty!

GRACE. (*R., uneasy*) Thorncote.

HARRY. Never mind, a clodhopper doesn't need to stand on ceremony. (*kisses GRACE*)

BAB. (*ironically*) Of course, he doesn't need to fear being ridiculous.

HARRY. Certainly, for you must be aware 'tis a disease one doesn't die of. Gentlemen, excuse me; I shall be back directly.

HARRY. Never fear. I shall not be far off.

Exeunt THORNCOTE, L.U.E., GRACE, R. l E.

SIR C. The husband, the devil!

BAB. An agreeable surprise, ha, ha, ha!

SIR C. 'Tis you are now getting positively hysterical (*mimicking*) with your ha, ha, ha! It's no laughing matter to me I can tell you.

BAB. That's the very thing that makes me laugh.

SIR C. What, just as all my hopes are crushed?

BAB. You thought it a capital joke, that I should be done out of the widow and her consols by the young Squire. To my mind, having the husband forced on you, as a guardian genius, is a better joke still.

SIR C. At thevery moment is was on the point of triumphing. She was agitated—touched, just now; another interview had brought about a confession; now all's lost.

BAB. Pshaw man! you are easily discouraged.

SIR C. But how obtain a *tete-a-tete*, when that cursed clod-hopper will be ever on my heels.

BAB. Is this my Don Juan of Belgravia? What your wit already at a stand still?

SIR C. I should like to see you in my place.

BAB. Me! why, I'd get rid of the clodhopper in half an hour?

SIR C. Just try then.

BAB. You think I can't?

SIR C. I doubt it.

BAB. You defy me to do it.

SIR C. Prove to me that I am wrong.

BAB. I will. You shall see how I'll manage the follow.

SIR C. You'll keep off the farmer, while I—

BAB. Obtain a rendezvous of the wife, I'll answer for the rest.

SIR C. Bravo, I'll answer for the rendezvous.

BAB. Hush, here he comes.

Enter THORNCOTE, L., followed by OWLET, who crosses with some packages, and exit R.

HARRY. (*speaking off*) Take those things to your mistress. Your pardon, gentlemen, I have just despatched to my wife's room all her new music, and ribands and gewgaws. Bir! how cold it is, we'll have a glass or two of flip to warm us; it will have all the effect of the sun on the barometer, make the spirits mount to "set fair."

BAB. (*who has approached the sideboard*) What's here? a pair of foils.

HARRY. I have them to keep my hand in. (*to OWLET who enters R., with music*) Where are you going?

OWLET. Missus told me to put this down on her piano

HARRY. Where is she?

OWLET. In the green parlour, putting up her books a bit. *Exit L.*

HARRY. She mustn't fatigue herself.

SIR C. I fly to assist her.

HARRY. I follow you.

SIR C. No, no, I beg you won't put yourself out of the way.

HARRY. By no means, I know my duty.

BAB. (*stopping him*) What ! you fence farmer ?

HARRY. A trifle ! though I've not much time for such amusements.

BAB. (*as before*) I should like to see you at it. (*aside, with a sneer*) A clod hopper with a pair of foils ! Ha ! ha !

SIR C. (*taking one of the foils hastily*) Farmer, you said, you wanted to keep your hand in. Now's your time, my friend. Babbleton is your man. (*puts a foil into BABBLETON'S hands*) Come on !

BAB. (*flourishing his foil with an air of the utmost confidence*) I'm ready ! I shouldn't be sorry to have a lesson of Master Thorncote there. (*laughing aside*) Poor devil !

HARRY. (*to whom SIR CYRIL is presenting the other foil*) Nothing could be more flattering. But I shall only display my awkwardness.

SIR C. (*forcing his foil upon him*) But a pass or two to while away the time. Come.

HARRY. If it really gives you so much pleasure, and your friend Mr. Babbleton.

BAB. (*conceitedly*) I have no doubt that such a fencer as Mr. Thorncote, is sure to be, will show me a trick or two. (*aside*) Won't I pepper him.

HARRY. Since you insist !—(*taking the foil*)

SIR C. I'll leave you, then.

HARRY. Be kind enough to tell my wife, that I cannot quit Mr. Babbleton.

SIR C. Oh, never fear !

BAB. (*apart to SIR CYRIL*) Now, off with you to the wife. You may take your time. I'll keep the clod-hopper pinned to the end of my foil like a big moth on a cork.

HARRY. (*to SIR CYRIL*) I'll let you know when the flip is ready. *Exit SIR CYRIL, l., laughing aside.*

BAB. Yes, yes. We'll let you know. (*laughs aside*) Now, farmer, come on ! you mean to put us on our mettle, do you ? Ha, ha !

HARRY. (*aside*) It seems, my gentleman has a mighty opinion of his own prowess. We'll see.

BAB. (*flourishing*) Are you ready ?

HARRY. But I'm afraid that I stand no chance. You are, doubtless, a first-rate hand.

BAB. (*conceitedly*) No, no, no, A little experience that's

all. Now, farmer, be on your guard! (HARRY puts himself on his guard, with an air of careless ease) Have at you! there, one —two--parry. (HARRY hits him) Ah! I really could have almost fancied you hit me.

HARRY. (*sneeringly*) You really could *almost* fancy?

BAB. Upon my soul! (*they fence*) However, that happens sometimes, when one has to deal with a man who has no school. One isn't prepared for an awkward thrust, out of all rule. (HARRY hits him again) Hah!

HARRY. Another awkward thrust, out of all rule, perhaps?

BAB. No, no, I was a little absent, that's all. Besides I was not touched.

HARRY. I could have sworn it was "a hit! a palpable hit."

BAB. I tell you it was no hit. I'm positive—I think I ought to know. But you hold yourself so ill, you put me out.

HARRY. Very well! (*goes to the fire-place and blackens the end of his foil in soot*)

BAB. What are you about?

HARRY. With your permission I was just blackening the end of my foil to be sure of a mark, in case you should be "a little absent," again.

BAB. Absurd!

HARRY. Country people will get absurd notions. But now there can be no fear of any more mistakes, as we shall see, I trust.

BAB. Yes, yes, we'll see, my good fellow. Ha, ha! I shall be down upon you now. (*unbuttons his coat, and takes his stand with much pretension and attitude, c., with his back to the audience*)

HARRY. (*stands before him, up the stage, with an easy careless air, fencing*) Now then! That's a weak guard! you must try a better—or—my next lounge—(*hits BABBLETON*) There you see a hit.

BAB. Ah!

HARRY. And you even stand a good chance of a second, (*hits him again*) There! I told you—and perhaps by a half-thrust and a feint—(*hits him a third time*) There? what did I say? a third!

BAB. Ah, ah! (*he retreats keeping on his guard*) It's re-

markable, but 'tis a fact! the fellow is positively fencing.
(he receives another hit) Oh! why! farmer, you are positively—*(another hit)* Oh!

HARRY. *(hitting him again)* I am—positively! Don't break ground in that way. There's nothing worse. It weakens your parry, and allows me—there!—there! You see, every thrust tells,

BAB. Every thrust? No, no, there I protest— But Sir, I'm up to your style now, and I shall soon show you a little difference.

HARRY. You think so?

BAB. You shall just see. *(HARRY strikes his foil out of his hand)* Oh!

HARRY. *(ironically presenting the foil)* Resume your weapon, my dear Sir.

BAB. *(shaking his hand and rubbing his wrist)* Confound it, what a hand the fellow has got.

HARRY. *(turning him round to the audience)* Let's just see how many awkward thrusts I've made, out of all rule.

BAB. What? *(he looks down at his white waistcoat, which is covered all over with black spots)* The devil!

HARRY. *(examining the waistcoat)* Capital! That's an old fashioned way we have of scoring up accounts in the country, in black and white. There's no mistake in the reckoning then.

BAB. *(buttoning up his coat with vexation)* You need not stand staring there; that will do; I'll have my revenge another time.

HARRY. *(presenting foils again)* At once if you wish.

BAB. *(hastily)* No, no, that's enough for to day.

HARRY. *(aside)* I rather think it is—*(aloud)* As you please. *(goes to put down the foils on the side board)*

BAB. *(aside)* And I took the fellow for a clumsy bungler, he should have told me beforehand. Ah! Beau-morris may manage matters as he can. I'm not going to stand here to be poked at like a dummy all day.

Enter OWLET with jug, glasses, &c., and tray, r.

HARRY. Come! here's the flip. *(he places the table near the fire, and motions to OWLET to set down the jug on it)* You must excuse our vulgar rustic drinks, Mr. Babbleton.*

You would turn up your nose at the mere name of them, at your clubs.

BAB. My good fellow, when at Rome—you know the proverb—not that we mean to have anything to do with Rome, just now; but in the country we can afford to rusticate. What says Horace? "*Vilem potabis Sabinum.*"

HARRY. I beg your pardon "*vile.*"

BAB. What?

HARRY. *Vile—e—e—e!*

BAB. No!

HARRY. "*Sabinum*" is neuter. "*Vile potabis Sabinum cantheris.*" Excuse the correction.

BAB. (*astonished*) What! you know latin? (*aside*) the clod hopper knows latin.

HARRY. That is to say I have learnt it; but there is a wonderful difference between learning and knowing, as you are aware. (*to OWLET*) Tell Sir Cyril we shall be glad of his company. You'll find him in the green parlour with your mistress.

OWLET. No he beant, mayster. When missus saw him come in, she said she'd other fish to fry, and went away. So the Barrowknight's in his own room.

BAB. (*aside*) Turning her off a *billet doux*, without a doubt.

HARRY. I'll call him down.

BAB. (*stopping him*) No, no, it's not worth while; he's busy!

HARRY. Indeed!

BAB. (*sneeringly*) Particular business, I can assure you. Cloddy yonder, can let him know, by and bye,

OWLET. Cloddy! then 'tis no matter o'mine. Cloddy, can't mean me; but I'll think it over a bit. *Exit R.*

BAB. (*aside*) I'll give the lover time to take his measures, while I fuddle the husband. Glorious: (*aloud*) Come, let's sit down, farmer. And now I'll have my revenge. Let me tell you that I once drank three Dutchmen under the table.

HARRY. Then I should like to see you have a bout with young Squire Hardy, he, you know, who is always up at Hall. They say he's going to marry the widow. Fill your glass!

BAB. (*drinking*) Marry the widow!—no, no, farmer, no, no. There's a likelier man in the field. You would lose if you were to back the Squire. (*drinks*)

HARRY. You don't say so! fill your glass! The widow is a fine woman!

BAB. A superb woman! And I think I ought to know a superb woman when I see one. Experience, farmer! *Experientia docet!* There's more latin for you. (*drinks*)

HARRY. And she has got a snug fortune. Fill your glass.

BAB. Her consols are no less superb than herself. (*drinks*—BABBLETON continues to get more and more drunk during the scene, which follows, though evidently thinking he is making HARRY drunk.)

HARRY. Yes; they would be a tit-bit for any young fellow, who is over head and ears in debt. What matters that young Hardy has loved her long and disinterestedly? That need not stand in any one's way. A man may shake him by the hand, and wish him joy, and yet try to supplant him behind his back. That's the way of the world—hey, Mr. Babbleton?

BAB. (*aside*) He's as drunk as a piper.

HARRY. There's nothing dishonourable in it, oh, no! "Honour among thieves" is a dirty proverb, and unfit for a fine gentleman. He may rob a man of his mistress, or seduce the affections of his wife; but he is no less a man of honour for all that. And if the lover or husband, who maybe has received him as a friend, should show himself aggrieved, as some fools are silly enough to loose their temper, why, he deserves to be laughed at that's all. It's the way of the world—hey, Mr. Babbleton?

BAB. (*aside*) He's so drunk he doesn't know what he is talking about. (*aloud*) Come, no sermons my boy, I never could stand a sermon. Let's drink and be jolly. Drink away, man. (*helps HARRY and then himself*) Hollo! the jug is empty.

HARRY. We can have another.

BAB. I'll mix such a bowl of punch. That's a science we learn in the Temple. The Temple for ever! Where's your rustic slavey? Hollo! Cloddy!

HARRY. Owlet!

Enter OWLET, R.

OWLET. You called, mayster?

HARRY. The sugar, the rum, the bowl.

OWLET. Yes, mayster. (*goes to the sidebard*)

HARRY. Where is Sir Cyril?

OWLET. (*putting sugar, rum, and bowl on the table*) The Barrowknight's a coming.

BAB. (*drunk*) No! you don't say so? Is the *tête-à-tête* over already?

HARRY. What?

BAB. Nothing, my boy, nothing. That's no business of yours—drink and be jolly. Ha, ha, ha! The Baronet means to give you a little surprise, that's all!

HARRY. Indeed?

BAB. Never you mind what! (*hums the "Row Polka"*) Where's the hot water? the farmer should have plenty of hot water—he's always in it—ha, ha, ha!

HARRY. (*to OWLET*) Fetch the hot water! (*takes OWLET aside quickly*) Sir Cyril is in his room?

OWLET. No, he just came down stairs and gave me that. (*shows an album*)

HARRY. An album!

OWLET. For Missus!

HARRY. (*taking it*) I'll take care of it.

OWLET. But he particularly told me to give it her, without nobody seeing nothing.

HARRY. He did—did he?

BAB. (*who is preparing the punch*) Hollo, what are you about?

HARRY. (*aloud to OWLET*) Didn't you hear? I told you to fetch some lemons.

OWLET. (*confounded*) You told me to fetch some lemons, mayster?—you never said one word—

HARRY. Do as I tell you.

OWLET. But you didn't tell me.

HARRY. Go—you've lost your head.

OWLET. (*aside, going*) His'n seem to be shaking a bit. If people would but shut their eyes a bit, afore they speak—*Exit R. muttering*

BAB. (*laughing aside*) They don't know what they are up to—the master's drunk, and the man's stupid.

HARRY. (*apart*) What may this album contain? only drawings. (*turns over the leaves*) No—a note!

BAB. Are you coming, farmer?

HARRY. Directly, (*looking at the note*) Confound it! a language I don't understand; it must be German.

BAB. What's that about German? what you know German too? (*aside*) The clodhopper knows—

HARRY. Unfortunately no; there my education stops short.

BAB. (*aside*) The clodhopper doesn't. (*aloud*) 'Tis a pity my good friend, a monstrous pity, you might teach it to your oxen. 'Tis a language fit for such animals.

HARRY. Then you are probably acquainted with it?

BAB. (*conceitedly*) I have a smattering. A pretty fellow, learns it of a fair Countess in Munich or Vienna. I was there with Sir Cyril; and I had my opportunities.

HARRY. Then you could understand the meaning of a little scrap of German, I have found in my wife's music—I mean the music she borrowed of Mrs. Verdant at the hall.

BAB. In my widow's music?

HARRY. Perhaps you wrote it yourself, or Sir Cyril?

BAB. I didn't write it, and Beaumorris—a note in German to the widow—

HARRY. Look! (*gives it*)

BAB. 'Tis his writing sure enough! (*reading*) "Zu sehr geliebtes, Wesenich musz mit Ihnen sprechen."

HARRY. You don't seem to comprehend the sense through.

BAB. Perfectly.

HARRY. (*putting on an air of doubt*) I shouldn't have thought it.

BAB. I don't—don't I? I'll just show you. (*reads, translating*) "Too well beloved being, I must speak with you. The happiness of both depends upon this interview."

HARRY. Those words are there?

BAB. Look yourself. Ah! I forget the clodhopper does not—(*continues to read, translating*)—"Since we might be interrupted in the house, I will expect you in the summer-house. Your bouquet of camelias, thrown from the window, will apprise me of your consent."

HARRY. A bouquet of camelias?

BAB. Of camelias ! There are none to be had for miles except at the hall. And Beaumorris ! The traitor ! He has deceived me—humbugged me. He wants to do me out of the widow and her consols, and has made me believe he was making love to the farmer's wife.

HARRY. The farmer's wife ?

BAB. Yes, yes, my good friend; your wife—and he took me in—and I lent him an helping hand.

HARRY. You did ?

BAB. That is to say no—yes—no—I thought it was only you—and it was me. But I'll be revenged—I'll catch them—surprise them.

HARRY. (*who has re-taken the note*) And there is no more ?

BAB. (*looking in drunken confusion for his hat*) Isn't that enough ? It's dishonourable in the highest degree.

HARRY. What did I tell you ? It's the way of the world.

BAB. Ah ! that's all very well for clodhoppers ! But he attempts to play of his tricks on me ! But he shall see what I am capable of, when my blood is up ! Tremble, false perjured friend, tremble !

Bangs his hat violently on his head, and exit L.D.

HARRY. (*alone*) There is no doubt ; whatever that fellow may fancy—the note was intended for Grace—(*with indignation*) for my wife ! While I received the man with kindness and hospitality, he was attempting the basest of treacheries. The cowardly villain ! But I will soon shew him—(*stopping, and changing his tone*) Hold ! what should I show him ? that I am a hot-headed fool—that I have no confidence in my wife, my own dear little wife—no, no, let me give her the best proof of my affection, trust in her, and she will love me all the better. But since the Baronet has commenced the game, I'll play it out with him ; and now that I have seen his hand I can play mine all the easier.

GRACE. (*without r.*) Are you quite sure ?

OWLET. (*without r.*) Quite sure missus.

HARRY. Tis Grace herself. Owlet's with her. I'll return when she is alone.

Exit L.

Enter GRACE and OWLET, R.

GRACE. (*agitated*) Sir Cyril gave you the album?

OWLET: Yes, to give to you, missus, without nobody knowing nothing; but mayster would take it.

GRACE. (*aside*) Ah! should it have contained anything.

OWLET. He snatched it out of my hand, hasty-like. (*putting back the table on which stands the tray*) And, lookey, missus, here lies the hidentical al—al—I've forgot a bit what you called it.

GRACE. Ah! (*takes the album, and hastily turns over the leaves*) No, no, it contains nothing, nothing! I breathe again. (*seeing OWLET staring at her*) You may go to your work.

OWLET. You don't want me no more for nothing, missus.

GRACE. No, go. (*impatiently*) Go, I tell you.

OWLET. Well, I'm a going. (*aside*) Mayster has lost his head, and missus won't much seem to know what she's up to. I'm the only cute 'un in the family. *Exit.*

GRACE. (*turning over the leaves of the album again*) No, no, nothing but the sketches. How my heart beat. How I trembled. Sir Cyril has grown so audacious. He might have written to me, and had my husband read the letter—

Enter THORNCOTE, L.—He has changed his dress, and appears more elegant, but still as a gentleman farmer.

HARRY. (*humming a tune*) La, la, la!

GRACE. Ah! (*she hastily closes the album, and puts it back on the table*)

HARRY. (*pretending surprise*) So you are there, my dear?

GRACE. (*confused*) Yes, yes—I was—looking for you.

HARRY. Sorry to have been out of the way. I just went to change my dress a little.

GRACE. (*with some surprise*) Dress!

HARRY. Only a new coat I had made in town; because one is only a clod, 'tis no reason one should be a fright. You don't like it?

GRACE. Quite the reverse. It becomes you well.

HARRY. You think so? That's all right. But you too have dressed yourself to-day with unusual elegance.

GRACE. (*embarrassed*) Why—it was only—I thought that as we had company—

HARRY. You couldn't do better. And when one's dear little wife dresses for company, the husband has the pleasure and the profit also. You are charming. A bouquet too? Ah, pah! camelias!

GRACE. You don't like them?

HARRY. A mere silly fancy. These stiff waxy looking flowers, beautiful if you will, but without odour, put me in mind of your made-up town-bred ladies, with pretty faces, maybe, but not a grain of the perfume of sentiment, or affection. Such flowers do not suit my Grace.

GRACE. You think not?

HARRY. It's very foolish, I dare say, in a rough country man too; but really I can't abide the sight of them. Now, if you would be my own dear affectionate little Grace, you would not wear them.

GRACE. You insist?

HARRY. Insist? never. But suppose we make a swop?

GRACE. What do you mean?

HARRY. (*goes up and fetches a bandbox left on a chair behind them, looking through the window, aside*) The baronet is there waiting for the signal. (*aloud*) Look, this came among the other packages from town.

GRACE. (*about to take it*) Something for me, what is it?

HARRY. (*stopping*) Not so fast, I don't mean to give; I swop it as I told you, for your bouquet.

GRACE. Oh, take it, I don't really care for it.

HARRY. No, I can't touch the nasty thing.

GRACE. What would you have me do then? (*THORNCOTE makes a sign of throwing it out of the window*)
—Throw it out of the window?

HARRY. Yes—(*GRACE throws it*)—That will do.

GRACE. And now this mysterious box is mide? (*takes it*)

HARRY. 'Tis yours. (*apart, looking out at the window*) Yes, he has picked it up. Oh! (*he springs aside not to be seen*)

GRACE. (*undoing the bandbox*) I am so curious.

HARRY. (*at the window*) He makes off across the drive.

GRACE. (*who has opened the bandbox*) Ah! what a handsome muff and fur cloak.

HARRY. (*at the window*) He enters the garden—excellent!—there let him remain!

THORNCOTE *exit, l., and during the following, returns, triumphant, and closes the door, l. behind him.*

GRACE. They are charming, handsomer still than those of Mrs. Verdant at the hall; now delightful! they are just what I have been longing for! (*with a change of manner*) Naughty, naughty Harry, to go and commit such extravagances as that, and all for me; to punish you now, I really ought not to put them on, (*puts them on*) and never look at them again. (*places herself in cloak and muff before the glass on the chimney-piece*)

HARRY. (*who has re-entered, aside*) I have locked the garden door, the outer house door too; and, as the key of the summer house hangs on it's peg within, the baronet may cool his heels at leisure.

GRACE. (*before the looking glass*) The effect is charming.

HARRY. (*advancing gallantly*) Because you give it.

GRACE. You are a dear, dear, naughty man! It's abominable, every time I express a silly wish, you must go and gratify it at any expense. I shall ruin you at last.

HARRY. Pshaw! the farmer may grumble; but he always contrives to make two ends meet very comfortably, to say nothing of superfluities; and if I can procure myself a happy welcome on my return—

GRACE. Nay, you wanted no present to ensure you that, Harry—surely the pleasure of seeing you again after a week's absence was enough.

HARRY. Yes a week—seven long days—of four and twenty hours each, long hours of sixty minutes, each minute of—I could not bear it any longer; I hurried through my business as quickly as I could, especially when I heard Sir Cyril was here. His cousin who gave you away at our marriage, told me the whole affair.

GRACE. (*uneasy*) The whole affair? the cause of the duel?

HARRY. Every detail.

GRACE. (*aside*) Ah! then he knows—

HARRY. A sorry business altogether—on account of a little dancing girl.

GRACE. Oh no, you are wrong.

HARRY. Why, some supposed it was about a singer; it wasn't exactly known; besides there was an actress too he was intimate with; and there was a suspicion that it was she perhaps. It's agreeable to have one's choice of conjectures.

GRACE. Is this true?

HARRY. You see, my dear, Sir Cyril has an artistic form of mind; and the encouragement he affords to the Muses, in various shapes, is by no means limited.

GRACE. (*aside*) And he would have made me believe it was for me. (*aloud*) It's abominable.

HARRY. Oh, if you expect your fine gentlemen to be like us country husbands, simple clodhoppers as they call us, living for one alone, dreaming of her and her affection only, thinking only how to gratify her every wish, you make a little error in judgment, my child, that's all.

GRACE. (*in a mortified tone*) And then they never reflect whether some of the women on whom they bestow their odious attentions, are not shocked, disgusted.

HARRY. Why for a farmer's wife, you seem to be pretty well up in fine fine gentlemen science.

GRACE. (*hastily*) No, no, but men of such habits, I do not like, I never can like, I don't wish to see; and I shall be glad when Sir Cyril goes.

HARRY. Well, I heard the affair was likely to blow over. Sir Cyril's cousin was to let me know; and then he is free to depart.

GRACE. So much the better; and we shall be alone together here, to love one another—happy—

HARRY. (*taking both her hands*) Yes, happy, in our *teté-à-teté* by our snug chimney corner. (*leading her to the fireplace*) (*Snow is seen falling thickly, through window.*)

GRACE (*smiling and sitting down*) Yes, very happy.

HARRY. (*sitting nearer her, and placing a footstool*) Your pretty little feet on your pretty little footstool, worked by your pretty little fingers.

GRACE. With my hands snugly placed in my new muff, when it is very cold.

HARRY. No, no, the hands I claim. (*taking them in his own and kissing them*) That's a loving husband's true hap-

piness. (*aside*) Particularly when he knows that the other is shivering in the garden.

GRACE. It is indeed pleasant, thus, by the fireside, when the snow is falling without.

HARRY. (*looking towards the window*) True, it is coming down, pretty heavily. (*aside*) I should like to know how the Baronet looks among the old celery beds. I hope he is not frozen to death. (*SIR CYRIL sneezes violently without*) No, he's still alive.

GRACE. And you won't leave me any more?

HARRY. I promise you faithfully.

SIR C. (*opening the window, l.c., violently*) I can't stand it any longer. (*comes in through window*)

GRACE. (*rising*) Ah! Sir Cyril.

HARRY. Pray walk in Sir—I beg you'll walk in.

SIR C. (*shivering, with his nose very red, angrily*) I am distressed to disturb you.

HARRY. Never mind. We shall have plenty of time to resume our *teté-a-teté*. Shan't we Grace?

GRACE. (*slightly embarrassed*) You were in the garden then?

SIR C. (*walking about to warm himself*) The door of which was locked—the outer house door too; and I couldn't even get into the summer house—so, that I've been stamping about in the snow. (*shivering*) Hur!

HARRY. I can feel for you, my dear Sir, although I was here, quietly and comfortably by my fireside, with my own little wife. (*with his arm round her waist—SIR CYRIL who has come opposite him, turns his back angrily, and begins walking about again*) I am afraid all your usual ardour must have been singularly cooled, Sir Cyril.

SIR C. What do you mean?

GRACE. (*hastily*) I'll make up the fire.

Enter BABBLETON l., followed by OWLET with a letter, which he gives to HARRY, and exit l.

BAB. (l.c.) It's abominable, abominable, I say.

HARRY. (*aside*) Ah! the other here, now.

BAB. And I won't bear it. (*to HARRY*) Well, farmer, I've been to the hall.

HARRY. (r.c.) Where you found nobody.

BAB. Yes I did, though, that eternal young Hardy, on his knees to Mrs. Verdant, who had just accepted him.

HARRY. Ah, ha! so the widow and her consols are gone.

BAB. And yet that German note was in the hand writing of Beaumorris, I'd swear it.

GRACE. (R., aside) What does he mean?

SIR C. (L., coming forward) A German note?

BAB. Yes, your note, Sir. The farmer gave it to me to read.

GRACE. Ah!

SIR C. So, he knew all then. (HARRY bows) I understand, and I have been the victim of a mystification by you both. (pointing to GRACE)

HARRY. I beg your pardon, you are obliged to me alone, for your garden stroll with all its striking effects.

SIR C. It is to be seen, Sir, how I understand the obligation, I'm not wont to be mystified without making the mystifyers render me an account. And were you a gentleman— (crosses L.C.)

HARRY. A gentleman! Perhaps you may think that Harry Thorncote, younger son of Sir Tyomas Thorncote, of Thorncote Hall, B.A., of Christ Church, Oxford, has some title to the name, even although he may have exchanged a younger brother's privilege of a red coat, a club window, a canter in Rotten Row, and a polka with the heiress of the season, for a more congenial sphere, in which he may prove a little more useful member of society. But I will not take my stand upon such adventitious claims; as farmer Thorncote, I am ready to render you any account

GRACE. (alarmed) Harry!

HARRY. Be not alarmed. Sir Cyril will see that he was wrong. He has made a mistake in our positions, I believe the original mystification was meant for me. We have each played out our game, and I have won, that's all.

BAB. (aside to SIR CYRIL) You'd better leave him alone, I can tell you.

HARRY. What says my umpire? (pulling GRACE to him)

GRACE. That you are always right, Harry.

HARRY. You hear, Sir Cyril.

BAB. Decidedly you are distanced. You had better give in.

SIR C. (*with an effort*) Well, I acknowledge my error, and apologise. I can do no more.

HARRY. 'Tis well. I should be happy to show you every hospitality, gentlemen. But the pleasures of town, have doubtless greater charms for you. (*shows the letter*) And see, as I expected, a letter from your cousin, Sir Cyril declares that all danger has blown over. (*gives it*)

SIR CYRIL. (*looking at it*) It is true. Babbleton, shall we be off to town?

BAB. I've had enough of the country; and pretty work I've made of my ruralities.

HARRY. Be so good, however, in going, to acknowledge that even our clodhoppers now-a-days have somehow become possessed of a little education, a little tact, and a little address; and that with our present march of intellect, even a baronet may meet with a teacher, where he may have thought to have found

"ONLY A CLOD!"

THE
SEVEN CHAMPIONS
OF
CHRISTENDOM
AN ORIGINAL
COMIC FANTASTIC SPECTACLE
IN TWO ACTS
BY
J. R. PLANCHÉ

Fortunio, Fair One with Golden Locks, White Cat, Beauty and the Beast, Sleeping Beauty, Graciosa and Percinet, Birds of Aristophanes, Golden Fleece, Invisible Prince, Golden Branch, King of the Peacocks, Good Woman in the Wood, Once upon a Therem te were Two Kings, Yellow Dwarf, &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
WELLINGTON STREET,
STRAND,
LONDON.

SEVEN CHAMPIONS OF CHRISTENDOM.

*First performed at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, on Easter Monday,
April 9, 1849.*

THE SEVEN CHAMPIONS

St. George of England	Miss KATHLEEN FITZWILLIAM.
St. Denis of France	Miss LOUISA HOWARD.
St. David of Wales	Miss MARSHALL.
St. Anthony of Italy	Mrs. C. HORN.
St. James of Spain	Miss DE BURG.
St. Andrew of Scotland	Miss J. COLEMAN.
St. Patrick of Ireland	Miss MARTINDALE.

Charley Wag, Esq. (*in attendance on St. George*) Mr. CHARLES MATHEW
Lazzarone (*slave to the Giant Ignoramus*) Mr. HARLEY.

Leporello (*with a well known character from his last place*)

Aile de Pigeon (<i>perruquier from Paris</i>)	Mr. JOHN REEVE.
Murphy Shillelagh (<i>an honest bogtrotter</i>)	Mr. SELBY.
Ormandine (<i>v Tartaian sorcerer</i>)	Mr. H. HALL.
Art-i-chok (<i>caliph of Jerusalem</i>)	Mr. F. COOKE.
Motus (<i>king of Thrace</i>)	Mr. BELLINGHAM.
Omyeyeah (<i>Mameluke Sultan of Egypt</i>)	Mr. MUCKLOW.
Katchim (<i>an officer</i>)	Mr. BURT.
Hum (<i>a bad spirit</i>)	Mr. HONNER.
Tee-toe-tum (<i>the cream of tartar phantom danc-</i> <i>ers</i>)	Mr. CHARLES.
The Dragon	Mr. MARSHALL.

Who having led the life of a Dog since Christmas, has become one of the greatest plagues to everybody in Egypt.

Hurly burly (<i>Kalyba's Giant Porter.</i>)	Mr. GREATHEAD.
The Giant Ignoramus	Mr. FEEFAWFUM.

Kalyba (<i>the Enchantress</i>)	Miss CONNOR.
Una (<i>the eldest Daughter of the King of Thrace</i>)	Miss MALCOLM.
Zuliemah (<i>Daughter of the Caliph of Jerusalem</i>)	Miss L. MARSHALL.
Mora (<i>Daughter of the King of Thessaly</i>)	Miss GALE.
The Fair Sabra (<i>Daughter of the Sultan of Egypt</i>)	Miss BRENTNALL.

The Overture composed and the Vocal and Melo-dramatic Music arranged by Mr. J. H. TULLY. The Ballet Music by Mr. FRANK EAMES. The Dances and Incidental Action composed by Mr. OSCAR BYRNE. The Costumes of all periods and Nations executed, regardless of expense and authority, by Mrs. BAILEY, Miss NOWLAND, Mr. GLOVER, &c. The Appointments by Mr. J. W. BROGDEN. The Machinery by Mr. H. SLOMAN. The Scenery by Mr. W. BEVERLY, Mr. GRAY, and Assistants.

ACT I.

COURTYARD of the BRAZEN CASTLE of KALYBA

SHOWING HOW the Enchantress Kalyba, who had kidnapped the Seven Champions out of their cradles, was enchanted herself by St. George, and shut up for ever in a rock. How St. George took the liberty of giving freedom to the other Six Champions, and how they all departed on their several adventures.

KALYBA'S BAND, GUARD, HOUSEHOLD, &c.

AN OASIS IN THE DESERT.

THE ADVENTURES OF ST. DENIS AND ST. JAMES.

HOW St. DENIS OF FRANCE, after taking French leave of his Companions, was changed into a Stag and back again; and how St. JAMES OF SPAIN, after killing a great Boar, had a narrow escape of being bored to death himself. How St. Denis released the Daughter of the King of Thessaly, and how St. James would have run away with the Daughter of the Caliph of Jerusalem.

HALL IN THE GIANT'S CASTLE.

THE ADVENTURE OF ST. ANTHONY.

HOW St. ANTHONY OF ITALY destroyed the Giant, and released one of the seven Daughters of the King of Thrace.

F A I R Y L A K E

AND GROTTO OF THE SIX SWANS.

THE ADVENTURE OF ST. ANDREW.

HOW St. ANDREW OF SCOTLAND restored the other six daughters of the King of Thrace, (who had been changed into Swans) to their own forms, and their own Father.

Dua, Tria, Quarta, Quinta, Sexta, Septima (six younger Daughters of the King of Thrace).

Charm of Highland Music and Lilt of the Water Lillies

ACT II.

RUINS IN THE VALLEY OF THE NILE

THE ADVENTURE OF ST. GEORGE.

HOW St. GEORGE OF ENGLAND killed the Dragon, rescued the fair Sabra, Daughter of the Sultan of Egypt, and obtained as his reward the hand of the Female and a free passage across the Isthmus for the Overland Mail.

Ba-ba . . . (*a po r Egyptian Fellah*) Mr. KERRIDGE.
Other Fellahs, Messrs De Courcy, Davis, Healy, Benedict, and Charles.

FOREST IN COUNTY DONEGALL NEAR CROW PATRICK, IRELAND.

THE ADVENTURE OF ST. PATRICK.

HOW St. PATRICK OF IRELAND "was a gentleman" and "behaved himself as such" by rescuing from the Wild Men the Six Daughters of the King of Thrace, who came over in search of St. Andrew; and by driving the venomous reptiles out of the Emerald Isle into the Atlantic Ocean.

SLX WILD MEN.

O'Whack, O'Rack, O'Rint, O'Tool, O'Bother O'Murther.

The story says 30, but the idea of 30 Wild Men in Ireland is too preposterous even for an Extravaganza.

THE ENCHANTED GARDEN OF ORMANDINE.

THE AD VENTURE OF ST. DAVID.

HOW St. DAVID OF WALES essayed the adventure of the Magic Sword, called "Cheese-toaster" and fell asleep over it; and how, after many adventurs which are left to the imagination of the Audience, St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick, came to the Enchanted Garden of Ormandine, and caught the other Knights napping.

phantom of Una (on this occasion) By the LADY HERSELF.

Female Phantom Dancers, Madlles Burbidge, Clair, Hunt, J. Hunt, Maile, Meurice, Herbert, Mercer, Wadham, Mars, Love, Ford, Sidney, Collier, Webber and Honey.

VAULT OF THE SEVEN LAMPS

CHARLEY'S OWN ADVENTURE.

HOW, after snuffing out several false lights, thanks to Charley, the Champions all became wide awake again, and, thanks to St. George, remained so ever afterwards.

THE CAMP OF THE SEVEN CHAMPIONS AND

Cablean of Triumph.

THE
SEVEN CHAMPIONS
OF
CHRISTENDOM.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Brazen Castle of the Enchantress Kalyba.*

Enter the DEMONIAC HOUSEHOLD and GUARDS of the ENCHANTRESS and lastly KALYBA.

CHORUS.—*March in “La Tentation.”*

March—march—march !
Hither come all who take Kalyba’s wages !
Cloven foot guards and infernal young pages.
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily march !
Blow your long horns
And make your serpents clamourous—clamourous
Batter your drums
And flourish your cymbals so gay
Spite of her scorns
Of Kalyba still amorous, amorous !
Ormandine comes !
In state, a kind visit to pay.

ORMANDINE enters in a car drawn by Fiery Dragons.

KALYBA. Welcome, great Ormandine ! and say, what is it
Procures us, sir, the honour of this visit ?
Seek you to solve some problem in our art,
Or such assistance as I can impart ?

Or finding you had half an hour to spare,
Did you drive hither, just for change of air?

ORMAN. The potent Kalyba is far too wise
To ask such questions, and require replies.
She knows the motive of coming well,
And what events the hostile stars foretell ;
Or else the scandal's true that I have heard,
And love has made her blind !

KALYBA. Love ! How absurd !
What will the idle gossips whisper next ?
No—for your visit this is a pretext,
By jealousy inspired—come, disgorge
Your spleen in two words.

ORMAN. So I will—Saint George !

KALYBA. Of course—if cause so plain I could not see,
Accounted blind, *I should* deserve to be !
And now, supposing all you've heard is true ?
Permit me to inquire—what's that to you ?

ORMAN. Ungrateful Kalyba ! what is't to me ?
Think'st thou, unmoved, thy ruin I could see ?
Is is not written in the starry skies,
That Seven Champions shall in Europe rise ?
Whose valiant deeds shall sweep the earth of evil,
And one of them play, with yourself the devil.

KALYBA. It is—and need I tell you what *I've* done,
Have I not kidnapped every mother's son ?
Did I not from their cradles have them caught up,
And here in solitary dungeons brought up ;
Spell-bound, their weary lives away to pass,
In chains of adamant and walls of brass.

ORMAN. Save one—who roams within your castle free—

KALYBA. Within, I grant ; but still my captive he,
As fast as either of the other six.

ORMAN. No, you are his—and in an awkward fix.
You'll find yourself, as sure as you stand there,
If of that deep young dog you don't take care !

KALYBA. Fear not—such care of him I mean to take,
That you shall not a victim of him make.
So, from your double face pull off the vizard,
And stand confessed, a jealous pated wizard !
Who hates, because I love the beauteous boy'

And would your rival, not my foe destroy.

ORMAN. I tell you danger in the stars I've read—

KALYBA. Add to your information, "Queen Anne's dead!"

Trot back to Tartary, most sage Manchoo,

Such is my counsel, in return to you.

I'm truly grateful for your friendly warning,

And wish you—very heartily—good morning!

ORMAN. Farewell, for ever, Kalyba! I see.

You'll catch a Tartar, but 'twill not be me!

[*Music. Exeunt ORMANDINE, GUARDS, &c.*

KALYBA. No doubt he meant that speech to be pathetic.

That Tartar is, to me, tartar emetic!

Let him once more but dare to interfere,

And I will send him off with, in his ear,

The most gigantic flea that ever skipped,

Or, like a syllabub, may I be whipped!

Now to refresh my spirits with the sight

Of my young hero, who so longs to fight;

I must for him a box of soldiers find,

To pitch into, whenever he's inclined.

(*uproar without*

Heyday! who's kicking up that dreadful row?

Somebody's pitching into some *one* now!

Speak! who is being pounded in a mortar?

PAGE. It's Master George, madam, punching the porter!

KALYBA. The porter! what, a giant?

PAGE. He don't care—

He'd punch old nick himself, if he were there!

[*GIANT looks over the wall, crying.*

GIANT. Ow! If you please, I won't stop in my place,

If that young scamp's to go it at this pace,

Because I said the gate he musn't pass,

He up and called me a great stupid ass.

And when I tried to push him back, ecod, he

Knocked almost all the breath out of my body. (*cries.*)

KALYBA. (*aside.*) The brave young rogue. Well—

There, don't make that noise!

The lad has spirit, and boys *will* be boys!

But 'twasn't pretty of him, I admit—

Go back, sir, to your lodge—I'll see to it!

GIANT. Mind, ma'am, if you can't make him more compliant,

You'll please to find yourself another giant.

KALYBA. Begone! [Exit GIANT, grumbling:

One would suppose, to hear that sot,

There wa' no other giant to be got!

I know of twenty, taller, stouter, near

To whom that porter would but seem small beer!

Tell Master George to come to me.

Enter ST. GEORGE, R. H.

ST. GEOR.

Behold him.

KALYBA. What eyes he has—I've not the heart to scold him,

ST. GEOR. Now, what d'ye want me for?

KALYBA. One moment dear—

My pet is too impetuous, I fear—

You've struck my porter—

ST. GEOR. Well, then—why did he

Prevent my going out, the world to see?

KALYBA. He had my orders, love—and did his duty.

ST. GEOR. I don't care—see if I don't spoil his beauty.

KALYBA. Nay, the poor body you have punched enough—

ST. GEOR. I'd punch his head if I was tall enough!

Just let him wait till I grow up, that's all,

And won't I serve him out!

KALYBA. You'll make me call

My spirits up, to bind you over boy,

To keep the peace,

ST. GEOR. Your spirits I'll destroy,

War, war, no peace—I'll be a soldier—

KALYBA. Stay,

ST. GEOR. St. George for England—forward—charge—
hurra!

KALYBA. Be a good boy, and Kalyba but stay with,

And you shall have a sword and shield to play with.

ST. GEOR. A helmet too?

KALYBA. A beautiful and bright one—

ST. GEOR. With crimson feathers—I won't shew a white
one!

KALYBA. Enter my armoury—choose what you will.

(aside.) Arm'd, I've no doubt, he'll look more killing still.

(waves her wand. The gates at back open and discover the armoury.

St. GEOR. Oh, what a jolly lot of swords and lances,
And all the things one reads of in romances;
Here is a suit, that seems just made to suit me!

KALYBA, (aside,) And your a beau, Love made I'm sure
to shoot me!

Without my leave, he has with my heart levanted
The witch bewitched, the enchantress quite en-
chanted.

(aloud to him.) Too captivating captive, I surrender
At indiscretion. Lo, to thee I surrender
My magic wand—use all its wond'rous powers,
Reign paramount within these brazen towers,
Let pleasure h ld there a perpetual orgie,
For Kalyba, and her sweet Georgy Porgy !

St. GEOR. Insidious sorceress, against your charms
I'm armed in proof, though a mere child in arms !
For noble deeds ordained, a youth precocious,
Long have I marked, and loathed your wiles atrocious!
First will I use my power to set free
My six companions in captivity,
Equipped for batle, gallant friends appear.

(waves wand. Flourish—Enter the other SIX CHAMPIONS
in complete Armour, from 1, 2 and 3 entrances, r.
and l.

KALYBA. Furies and fire, I've made a blunder here
Give me my wand again, vile traitor !

St. GEOR. Never !
You've cut this wicked stick of your's for ever,
And so will I, as soon as I have done with it !
Your hour has come, and I know what's o'clock
Thus to their base I make your turrets rock !

(the Castle changes to Rocks. St. GEORGE touches a
portion, and a chasm appears.)

Between us you'll observe there is a split ;
Do me the favour to walk into it.

You ne'er meant these good knights should see the day!

Good night to you, ma'am ; turnabout's fair play !

(KALYBA enters the rock, which closes on her.

So, that account is closed ! (to ST. PATRICK.) My brave young Paddy,

Your hand ! (to ST. ANDREW.) and your's, my bonnie Highland laddie,

(to ST. DAVID.) And my dauntless David, and my trusty Tony, (to ST. JAMES.)

My Spanish don, (to ST. DENIS.) and my gay Gallic crony.

Your hands ! May all our nations thus be found, Link'd in true friendship, whilst the world goes round,

But come, there's business for us all to do ;

And more, perhaps, than we can well get through.

There never was a time when gallant knights

Were more required, to set the world to rights !

Monsters of all sorts are abroad, in heaps,

From monster meetings down to monster sweeps—

Giant oppressors upon foreign shores,

Horrible brutes, and most prodigious bores,

Rapacious harpies, who on minors prey,

Syrens, who sing the souls of men away !

Fatal delusions, moral and political,

That vex the Globe and make the Times more critical ,

Go forth then, Champions, over land and water,

Defend the right, and give the wrong no quarter !

ST. GEORGE. AIR—*Lucia di Lammermoor.*

Through the world be your bright swords gleaming, And your standards proudly streaming !

Fast before your wrath shall vanish

All the snares that man betray.

Of ambition the wild frenzy curbing,

Dark sedition's plans disturbing ;

Quacks expose and traitors banish !

Truth to conquest points the way,

Combat and conquer—come is the day !

Each to his task, and be renowned in story !

Saint George for England, to increase her glory !

ST. ANDREW. Andrew for Scotland, to swell her Exchequer!
[Exit R. 2 E.]

ST. DAVID. David for Wales—to look after Rebecca!
[Exit R. 3 E.]

ST. DENIS. Denis for France—who's had some awkward rubs,
 From the wild men, who sway terrific clubs.
[Exit R. U. E.]

ST. ANTO. And Anthony for Italy—I hope
 To find some Romans left, if not a Pope!
[Exit L. 1. E.]

ST. JAMES. Saint James for Spain—intriguers vile to banish,
 Spaniards who feel for nothing but the Spanish!
[Exit L. 2 E.]

ST. PATRICK. Saint Patrick then for Ireland, I suppose,
 But what's to be done with it—Heaven knows!
[Exit L. 3 E.]

SCENE II.—*An Oasis in the Deserts of Arabia. In the centre a mulberry tree.*

Enter SAINT DENIS, L. H.

ST. DENIS. Well may they call this Araby the blest!
 I've found, as yet, no wrong to be redrest.
 Soft! here comes one in such a shabby weed,
 He wants redressing very much indeed!

Enter AILE-DE-PIGEON, L.

Who are you, friend, your name and station—say?

AILE-DE-P. Aile-de-Pigeon, from Paris—Perruquier.

ST. DENIS. A perruquier! what brought you to a nation
 Where wigs are never worn?

AILE-DE.P. Fraternization.

I sailed from Marseilles with a bold crusader,
 Of whom I knew no more than Abdel Kader.
 But I had money—he had not a sous,
 And so 'twas settled I should pay for two.

ST. DENIS. And what was he to do for you in turn?

AILE-DE-P. Why, that exactly I could never learn,
 Whilst the cash lasted.

ST. DENIS. And when that was flown

AILE-DE-P. He had flown too—and so I've never known.
ST. DENIS. Pauvre Pigeon! and these rags which I

view—

AILE-DE-P. Are his old clothes, he took mine which were new.

ST. DENIS. Take both your money and your clothes—the thief!

AILE-DE-P. Pardonnez moi—the crime in his belief
Was mine—all property is counted theft,
No man's all right till he has nothing left.

ST. DENIS. Is this the new philosophy of France?
Against it will St. Denis break a lance!

Aile-de-Pigeon, your champion here you see
From Paris—you sure must know St. Denis!

AILE-DE-P. St. Denis! Sir, of you I've often read,
But always thought till now, you wore your head
Beneath your arm.

ST. DENIS. An image merely friend,
To shew you must not on your head depend,
In countries, where to speak without a scoff,
It's one day heads up—and the next, heads off!
But come, if to take service you've a mind
I want a squire—

AILE-DE-P. Sir, you're very kind,
I'm tired of equality, and so
Jump at proposal, made so apropos!

ST. DENIS. I'll get you into better habits soon,
But I have travelled far this afternoon
And need some slight refreshment and repose
Yon branches proffer shade, and food disclose.
Gather me some of that rich tempting fruit,
The whilst I make a pillar of the root.

(*Music.* AILE-DE-PIGEON gathers some mulberries as SAINT DENIS seats himself under the tree, AILE-DE-PIGEON hands him down some of the fruit; but the instant SAINT DENIS has tasted it, he disappears, and a stag is seen in his place.

AILE-DE-P. (*retreating hastily from the tree.*)
Misericorde! what dreadful change is here?

Oh, my dear lord ! now more than ever dear !
 Since in a deer-skin you have wrapped your woes,
 And tears run trickling down your poor dear nose.
 What vile magician has thus changed your features
 And made you take up a four-footed creature's ?

AIR.—AILE-DE-PIGEON. “ *Maitre Corbeau.* ”

Oh, that such a beau ! such a buck, I should say !
 A greater buck than ever should become to-day,
 And just as he begun to “ *parlez bon Français,* ”
 Be turned into a dumb brute who nothing can say ;
 Not even tra, la, la, la, &c.
 And yet I don't know why I astonishment should show
 At any turn, however sudden, here below,
 For after all the changes in Paris I've heard ring.
 There's nothing mightn't turn out in less time than you
 could sing
 The air of tra, la, la, la, &c.

VOICE. (*from tree.*) Listen !

AILE-DE-P. Ha ! listen !—Well, I do,—who spoke ?

VOICE. The tree !

AILE-DE-P. The tree ! come, that is a good joke !
 It's some one locked up in a trunk.

VOICE. You're right !

A vile enchanter did it out of spite ;
 But lose no time—go find a rose, and make
 Your master eat it, and the spell will break.

AILE-DE-P. A rose ! I'll never rest, till one I find !

(*hunting horns in the distance.*)

But hark ! the hunter's horns are on the wind !
 Oh, quickly hide your horns, my dearest master,
 Or I foresee some terrible disaster.

VOICE. Go seek the rose, and leave the deer to me,
 My boughs are bent on sheltering him you see.

(*the boughs of the tree gradually droop over the stag, and conceal him.*)

AILE-DE-P. Sensitive plant, you are a friend in season,
 I'll trust your leaves, although your fruit is treason.

[*Exit R. U. E.*

Enter KATCHIM and HUNTSMEN, l. u. e.

CHORUS.—GUILLAUME TELL.

We all went out a hunting,
The break of day before,
In hopes to stop the grunting
Of a most enormous boar !
Tantarara—tantarara !
But he made it soon appear—
Tantarara—tantarara !
We'd got the wrong pig by the ear—
Till a young knight
To our delight
Into his sparerib poked a spear !

Enter SLAVES, ART-I-CHOK, and ZULIEMAH in a litter or palanquin, L. U. E.

KATCH. Commander of the faithful, mighty caliph,
Your servants hope for ever that you may live,
And they to see you—

ARTI. Speak!

KATCH. Great sir, without
Your leave, I dare not.

ARTI. Get on, or get out.

KATCH. The orders of my Sovereign are fulfilled.
The boar that bothered us so long is killed !

ARTI. By whom?

KATCH. A stranger knight, who came incog,
And went against him—the entire hog.

ARTL. Set him immediately our face before—

KATCH. Dread sovereign which—the stranger or the bear?

AETL. Both, for each might be both—

KATCH! Approach!

(Music. Enter ARABS, bearing the head of a gigantic Boar, and followed by SAINT JAMES, L. U. E.

KATCH. Behold,
Oh, king ! the trophy and the victor bold !
To be rewarded handsomely, he claims.

ARTI. What art thou?

ST. JAMES. Caliph, I am called Saint James,
Champion of Spain.

ARTI. By Mahomet's grandmother,
He is an infidel!

ST. JAMES. You are another!

The deed is done, and I demand the prize!

ARTI. Seize him, and bind him to yon tree—he dies!
(they obey.)

ST. JAMES. I've killed a great boar, but this is greater!
Is this your gratitude, you Pagan traitor?

ARTI. For the short time you'll draw it, spare your
breath!

We'll grant one favour—you may choose your death!

ST. JAMES. Then by a maiden's hand let me be shot!

KATCH. How very sentimental—is it not?

ARTI. Agreed. And fortunately here's our daughter;
She's a toxopholite of the first water!

Zuliemah, darling, take your bow and arrow,
And shoot him as you would a young cock sparrow!

ZULIE. Alas, dear father, see my arm's not steady,
For he has shot me through the heart already!
Oh, pardon him, or see your daughter fall
On her own dart! *(suiting the action to the word.)*

ARTI. Stop! that won't do at all.

ZULIE. Between your vengeance and your daughter choose!

ARTI. Oh, my paternal fondness you abuse!

Release the infidel, and let him go. *(he is unbound.)*

ST. JAMES. *(to ZULIE.)* To you I dedicate the life I owe,

ARTI. That dedication is not by permission!

Hence, of your life take off this new edition!

March!

[*Exeund ART-I-CHOK, ZULIEMAH, and SUITE, R.*

ST. JAMES. Cruel fate! He takes my life away,
In taking her, with whom for life I'd stay.

AIR.—SAINT JAMES. “*Isabelle.*”

Oft have I pondered on Peris and Houries,
The stars of Arabian Nights,
But this fair Pagan more beautiful sure is
Than any such false “Harem Lights,”

No gazelle—no gazelle—no gazelle
 Has such eyes, as of me took the measure;
 She's a belle—she's a belle—she's a belle
 I could ring with the greatest of pleasure,
 Zuliemah ! Zuliemah !

Enter LEPORELLO, R. 1 E.

LEPOR. Senor !

ST. JAMES. Hah !

LEPOR. May you live a thousand years !
 My mistress, Zuliemah, 'twixt hopes and fears,
 Sends you these flowers, which in their orthography
 Mean, she will fly with you through all geography,
 Cutting the Koran, as she cuts her tether,
 And so embrace your faith and you together !

ST. JAMES. Delicious flowers, back to that fairer flower,
 And beg she'll name the day, and fix the hour !
 First at St. James's Church we'll tie the knot,
 Then off to Spain, as fast as we can trot.

LEPOR. To Spain ! Oh, St. Jago.

ST. JAMES. Hold, good fellow.

Are you a Spaniard ?

LEPOR. Sir, I'm Leporello.

ST. JAMES. How, Leporello ! What the very zany,
 Who lived some time ago with Don Giovanni !
 What wind has blown you pray so far from Seville ?

LEPOR. Why when my master, sir, went to the devil,
 I can't say I felt inclined to follow him,
 So, soon as I had seen the trap-door swallow him.
 I bolted, and to Barbary went over.

ST. JAMES. What made you to that barbarous land a rover ?

LEPOR. Alas, senor, in many things to me,
 Spain seems more barbarous than Barbary,
 Kept by her own flies in perpetual blister,
 By turns Christino, Carlist, Progresista,
 Whilst liberty in strong convulsions lingers,
 Monarchs make matches, but to burn their fingers,
 With fluctuating funds, and constant fitters,
 Mock patriots, and bona fide debtors,
 'Tis hard to say who've most care on their shoulders,

Those held in bonds, or those who are bond holders.
ST. JAMES. Castile is famed for honour still I hope?
LEPOR. Castile, at present, is more famed for soap.
ST. JAMES. Fine tempered blades Toledo still displays?
LEPOR. They're not quite so good tempered now-a-days.
ST. JAMES. Poor Spain, a champion yet from wreck may
 save her,

But first, to liberate my fair enslaver!

LEPOR. Leave me alone for that, good senor mine,
I've had some practice in the eloping line ;
I'll aid her to decamp from watch and warders,
And be your aide-de-camp till further orders.

DUO.—SAINT JAMES and LEPORELLO. “*Giovinetti.*”

Then I'll } away to the lady and say 'tis { my } glory
To bear her from her Saracen Pa,
"As the bul-bul is true to the rose" the old story, old
story,
You I } can say to her—et cetera, et cetera,
That we'll start by the next ship will sail if
The start we can get of the caliph,
And happy to be { I you } can't fail if
Beloved by the fair Zuliemah, Zuliemah!

[*Exit LEPORELLO, R.*

Enter AILE-DE-PIGEON, L. H. U. E.

AILE-DE-P. I've beaten every bush to find a rose ;
Not e'en a dog's one in the desert grows !
Wonder of wonders ! who is this I see ?
My master retransformed—great Saint Denis.
ST. JAMES. Saint Denis ! no, I am Saint James of Spain,
What know you of my friend in arms ?—explain.
AILE-DE-P. Oh, sir, to save him, you by fate are sent,
sure !
He's had the most remarkable adventure !

He took a fancy to some ripe mulberries,
But they turned out to be vile black-art cherries.
Changed to a stag, behold the gallant knight !

(parting the boughs and showing the stag.

ST. JAMES. I'm absolutely staggered at the sight !

What can restore his blood to circulation,

In human form, from this state of stagnation ?

AILE-DE-P. Eating a rose—there's one in that bouquet !

ST. JAMES. The rose my love gave with her heart away !

Yet, in such a cause, to hesitate, were sin !

(gives rose to AILE-DE-PIGEON who gives it to the stag.

AILE-DE-P. Eat, sir, and jump for joy out of your skin.

(the Stag disappears, and SAINT DENIS is seen in his place.

ST. DENIS. My brother champion, and my liberator.

ST. JAMES. Of this vile deed, who was the perpetrator ?

VOICE. (from the tree.)

Let me out, and I'll tell you in a minute.

ST. JAMES. A talking tree !

AILE-DE-P. There is some Miss Tree in it !

ST. JAMES. Then let her out by all means.

ST. DENIS. So I would man,

If I but knew the way.

VOICE. Then, like a good man,

Don't spare the tree, but fell it at a blow,

With your good sword.

ST. DENIS. "Mont joie !" then, be it so !

It seems ungrateful to the boughs that hid me,

But, by their leaves, I'll do just as you bid me,

(Music. He strikes the tree with his sword—it sinks
and discovers the PRINCESS MORA.

MORA. Thanks, noble champion, a Princess am I,
The daughter of the King of Thessaly,
Boxed up for seven years alone to pine,
Because I boxed the ears of Ormandine,
A necromancer then at court the fashion,
Who dared confess to me his lawless passion.

Enter ORMANDINE, L. U. E.

ORMAN. Who ventures mighty Ormandine to name ?
Ah ! fiends and fire, 'tis lucky that I came.

ST. DENIS. Fair Princess, I your champion am for life.
Away!

ST. JAMES. Stop!—I would also take a wife.

Enter LEPORELLO and ZULIEMAH, R.

LEPOR. And here she is, sir, ready to be taken!

ZULIE. Oh! fly my love, before my father waken! (*going.*)

ORMAN. Not quite so fast.

ST. DENIS. 'Sdeath! clear the course, sir, or—

ORMAN. You are a saucy one, but I'm a sorceror.

MORA. 'Tis Ormandine himself!

ST. JAMES. The wizard slay!

ORMAN. Fiends of the desert, hearken, and obey.

Simmoon and sand-storm darken earth and sky,
And sweep my captives off to Tartary!

(*Music. Storm.* Enter DEMONS. The KNIGHTS, their LADIES, and ATTENDANTS are borne off by ORMANDINE and Storm Fiends.

SCENE III.—*Hall in the Giant's Castle. Arch in centre, closed by curtains.*

Enter LAZZARONE L.

LAZ. Who'd serve a giant? There can be no doubt,
The way to serve him, is to serve him out!
And so I would; before he was much older,
Had nature made me a trifle bolder.
But I confess that, in my composition,
Courage has been a singular omission;
And in my cranium, as described by Gall,
Combativeness I cannot find at all!

AIR.—LAZZARONE. “*Non piu mesta.*”

I'm of that opinion quaintly told,
In verse, called Hudibrastic,
Which persons who are over bold
Profess to think sarcastic.

'Tis “that he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day;”
Whilst he who is battle in slain
In future counts as Zero.

Then who a doubt can entertain
 That prudence proves the hero !
 For he who is in battle slain
 Can never rise to fight again ;
 Whilst he who fights and runs away
 The field again may trot to,
 Unless, as in case, I'd say
 He would much rather not to.

Here comes the lady, who, with voice and lute,
 Lulls every night to sleep, the monstrous brute !
 One of the King of Thrace's seven daughters.
 The other six are swans, on yonder waters ;
 Poor spell-bound bird, with no hope their release of.
 Their only crime, they wouldn't be made geese of.

Enter UNA, R. H.

UNA. Good Lazzarone ! I'm in such a flurry—
 Where is the Giant ?

LAZ. Gone out in a hurry—
 Called for his seven-league boots, before I'd black'd
 'em,
 And pulled them on so hard, he almost crack'd 'em ;
 Put on his great great coat, that wasn't brushed !
 Shouldered his awful club, and out he rushed !

UNA. That's some relief—for know to my amazement,
 I saw just now, whilst peeping from my casement,
 The nicest young man standing in the garden,
 Who most politely bowed, and begged my pardon ;
 But having heard of our sad situation,
 He'd come to offer us emancipation.

LAZ. Emancipation ! a poor silly youth,
 Who wouldn't fill the giant's hollow tooth !
 Dissuade him, madam, from the rash endeavour,
 Or we shall be in a worse scrape than ever !

UNA. No ! for this beating heart with love is quite full
 I've let him in—

LAZ. You have ! for something frightful !

Enter SAINT ANTHONY, R.

ST. ANT. For something handsome, rather say, you lout,

For I'm let in to let this beauty out !

Words I have none, to speak my admiration,
Saint Anthony ne'er had such a temptation.

LAZ. Saint Anthony !

ST. ANT. Of Italy.

LAZ. Evviva !

Oh, then in you I must be a believer !
From Naples, I—Povero Lazzarone,
Forced by stern fate from mirth and maccaroni ;
Slave to a monster who delights to beat me,
And tell me to be thankful he don't eat me !

ST. ANT. Destroy the wretch !

LAZ. It's easy to say do it,
His skul's so thick, no pick-axe could break through
it !

UNA. His heart's so hard, no dagger need he dread !

LAZ. His neck's so stiff, you can't cut off his head,
Whilst yours he'd twist as easy as a pigeon's !

ST. ANT. I bring a wond'rous charm from happier regions,
The gunpowder of intellectual progress,
That floors the giant, and eats up the ogress ;
Lay to it but the train of education,
And fire it with the spark of emulation,
A blaze of light these gloomy walls will rend,
And put to brutal ignorance an end !

UNA. Quick, where's the charm ?

ST. ANT. Already in the mine,
Beneath his chair, placed there by hands divine,
I'll lay the train, and wake the electric spark
That shall achieve your liberation. (*two loud knocks.*)

UNA. Hark !

LAZ. Oh, murder, there's his thundering double knock,
It gives my nervous system such a shock !

UNA. He has come home to supper,

ST. ANT. Let him sup,
After his blow out, shall come his blow up.

(*Music. They retire. The curtains of the centre arch open and discover GIANT, seated at a table.*

GIANT. How now ! my supper, slaves, I'm hungry—
zounds,

Why isn't it on the table, lazy hounds ?

Quick, or I'll gabble you up, one and all !

SLAVES enter with supper, which they place on table.

I've walked a thousand miles, to make a call
 On my friend, Ormandine, to talk about
 These seven young vagabonds, but he was out,
 Confound it ! I'm not easy in my mind—
 Where'er I go some of these boys I find
 Are setting folks agog for knowledge, freedom,
 Peace, commerce, and all things to good that lead
 'em !

There'll be an end soon of these dear dark ages,
 War be unknown, and labour gain fair wages,
 No slaves to trample on, no weak to plunder—
 What's to become of all great rogues I wonder ?

*LAZ. (aside and peeping.) I long to see what will become
 of one*

*GIANT. What, ho ! you slaves, there, take away, I've
 done. (SLAVES remove plates.)*

Where's Una ?

UNA. (advancing L. H.) Here my lord, I want my nap !

GIANT. Sing.

LAZ. (aside.) It will be your dirge, I hope, old chap.

UNA. What shall I sing, sir ?

GIANT. Some thing very grand—

That means, which nobody can understand,
 And consequently everybody's praising ;
 How fast I sleep through it, is quite amazing.

UNA. (aside.) I'll sing a ballad, taught me by my mother,
 The stupid brute don't know one air from t'other !

NATIONAL BALLAD.—*UNA. "To it's own air."*

"Hush a bye baby upon the tree top,
 When the wind blows the cradle will rock ;
 When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
 Down tumbles baby and cradle and all."

Hark, how he snores ! asleep already fast.

LAZ. There is a match for him, I hope, at last.

UNA. Now at a blow, Sir Knight, our bondage end.

ST. ANT. Here goes !

LAZ. And up goes our extensive friend !

(An explosion. The GIANT and building disappear and change to—

SCENE IV.—*Coral Grotto and Fairy Lake.*

Six Swans are discovered on the Lake, with gilded crowns on their heads, and golden collars and chains round their necks.

LAZ. Saint Anthony for Italy ! bravo !

'Twas a toss up, but we have won the throw.

UNA, Oh, gallant champion, crown your noble deed,
See where my sisters for their freedom plead.

LAZ. Their swan-like necks are yet as free from red scars,
As swan-down boas, bought at Swan and Edgar's !
But when foul Ormandine learns what you've done,
With swan shot he'll bring swans down every one !

ST. ANT. Alas ! fair maiden, useless here my aid is,
I have no power to help those poor young ladies !

(*trumpet without.*)

A trumpet ? who comes hither—friend or foe ?

LAZ. Oh, Signor ! such great news ! (bagpipes.)

ST. ANT. Those sounds I know !

Enter SAINT ANDREW, BAGPIPER, and KING OF THRACE.

ST. ANDR. Your friend and brother !

UNA. And I know that face !

My royal father !

ST. ANDR. Yes, the King of Thrace.

Wandering within a wilderness hard by,
I found him piping his paternal eye ;
And pitying the poor old Pagan's pucker,
Proposed to give his seven daughters succour ;
Provided he would change for ours his creed,
To which he for himself and heirs agreed.
You, my brave friend, the Giant's goose have cooked,
I to re-dress his swans by fate am booked ;
Instead of Pagan foul, be christian fair !
Sink swans—and rise the darling ducks you were !

CHORUS.—INVISIBLE SPIRITS. “*Scots wha' hae.*”

Swans that bitter tears have shed,
 Swans that weary lives have led,
 Sink into your watery bed
 And shake your feathers there,
 Now's the time of day, my flowers,
 Of Ormandine we brave the powers ;
 Rise at this command of ours—
 Ladies ! as you were !

“*The Lass of Gowrie.*”

See, they rise in all their charms !
 They've dropped their wings, and shoulder'd arms,
 While Scotland's ancient music warms
 To life the fairy waters.

Starting from their grottoes round,
 Wondering nymphs with lilies crown'd,
 Dance to that inspiring sound,

As they were Scotland's daughters!

(Music. *The Swans sink, and in their place SIX PRINCESSES appear, gorgeously attired, seated in mother-of-pearl shells—Dance of Water Nymphs.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Egyptian ruins in the Valley of the Nile.

EGYPTIAN HERDSMEN and PEASANTRY discovered

CHORUS.—Rodwell.

Ul ! ul ! ul ! our hearts are full
 Of grief this fine May morning,
 The Dragon's got a prize, this lot
 Poor people's daughters scorning.
 Ul ! ul ! ul ! that Fate should cull

The flower of Egypt's fair, O !
A precious row the Sultan now
Will kick up in Grand Cairo !

Enter CHARLEY WAG, L. H.

CHARL. Your pardon, good ladies and gentlemen all,
May I ask why so loudly you keep up the bawl ?
I'm a stranger, you see—just arrived—not a native,
So I beg you'll be candid and communicative.

HERD. Why where could you drop from, I should like to know ?

If you yet have to learn the sad cause of our woe ;
Did you never hear tell of the terrible Dragon,
Whom no mortal ever as yet put the gag on ?
For many long years the detestable glutton,
Out of flocks of our sheep took his large chops of mutton !

Then pounced on our shepherds, till scarce you'd a man see,
And now to our maidens he has taken a fancy ;
And thinks nothing forsooth, worthy his mastication,
But the daintiest fair he can find in the nation.

CHARL. I'm astonished—not at your alarm—or your haste,
But to think that a Dragon should have such good taste !
For if I were a cannibal, such as this blade is,
I should certainly preference give to the ladies ;
But can't you find some one, for love or for cash
Who could manage to settle this epicure's hash ?

HERD. Not a soul—so by lots, the poor lasses grow thinner,
For a damsel, per diem, he has for his dinner ;
And what now increases the nations distress,
The lot has to-day fallen on the Princess,
Fair Sabra, the Sultan's sole darling and jewel—

CHARL. Delighted to hear it (*all express surprise.*)

Don't fancy me cruel !

For her Highness, believe me, I'm truly concerned,
But the way of the world, by way of experience I've learned,

This plague, might have fasten'd your poor human
kind on,

And maidens have murmured, but still have been
dined on ;

But now the shoe pinches the sultan's own poppet,
Depend on it, means will be soon found to stop it.

HERD. But the Sultan himself of the Dragon's in fear—

CHARL. Well ! I'm happy to say that I know some one
here,

Who has no dread of any monstrosity living,

And will soon put an end to this shocking misgiving,

HERD. Your name, sir, pray permit me to inquire—

CHARL. Your humble servant, Charley Wag, Esquire.

AIR.—CHARLEY WAG. “*A Master I have.*”

A master I have and I am his man,

Galloping fearing none ;

A master I have and I am his man, &c.

To put down the dragon he'll hit on a plan,

And tickle his toby if any one can,

With a scaly, maily, taily, gaily,

Spiry, firy, wingery, springery,

Gobbling greedy one.

From England we came by the overland mail,

Waghorn quickly done ;

From England we came by the overland mail, &c.

Where the sign of a dragon turns nobody pale ;

But simply inspires a thought of pale ale

With its whisky, frisky, worky, jerky,

Hoppery, poppery, spittery, bittery,

Frolicking frothy fun.

But St. George is the foe of oppression and guile,

Galloping fearing none ;

But St. George is the foe of oppression and guile, &c.

His name alone gives them a fit of the bile,

And his cannon before has been heard on the Nile,

With a haily, saily, navy, gaily,

Battering, shattering, sticking 'em, licking 'em,

Gallant and glorious one !

So "cheer up my boys, 'tis to glory we steer,"
 Going it dingery dong :
 "To add something more to this wonderful year.
 Stop ! hang it—I've somehow got wrong.
 Those are not the right words I'm sure to this air ;
 But they mean what I mean, so perhaps, you won't
 care,
 In a jingling, chiming, crambo, rhyming,
 Pattery, clatterry, what can it matterly,
 Charley Wag sort of a song.

HERD. Haste with these hopes to chase the Sultan's blues !

[HERDSMEN *exeunt* R. H.

CHARL. Here comes St. George !

Enter ST GEORGE, L.

ST. GEO. Well, Charley, what's your news ?

CHARL. Sir, there's a job for you, just in your way,
 A beauty to assist, a beast to slay.

ST. Geo. I mean to do it—I have heard the tidings,
 And hope to give the soundest of all hidings
 To this vile Dragon, to whose breath pestiferous,
 The Serpentine compared is odoriferous !

CHARL. The victim shortly to her fate they'll lead on,
 She's much too nice for such a brute to feed on,

ST. GEO. The tempting morsel from his jaws I'll snatch,
 Out of his wicked will, himself I'll scratch !

Go, for the dragon, keep a look out bright,
 And let me know the moment he's in sight !

In the mean while, fair Sabra I will talk with.

[*Exit, R.*

CHARL. And off, no doubt, eventually walk with ;
 We'll pack off to London the dragon, when stuff'd
 He'll make as good gape seed as ever was puff'd,
 An' more worth a shilling to see than one half
 Of the sights, which they gull with poor Johnny
 Bully calf.

AIR—CHARLEY WAG. “ *O such a day.*”

O such a town, such a wonderful metropolis,
 With mysteries and miracles all London teems ;
 Humbug has there got the snuggest of monopolies,

O such a town, such a classical metropolis,
Tradesmen common English scorn to write or speak;
Bond Street's a forum—Cornhill is an acropolis,
For everything's in Latin, now, but what's in Greek.
Here is a Pantechnicon, and there is an Emporium,
Your shoes are "antigropelos," your boots of "pannus-
corium;"
"Fumi-porte chimney-pots," "Eureka shirts" to cover
throats,
Idrotobolic hats, and patent aqua-scutum over coats.
O such a town, &c.

O such a town, such a picturesque metropolis,
Taste is polychromical for painting wild ;
Fresco's for peers and art-unions for the populace,
Schools where young designers learn to draw it mild.
Dioramas, Cosmorama's, Cycloramas, charming ones,
Mississippi Panoramas, four miles long—alarming
ones !

A national collection, where they never ask a fee at all. Besides the Vernon Gallery, a sight no one can see at all.

O such a town, &c.

O such a town, such a musical metropolis,
'Mid so many bubbles surely some must squeak ;
Two Italian Operas—one, over safe to topple is,
Shilling concerts—shilling balls, and Poses Plastiques.
Ethopian Serenaders, Infantine Precocities,
Samuel Halls in Cyder Cellars, growling black atrocities ;
Every public-house allowed to clatter keys and twiddle strings

Whilst the poor old English drama sits and frets herself to fiddle strings.

O such a town, &c.

[*Exit. R.*

Music. Enter GUARDS R. U. E. with the PRINCESS SABRA —they attach her to one of the pillars of the ruined temple, and exeunt, R. U. E. Re-enter ST. GEORGE. L. crosses to R.

SABRA. Was ever Princess in so sad a scrape?

Were I unbound, I'm bound not to escape.

Come quickly death, put up poor Sabra's hatchment,
Victim of this unfortunate attachment.

ST. GEOR. Despond not, damsel, for St. George am I,
Beneath this sword, your scaly foe shall die.
My flag has floated Alexandria o'er,
And Aboukir has heard my cannon roar.

AIR.—ST. GEORGE. *British Grenadiers.*

This flag at Alexandria
Was borne through victory's cheers,
When gallant Abercrombie led
The British Grenadiers!
And it waved above a hero,
To England still more dear,
In the thundering row-de-dow-row-de-dow:
In the Bay of Aboukir.

SABRA. Will you expouse my cause?

ST. GEOR. Ay, if I may so.
And after you.

SABRA. You're very kind to say so,
But when the dragon comes, and breathes his flame,
Displays the claws with which he'll urge his claim,
I fear you'll very disagreeable find it.

ST. GEOR. I'm a stout little fellow, and don't mind it.

AIR.—ST. GEORGE, “*When the lads of the Village.*”

When the dragon I've tickled so merrily, ah!

(Whose behaviour's uncommonly wrong)

I vow unto thee, that verily, ah!

Verily, ah—verily, ah—verily, ah!

Thou and I shall be married ere long.

Yea, as soon as the brute who my dear would devour,
 Unmistakeably brown shall be done,
 Let thy Mameluke daddy look ever so sour,
 In the church we'll be shortly made one.
 When the dragon, &c.

Re-enter CHARLEY, WAG. R. U. E.

CHARL. He's coming.

SABRA. What, the dragon?

CHARL. I believe you,

And such a dragon, sir, I don't deceive you,
 When I assure you he's the funniest fellow,
 A sort of green and yellow Punchinello,
 Flapping about his queer shaped legs and wings,
 As if his body were all full of springs.
 Now upon four legs, now on two he prances,
 And now a sort of college hornpipe dances,
 Whilst up beneath his arm his tail he twiches,
 As sailor's on the stage their little switches.
 To me he's more amusing than alarming,
 I've no doubt if he chose, he could be charming.

ST. GEOR Here is the fiddlestick shall make him caper
 To a new tune ! Oh, thou unthinking gaper,
 Because crime gambols folly's garb beneath,
 You laugh and do not heed his claws and teeth !
 This dragon is the foulest fiend on earth,
 Of pestilential sophistries the birth.

License (the name by which he's sometimes known)
 Poisons the people, undermines the throne,
 Assumes of liberty the glorious dress,
 Degrades the muses and pollutes the press.
 Never may England suffer from it's rage !
 St. George against it endless war shall wage,
 This loyal sword shall the vile traitor slay.
 Or drive him, howling, from the realms of day !

CHARL. Gad, there's no nonsense about my young master
 He means to fight when he throws up his caster,
 Rogues must look out when England lays about her,
 I don't know what the world would do without her.

SABRA. The dragon's here !

ST. GEOR. Fear nothing, gentle maid,
Let him come on!

CHARL. Yes, damme, who's afraid.

[*Music. Enter the DRAGON, U. E. R., dancing a Hornpipe; he has his tail under his arm, and uses an eye-glass, &c. He approaches SABRA, very politely bows and is about to attack her, when he is opposed by ST. GEORGE and CHARLEY, who attack and kill him, cutting off his head and tail, &c. CHARLEY releases SABRA. A loud shout is heard. The SOLDAN, GUARDS and PEOPLE enter R.*

ST. GEOR. Soldan, receive your daughter safe and sound,
The dragon fiend lies breathless on the ground.

(*two GUARDS bear off the body of the DRAGON headed by CHARLEY, 2 E. L.*

SOLDAN. And how shall we your services repay?

ST. GEOR. By this fair hand, which I have won to-day,
And a free passage to the Eastern Indies,
Where I must go and kick up a few shindies.

SOLDAN. Indeed!

ST. GEOR. Some friends of mine are there in trouble,
A wizard with them has been playing double;
He has clapped, according to my last despaches,
Two of my knight companions under hatches,
Thrown into a mesmeric sort of trance,
The gallant champions both of Spain and France,
And may more mischief do, if I don't stop him,
But let me catch him, and oh, won't I whop him.

SOLDAN. Our daughter and our friendship both are yours,
England's alliance Egypt's life insures,
Throughout our land to come, to stay, to go,
For self and friends the freedom we bestow.

GLEE.—*Red-Cross Knight.*

Blow, trumpets, blow, and big drums thump,
And your banners wave on high;
For St. George, he has fought like a slap-up trump,
Aad has won the victory!

Let his praise be sung
By old and young,
And the feast eat merrily

SOLO.—St. GEORGE.

Oh ! I have come from St. George's Fields,
 The obelisk hard by,
 The only device I can bear is my shield's,
 The Red Cross Knight am I.
 I travelled here by the overland,
 And have won the victory
 O'er the dragon so dread,
 Who had otherwise fed
 On the hope of your family.

CHORUS.

Thou'rt welcome here brave Red Cross Knight,
 To cross o'er our Red Sea ;
 To make free you have sure a right
 With those whom you've made free.
 So all in Grand Cairo shall rejoice
 That you've won the victory !
 And your praise shall be sung
 By old and young,
 And the feast eat merrily.

[*Exeunt SOLDAN, &c. 1 and 2 E. R. H.*

SCENE II.—*Bog and forest, near Crow-Patrick, County Donegall.*

Enter MURPHY, U. E. L.

MURPH. Och, Winisthru and Philliloo, and all
 The “ sthru’s and “ loo’s,” an Irishman can bawl,
 What will I do ? The country swarms with vermin,
 And how to deal with ‘em, I can’t determine ;
 They’ve eaten up my pigs, the dirty creatures,
 And now by dad they’ve got into the potatoes !
 Let fly into the darling’s mealy faces,
 And given ‘em all black eyes in the wrong places ;
 If I had anything to eat, the question
 I’m sure would give me quite an indigestion.

AIR,—“*St. Patrick's Day in the Morning.*”

A plague on the question it makes such a bother,
And settle it seemingly nobody will ;
This party proposes some measure or other,
Which t'other insists upon scorning ;
Still they keep talking—talking, talking—
Still they keep talking, talking on.
There's no legislation
Can stop agitation,
And if one goes further,
The other cries “ murther !”
We're worse off than ever—we're ruined, undone !
Will no one determine
To kick out the vermin—
St. Patrick's day in the morning.
And sure, because I've not enough to fret me,
The girls, the devils, they alone won't let me ;
And not content with our own colleen oges,
Fate's sent a lot of foreigneering rogues.
A whole half-dozen on the coast jist landed,
A band of Hussey's that would be husbanded.
Playing at hop-scotch after some young Scot,
Who did—I don't know where—I don't know what ;
But after changing them from some foul shapes,
Changed his own mind and left them to lead apes.
St. Andrew, faith, they call him, serve 'em right,
St. Patrick was the boy for them to fight ;
Sure he'd have never left, but loved a score of 'em,
If their ould mother had had any more of 'em.

AIR,—“*Savourneen deelish.*”

O sad was the hour when St. Andrew departed,
And left six poor maidens with hearts fit crack,
'Twas said in a steamer for Ireland he'd started,
So after him hither they sailed in a smack.
At first they thought sooner in Scotland they'd find him
But a wise man declared, and implored them to mind him :
When the banks of the Tweed he had once left behind him,
'Twas seldom a Scotchman was known to go back.

AIR,—“*Paddy O’Rafferty.*”

But before they’d come here they better gone back again,
 For its taken to steer, he has, on a new tack again ;
 It’s a bitterish pill, and they’re crying “O, lack !” again,
 But its “Fly away Gill,” after “Fly away, Jack,” again !
 Up in a hurry their traps they must pack again,
 Off they must scurry on board their old smack again,
 If they have luck they may hit on his track again.
 If not the poor ducks on a pond may go quack again.

Ri tol tooleroloo, &c.

(shrieks and cries of “Help ! Help !” 2 E. L. II.

MURPH. Murder in Irish ! what’s this hubbaboo ?

The foreign females in an Irish stew !

A prey to wild men of the woods.

(*Hurried Music—Enter SIX WILD MEN dragging the
SIX DAUGHTERS of the KING OF THRACE*)

Leave go !

Ye villains ! wigs upon the green, here ! ho !

(he attacks the WILD MEN and is getting the worst of it when

Enter SAINT PATRICK, R. U. E.

ST. PAT. St. Patrick to the reseue !

(he slays and beats the WILD MEN off.

MURPH. Eh ! what’s that ?

St. Patrick ! By the powers, you have come pat !

O ! ladies, ladies, down upon your knees,

And help me bless St. Patrick, if you please.

(they kneel,

ST. PAT. Nay my good fellow, little have I done—

MURPH. Little ! you’ve kilt the blackguards every one !

ST. PAT. Little I mean, to what I hope to do

Of Erin’s troubles these are but a few ;

I came the Emerald Isle of all to clear,

That keep her foes in hope, her friends in fear :

Out of the grass I’ll hunt the cunning snake,

That lives upon the mischief he can make.

Drive from the sunny bank the fierce black adder,

That stings half frantic men to make them madder

Banish the bloated toad that fat has grown,

Squatting upon the peasant’s cold hearth-stone :

And from the poor patch of the cultivator,
Chase the devouring aphis devastator !

MURPH. Kick out the serpents and restore the murphies !
Oh ! you'll be blest wherever bog or turf is.
Sir, if a clearance at that rate is made,
It will be something like a rate in aid.

ST. PAT. And you, fair strangers, if you've no objection,
To place yourselves beneath my poor protection ;
I know the object of your visit here,
And when I've seen this coast of evil clear
I'll with you seek the brave St. Andrew out,
The cautious Scot concealed from all his route ;
But I suspect he's gone to Tartary,
Where two brave knights in magic slumber lie.
This four-leaved shamrock by its power shall do,
Justice to Ireland first, and then to you.

ST. PATRICK. AIR—“ *The Four-leaved Shamrock.* ”

I've found the Four-leaved Shamrock,
And with its holy spell ;
I'll clear of vermin venomous,
The land I love so well.
The plague that poisons all her food,
Its virtue shall destroy,
And Erin's honest heart again
Beat high with love and joy :
For so I'll play the enchanter's part
And scatter bliss around,
That not a thing to wound or sting,
Shall in the isle be found.

MURPH. [Exit, L, U. E.]
Justice to Ireland ; Bannagher that's beating,
Ladies, I hope and trust you don't mind
waiting.

St. Patrick is a gentleman, good luck to him,
And sticks at nothing to serve those who've
stuck to him.

SONG.—AIR,—“ *St. Patrick was a Gentleman.* ”

St. Patrick is a gentleman,
And comes of decent people,

He'll build a church in Dublin town,
 And on it put a steeple.
 His father is a Callaghan,
 His mother is a Brady,
 His uncle is an Oollaghaun,
 And his aunt is an O'Grady.
 So blessing on St. Patrick's fist,
 For he's our champion Saint O !
 He'll give the snakes and toads a twist,
 He's a beauty without paint O !

AIR,—“ *While Gazing on the Moon's light.*”

And Faith, the whiles I'm talking,
 Ye see the fun has just begun—
 The snakes and toads he's walking
 Out fast as iver they can run.
 Out wid ye—I bid ye—
 Too long you've bothered Erin, dear ;
 St. Patrick knows a trick
 Worth two of that ye'd play him here.
 Get into the Bay of Galloway,
 For really you can't compete with him ;
 And give the great Sea Serpent pray,
 My compliments—if you meet with him !

(*The reptiles cross the stage from L. to R. driven out by SAINT PATRICK followed by the PRINCESSES and MURPHY.*

SCENE III. *Enchanted Gardens of Ormandine. In the centre is a Loadstone Rock, out of which protrudes the hilt of the magic sword —Dance of SPIRITS.*

Enter ORMANDINE as the dance concludes.

ORMAN. Vanish ! [*Exeunt DANCERS.*] enough of revelry at present,
 Pleasure I've none for bodings most unpleasant ;
 But two of these Seven Champions hated,
 Have I, as yet, in my “ lock up ” located :
 I am not safe till all the other five,
 Are in my custody, dead or alive !

My art has raised illusion to distract them,
 And by this magnet, I may here attract them ;
 And throw them into the mesmeric sleep,
 In which St. Denis and St. James I keep.
 At present I can do them no more harm,
 Their christian creed defies each Pagan charm ;
 Oh ! but for that I'd make each saint a martyr,
 And hang St. George up in his own blue garter.

(A SPIRIT rises.)

Now, Spirit !

SPIRIT. From Thibit, the great Chams Court,
 I have hither shot—

ORMAN. And what is your report ?

SPIRIT. Bearer of most important news I am,
 Made for his prowess champion of the Cham ;
 David of Wales, has pledged his knightly word,
 To try the adventure of the magic sword.

ORMAN. Lured by the name, no doubt, the Cambrian
 boaster,
 Because for sport, I called it my cheese-toaster ;
 Well, let him try, into my trap he'll fall,
 And find his bait, is not the cheese at all.

(Harp heard without.)

Hark, to those chords ! they speak the Welshman
 nigh,

He'll find some cords much stronger by and bye.

(ORMANDINE and SPIRIT retire, L. U. E.)

Enter SAINT DAVID and AP SHENKIN with a harp.

ST. DAVID.—AIR,—“Jenny Jones.”

I come from the court of the great Kara-Khan, sir—

His champion I am, though St. David of Wales—

To put out the pipe of an arch necromancer

Who fills with his vapours this sweetest of vales.

I own that a glance from the Cham's lovely daughter

To try this adventure put up my Welsh blood ;

And as my better half I hope her arms to quarter

With those of my ancestors up to the flood.

ST. DAVID. Deep in this leafy glen, green as a leek,

The wizard holds his soirees fantastiques ;

Plays all his tricks, deprives in one seance,
 His hapless audience of all clairvoyance.
 Makes all mankind his victims or his butts.
 And when he can no longer shuffle—cuts.
 Deserted now seem these bewildering bowers,
 But devils in a bush are all the flowers ;
 And bent on mischief every branch and bough,
 Despite of all I will perform my vow !
 Where is the magic sword, whose trenchant blade,
 Has of the load-stone rock a scabbard made ;
 And so defies the strength of mortal arm,
 To draw it forth and break the wizard's charm.

AP. SHEN. It is here, look you ! (*pointing to it.*)

ST. DAVID. Ay, I see the hilt !

It is a wicked weapon, by the gilt !
 To give the fiend a handle would be hard,
 With blade so sharp, I must be on my guard,
 I'll pluck it out—if I have any luck,
 At least it shall not be for want of pluck.

(*attempts to pull out the sword.*)

Ah ! as I seize it something seizes me,
 I sink in slumber !

(*Sinks on a couch which moves on R. U. E.*)

ORMAN. (*advancing.*) Nabb'd is number three !

AP. SHEN. Pless hur and save hur !

ORMAN. Change thy human habit,
 And burrow there with brutes like a Welsh rabbit.

(AP SHENKIN disappears R. U. E., and a rabbit appears in his place.)

Work on brave spirits, lure them one by one
 Into my toils, 'till brown each wight be done !
 Through yon arcades again bright armour glances,
 'Tis Anthony of Italy advances ;
 The hated spark, who with his nostrum famous,
 Destroyed that dear old giant, Ignoramus.
 One of my Spirits, in fair Una's shape,
 He follows blindly and shall not escape ;
 By beauty's semblance lured, he duty fled,
 Nothing can save a warrior so mis-led.

Music—The phantom of Una enters pursued by St. Anthony, 2 E. L.

ST. ANT. Una, my love ! what means this sudden flight,
Why dost thou shun thy true and tender knight?

(*Music—The PHANTOM points to the sword in the rock.*)

What dost thou mutely point at ? Ah ! a sword !
Plunged in the ground, the sign of old, adored !
By the wild Scythians, and without a doubt,
You drew me in here, but to draw it out.
Come forth ! (*seizes the handle.*)

What stupor steals my senses o'er ?

(*He sinks on bank which moves on from U. E. L.*)

UNA disappears, R. and SPIRIT appears in her place.

ORMAN. Featly done phantom [*Exit SPIRIT.*] Fast is
number four !

The charm works well, ha ! what may this forbode,
(*looking at his ring.*)

Why pales my magic carbuncle, that glowed
With joyous fire ? Some dangerous combination,
Of hostile powers—and lo ! in consternation
My spirits come !

Enter several SPIRITS, R. and L.

SPIRIT. With evil we're beset,
Three dauntless champions have together met ;
St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick, bound
By kindred ties, and each for arms renowned :
Singly their valour we should fearful find,
What power can resist the three combined ?

ORMAN. Dissension and distrust between them spread !

SPIRIT. Faction tried that in vain —they struck her dead.

ORMAN. Still in the power of falsehood we are strong,
Let dire chimeras rise their path along ;
Shadows of evil oft will strike alarm,
When evil's self would fail !

Enter ST. GEORGE, ST. ANDREW, ST. PATRICK, with CHARLEY WAG, L.

ST. GEOR. Despair thy charm !

Thus in the name of truth the spell I break !

(*Pulls the sword out of the rock—thunder and lightning,*
a chasm opens at the back, shewing a subterraneous

*vault, into which ORMANDINE and SPIRITS retreat—
scene closes.)*

My brave companions from your trance awake !

ST. ANDR. They answer not, though 'tis enough to make 'em.

ST. PAT. Perhaps, as I am Irish, I could wake 'em.

ST. GEOR. Upon this blade some characters I see !

CHARL. Very bad characters they'll surely be !

ST. GEOR. (*reading.*) "Whilst in the vault seven spirit
lamps shall shine,

Nought can destroy the power of Ormandine ;"

Then if they shine much longer 'tis my fault,

Into the vault undauntedly I'll vault !

Follow your leader, Wag, you I shall want !

CHARL. As long as I can wag, depend upon't.

(*Music—ST. GEORGE leaps into the vault followed by
CHARLEY. FIENDS oppose them with fiery swords—
they force their way through—the FIENDS attack
SAINT ANDREW and SAINT PATRICK, who fight them
off as the scene closes.*

SCENE IV.—*Vault of the Seven Lamps.*

Music. Enter ORMANDINE, l.

ORMAN. I have retreated to my last retreat,

My arts can neither terrify nor cheat

The downright champion of the ruby cross.

How even time to gain I'm at a loss !

For upon all my mean wiles fast he stamps,

My only hope is in these spirit lamps ;

From which proceed by ignis fatuus fed,

All the false lights that have misled :

Kept in a smoke and smother every nation,

And may eventually burn all creation.

"Till every one's extinguished fraud may juggle,

And against truth continue the old struggle.

Enter ST. GEORGE, l. 1 e.

ST. GEOR. Then as St. Andrew says, "bide but a wee bit,"

Magna est veritas et prevalebit.

Guided by truth I've threaded this dark maze,

Tracked your sly steps thro' these intricate ways ;

My sword's keen edge I know you cannot feel,
 But there's a power sharper edged than steel.
 Which can push humbug from his highest stool :
 Nothing kills quackery but ridicule :
 It's point is fatal to the boldest cheat,
 Its aqua fortis bites the counterfeit.
 It's scornful fingers snuff out folly's new lights,
 And shew up all pretenders in their true lights ;
 Forward, brave Wag, and with burlesque and whim,
 Douse of this artful dodger, every glim. [Exit, R]

Enter CHARLEY WAG, L.

CHAUNT AD LIBITUM.—“*Alteration.*”

Well, with which to begin—it don't matter a pin,
 For they're all much in the same situation :
 But perhaps this of Italy—flaring-up bitterly,
 Is the most likely to cause a conflagration,
 So out that goes pop—and to Spain next we hop,
 Where there's smoke enough to smother the whole nation,
 And keeps the poor people in such confusion,
 That one day under an extraordinary delusion
 They actually kicked out their nearest diplomatic relation,
 What might have caused an alteration—an alteration,

A very deplorable alteration.

And now we advance to our lively friend France
 Who has lately undergone so much transformation—
 That to say whether she stands on her heels or her hands
 Is an answer she really might not be able to give without
 considerable consideration—

But we've nothing to do with it—and so I'll not trouble
 you with it—

But extinguish, I hope, in each nation
 Every sort of desire—to kindle any fire
 Except that of a generous emulation,
 Which will be an alteration—an alteration—

A very capital alteration !

As to England, Scotland and Wales, such very good feel-
 ing prevails,
 That to put out the little farthing rushlights of fermenta-
 tion

That left on their shelves—would go out of themselves,

Is really almost an act of supererogation.
 But there is one more—the spirit lamp at next door,
 Which keeps the whole kingdom in such a state of in-
 flammation,
 That if I have but the wit to put out that—you'll admit
 I am more up to snuff than any former administration ;
 For it will make an alteration—an alteration—

A most desirable alteration !

And hark !—by that token !—the spell is now broken,
 So to finish this rather long-winded oration,
 I have only to request, as we really have all done our best
 To add to your amusement and edification.
 Then when, as I mean, I change to the last scene,
 Which, I think, you will own is a gorgeous decoration,
 You'll be kind enough to say, in your usual good-natured
 way,

That the scenery, by Mr. Beverley.
 Has been painted very cleverly—
 And that the piece, taken altogether, meets with your full
 approbation,
 For in your favour we don't want any alteration—altera-
 tion—

No—not an atom of alteration.

(As he puts out the last lamp thunder — and
 ORMANDINE sinks.

SCENE V.—*The Camp of the Seven Champions.*

(*Grand Tableau of St. GEORGE and the DRAGON The other CHAMPIONS ranged under their banners attended by KNIGHTS, LADIES, &c. During the chorus FAME rises over ST. GEORGE.*

FINALE—CHORUS. *Drum Polka.*

Bid the gallant champions, hail !
 Who have struggled well and long,
 In the cause that should prevail—
 Truth and right, 'gainst fraud and wrong !
 Laurels they have oft before,
 Fairly gathered in your sight ;
 Let them gain one laurel more,
 By a triumph here to-night.

CURTAIN.

CRAMOND BRIG;

OR THE

GUDEMAN O' BALLANGEICH.

A Comic Drama,
IN TWO ACTS.

ADAPTED FROM THE "MILLER OF MANSFIELD,"

BY

WILLIAM H. MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF

"No," "Gilderoy," "Mary Queen of Scots," "Dominique,"
&c. &c.

LONDON:

SAMUEL FRENCH,
PUBLISHER,
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NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH & SON,
PUBLISHERS,
38, EAST 14TH STREET.

CRAMOND BRIG.

First performed at the Theatre Royal Edinburgh, 182—.

Characters.

JAMES THE FIFTH OF SCOTLAND (<i>surnamed the Gudeman o' Ballangeich</i>)	Mr. DENHAM.
JAMES BIRKIE (<i>of that Ilk</i>)	Mr. HARROLD.
JOCK HOWIESON (<i>Farmer of Braehead</i>)			...	Mr. MURRAY.
TAM MAXWELL (<i>a young Laird</i>)	Mr. COLLYER.
MASTER LINDESAY (<i>Page at Holyrood</i>)			...	Miss NICOL.
CAPTAIN OF THE KING'S GUARD	...			Mr. AITKEN.
GRIMES } BOSTON } JABOS } (<i>Ruffians in Birkie's pay</i>)	{ Mr. POWER. Mr. HANLEY. Mr. M'GREGOR.
TIBBIE HOWIESON Mrs. NICOL.
MARION HOWIESON (<i>her Daughter</i>)	...			Miss J. NICOL.

Courtiers, Knights, Ladies, &c.

Costumes.

JAMES THE FIFTH.—Green hunting shirt, tights, boots and spurs, sword, gold chain round neck, bonnet and feathers. *Second Dress:* Royal robe and cap.

BIRKIE.—Dark shirt, tights, boots, sword, bonnet and feathers.

JOCK HOWIESON.—Grey jerkin, tights, brown leather belt and high shoes, plaid scarf, and bonnet.

MAXWELL.—Neat shirt, tights, short boots, plaid scarf, bonnet and feather.

LINDESAY.—Short shirt, full skirt, white tights, and shoes.

CAPTAIN.—Red shirt, white tights, shoes, round hat and feathers.

RUFFIANS.—Dark jerkins, tights, bonnets, and cloaks.

COURTIERS AND KNIGHTS.—Shirts with full short skirts, trunks, white tights, shoes with puffings round the front, round hats and feathers.

LADIES.—Caul velvet caps handsomely trimmed, long-sleeved open dresses, and beads.

TIBBIE.—Brown or grey stuff dress, caul cap. *Second Dress:* Plaid scarf.

MARION.—Stuff dress, short sleeves, snood, and plaid scarf.

There is no charge for performing this Drama.

CRAMOND BRIG; OR, THE GUDEMAN O' BALLANGIECH.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*A Wood.*

Enter MARION and TAM MAXWELL, R.

MARION. My dear Maxwell, I'm in safety now. A few paces hence, and I shall descry my father's cottage,—so, prythee, return,—I have already led you far from home.

MAX. I cannot help fearing some danger from the attempts of that villain Birkie. I know his designs, and, aided by his wealth and influence—

MAR. I fear him not. But pray leave me,—for indeed,—now, don't be angry with your poor Marion,—I would not have my dear parents think that, unknown to them, I have even permitted you, Maxwell, to attend me through the forest.

MAX. Well, I obey—and will wait with patience your father's pleasure, and bide content wi' the love o' the bonniest lassie i' Cramond. Come, let me see you as far as the mill stream, and then I must start for bonnie Edinbro'!

Exeunt MARION and MAXWELL, L.

Enter GRIMES, JABOS, and BOSTON, three ruffians, R.

JABOS. Come, Grimes, since you have been made generalissimo upon this expedition, give our orders, that we may execute them in a gentlemanlike manner.

GRIMES. Well, then, my worthy mates, you must know what an excellent master the young laird Birkie is, but he has had the folly to fall in love with Marion, the daughter of one of his tenants.

BOSTON. I know—Jock Howieson, near Cramond Brig.

GRIMES. The same,—and when the laird proposed to make a fine lady of Madam Marion, and indeed made every offer short of marriage, the farmer had the insolence to talk of his

own character, his daughter's virtue, and such like nonsense, putting a period to his impertinence by kicking my lord down stairs.

JABOS. Was there ever such rascality heard of?

BOSTON. A kick!

GRIMES. A most destructive and unlimited kick!

BOSTON. The uncivilized brute! Kick a laird.

GRIMES. Our master would have driven the villain from house and home that moment; but to make revenge more sweet, he has determined to waylay the pretty Marion, who this night returns to her father's residence after some days' absence, and carries her off. And now, I suppose, you guess our errand.

JABOS. I do—but I think the time ill chosen. There are strangers hunting in the forest, and should the girl's cries be heard, they might interfere, and—

GRIMES. 'Tis a party from the Court,—some say, the king himself. But fear not,—they must have left the forest ere now, and suspicion of the deed will probably fall on them.

JABOS. Hush!—see, our master comes.

Enter BIRKIE, muffled in a cloak, L.

BIRKIE. Linger not here. The girl approaches. Be sure to stifle her cries, and quickly bear her to my house. Be vigilant, and doubt not your reward. To your post.—Away!

Exeunt L.—pause—bugle heard.

Enter JAMES THE FIFTH in hunting-dress, L. U. E.

JAMES. (*coming forward*) They answer not my signal, and how to thread the mazes of this wilderness I know not. My royalty is but of small advantage now;—night shows it no respect, nor does it enable me to see or walk better than other men. What is a king? Is he wiser than other men? Not without his counsellors, I fear. Is he more powerful, greater, more magnificent? When seated on his throne and surrounded by flatterers, he may appear so; but when lost in a wood, what is he but a common man? His wisdom knows not the north from the south, his power a beggar's dog world bark at, and his greatness the beggar would not bow to. Yet, how often are we puffed up by these false attributes! No matter—in losing the monarch, I am not obliged to lose the man.

(*scream heard, L.*)

Enter the three RUFFIANS, dragging on MARION, L.

JAMES. (*advancing across their path*) Stand, villains!

GRIMES. You stand back, sir stranger; — nor make nor meddle—it may be dangerous.

JAMES. I never have shunned danger ; nor will I now, when a woman requires assistance !

MARION. (*breaking from RUFFIANS and flying towards the KING*) The blessing of a poor Scotch lassie be on you, noble sir !

JAMES. And a Scotch lassie never yet spoke in vain to the "Gudeman o' Ballangeich,"—fear nothing.

Enter BIRKIE, muffled, L. U. E.

BIRKIE. (*crossing, r.*) Cowards, are ye afraid of one man. Upon him !

Music ; the KING disarms BIRKIE, who then draws dagger.

JAMES wrests it from him, and hurls him off, R. ; MARION escapes L. U. E., and during the scuffle JOCK HOWIESON enters, L. U. E., and cudgels two of the ruffians, L. 1 E. who fly, leaving HOWIESON victorious.

JOCK. Four against one—tak' ye that clink, my lad ! (*crosses, flooring one*) And there's your brose, my friend. (*knocks down another*)

JAMES. Victory, my honest friend—the rogues fly !

JOCK. And the devil fly away with them, say I ; they are like the bairns o' Falkirk, devilish fond o' mischief.

JAMES. And now, my friend, your name. I should like to know to whom I owe my life.

JOCK. You should speer that question o' yer mither, my lad : but my name is Jock Howieson, o' Braehead. What may your name be ?—Giff-gaff makes gude friends, ye ken.

JAMES. I have the honour to belong to the King. I came with him to hunt in this forest ; and the chase leading us from home, I became benighted, and had lost my way in the wood, when—

JOCK. Hunting ! Where's your horse ? A' your speed seems to lie in your spurs.

JAMES. Do you doubt my word ?

JOCK. Not exactly ; but a' cats are gray in the dark, ye ken ; and better alone than in ill company. But, if you speak truly—

JAMES. I am not used to lie, my honest friend.

JOCK. And ye come fra' the court, do ye ?—perhaps not ; but every cock crows loudly on his own dunghill.

JAMES. Be that as it may, you seem an honest fellow, and I like you.

JOCK. Faith ! I hope I may see reason to return the compliment.

JAMES. If you will attend me to Edinbro', or give me a night's lodging in your house, here is something to pay you for

your trouble ; and if this be not sufficient, I will satisfy you in the morning, to your utmost desire.

JOCK. Eh, my mon ! I see you're a courtier noo ; a sma' bribe for the day, and a large promise for the morrow. But tak' it back, and tak' this alang wi' it. Old Jock Howieson can do his duty without a bribe. (*crosses to L.*)

JAMES. Thou art a strange fellow for thy station.

JOCK. Station, quotha ! I do my duty in my station ; and what can you do mair in yours ? granting you do as much.

JAMES. Sir, I beg your pardon.

JOCK. Oh ! there's na occasion for apologies ; only I'm no just inclined to be too familiar at first sight.

JAMES. You're in the right. In the meantime, what am I to do ?

JOCK. Gang to the deevil, if you wull ! Ye are far fra' auld Reekie ; but, an you are resolved—I'll put you in the gait, and direct you the best I can ; but if ye like to take pot luck with me to-night, and better sma' fish than nae fish, ye ken, you're welcome, and in the morning I'll show you the way to Edinbro.'

JAMES. And can you not go with me to-night ?

JOCK. I would not go with you to-night, though you were the King himself.

JAMES. That settles the point—then I must follow you.

JOCK. Here, take my arm ! There's no pride about me !

Exeunt, L.

SCENE SECOND.—*Farm Kitchen.*

MARION and TIBBIE *discovered.*

TIBBIE. Bless you, my honest bairn, I'm so glad to see you ! Eh ! if I could but get near the villains that tried to carry you off—would not I leave the marks of my finger-nails on their ugly faces ?

MARION. And, dear mother, he was such a handsome gentleman that protected me.

TIBBIE. Eh ! but your father will be rejoiced to see his bonnie daughter again. (*knocking at door in flat, L. C.*)

JOCK. (*without*) Tibbie, woman, open the door.

TIBBIE. Bless me, here is Jock ! (*opens door in flat*)

Enter JOCK HOWIESON and KING JAMES ; they come down, L.

JOCK. (L.) Tibbie, my love, I have brought you a stranger ; you must try and make him welcome for the night.

TIBBIE. (R. C.) That will I ; but you have gotten a better stranger o' yer ain.

JOCK. Wha's that ?

TIBBIE. Wha, but your ain daughter, Marion.

JOCK. Marion! (*crosses to R., pushing the king on one side*)
My bonnie lassie!

JAMES. A little more, my friend, and you would have knock'd me over.

JOCK. Mak' nae apology, I beg; I ha'nt seen my bairn this mony a day. Bless her bonny face!

TIBBIE. And a near chance ye have had of never seeing her mair, I can tell ye.

JOCK. What do ye mean?

MARION. Father, three ruffians set upon me, when I was protected by a gallant gentleman—and—good—be gracious! there he stands!

JOCK. What—and was it you that saved my child, my own Marion? (*crosses to L.*) Gi's a wag o'your han' my mon—an auld mon's blessing will do naebody ony harm; and ye ha' mine this night, I'm sure.

JAMES. The thanks of a leal Scotch heart are a reward for a king; but a truce to compliments—I'm weary, 'What wi the ride, and what wi the riot,' as the old song says.

TIBBIE. Bless me! and I have not asked the gentleman to sit down yet!

JOCK. Then get a chair for him directly. (*TIBBIE in a great fuss, places a chair for the KING*) Are you aware that your husband's in the apartment? Perhaps you will oblige me with a chair. (*TIBBIE places one very testily, and JOCK seats himself*) As the gentleman and I are very thirsty noo, just look and see if there is a wee drap o' whiskey in the bottle. (*TIBBIE goes off, R.*) It's capital stuff, sir, 25 over proof. Let me recommend you to take a tumbler of it clean off—it's a fine way of quenching your thirst. (*TIBBIE brings bottle—JOCK takes it in his hand, looks at it, and continues, aside*) I'm suspecting the wife has been at the whiskey, for I see it is below the chalk-mark I made on the bottle. (*aloud*) And noo, Tibbie, just try and get a bit of supper for the gentleman.

TIBBIE. I have got nothing in the house but a sheep's head and some white meal puddings—but bad food for the like of the gentleman.

JAMES. Gude wife, ye ken the auld proverb—'A mon's weel or wae as he thinks himself sae;' and a sheep's head and harrigles is no that bad meat.

TIBBIE. (*putting his cheeks*) Oh, bless your bonny face!

JOCK. (*stepping between*) That's no my bonnie face—you had better look after the sheep's head, and leave the gentleman's jaws alone. (*TIBBIE goes off testily, R.*) I say, friend, we must e'en take the word frae the gude wife ye ken.

JAMES. What, the gray mare's—

JOCK. The better horse! I'm suspecting you're a married

man yoursel, ye guess so weel. But, while supper is being got ready, my daughter here will sing you a song; and, though I say it that should not say it, there is na a better singer in the whole Lothians.

MARION. Oh, father, I'm sure my simple strains cannot amuse a courtly gentleman.

JAMES. Fear not, my pretty maid; cold indeed must be the heart which does not vibrate to the melodies of its native land.

Song.—MARION.

After the song a supper table is brought on, and the supper (the chief dish being a sheep's head smoking hot) placed thereon. The KING and the family take seats at the table, the NEEBOR'S LASSIE who has assisted, sitting on a low stool, R.

JOCK. (to the KING) Noo, sir, fall to: tak' your will o't, as the cat did wi' the haggis. I'll just give you a wee bit to begin with. (*helps the KING to half of the head*)

JAMES. Thank you, John; but if you go on at this rate, there will be none left for the ladies.

JOCK. Never fear, sir. I'll just give you a bit of the lug; they say it's the finest part of the whole body.

TIBBIE. Come, sir, eat and drink; dinna fash yoursel wi' ceremony.

JAMES. Fear me not, good dame; sharp stomachs make short graces. But I say, John, could you oblige me with a small bit of the tongue.

JOCK. I am very sorry, sir, but my wife has got nearly all the tongue to herself. (JOCK hands GIRL, R., *the trotters*)

TIBBIE. And the brains too, gudeman.

JOCK. Come, sir, eat—it is but homely, but I'm sure it's clean. Just do as the lassies do—say no, and then take it—you're heartily welcome.

JAMES. I'm afraid I shall have no chance with John, if he goes on in this way: I must endeavour to stop him some way or other. John, will you favour us wi' a song?

JOCK. Lord save us! did ye ever hear ony body sing at their meat? However, as you ha' been sic a kind friend to me and mine this day, I can refuse ye naething.

Song.—HOWIESON.

Now then, I'll mak' up for my lost time.

JAMES. A royal table could not show fare more wholesome. How do you call this farm, honest John?

JOCK. Braehead, sir; and a sore heart I'll have to part with it, as nae doubt I'll ha' to do, ere lang.

JAMES. Leave your farm?—why so?

JOCK. You must ken, sir, that my landlord, Birkie of that Ilk, has dared to make dishonorable proposals to my daughter, for which I kicked him out o' my house, and he has threatened to be even with me.

JAMES. And his name you say is—

JOCK. Birkie o' that Ilk; a graceless ne'er-do-well.

JAMES. (*looking at dagger*) Birkie o' that Ilk, indeed!

JOCK. But there is ane above will see all righted; and under him our gracious King, gin I could get a speech o' his majesty—

TIBBIE. Hoot, hoot, Jock, ye're daft! Do you think the king cares o' the like o' us?

JAMES. He would ill deserve that title, if the poorest peasant were not as near to his heart as the richest noble that ever graced the court of Holyrood. But do you seriously suppose that the laird will drive you from your farm?

JOCK. Suppose? If you kent Birkie half as weel as I do, ye wad nae fash your thumb to speer sic a daft-like question. He'll mak' nae mair banes, in turning me out o' the door, than I did in cracking that chiel's croon yonder i' the Cramond Wood.

JAMES. But why not make your case known in Edinbro'—It's no great distance, and there's no scarcity of law there.

JOCK. There's naebody can say there's ony scarcity of lawyers, at ony rate. I am quite dumfounded, on a market-day, to see written up—Mr. So-and-So, advocate this, and lawyer that, and Mr. Thingamy, Writer to the Signet;—Lord bless me, I often wonder what the corbies get to pike.

TIBBIE. Whist, gude-mon;—perhaps this gentleman may be a limb o' the law himsel;—there's nae kennin' them when they cast their black gown.

JAMES. Nay, dame, you are mistaken; but, though no limb of the law, I may be of some assistance to you, in the way of head.

JOCK. (*looking at the naked bones on the KING's plate*) Faith, sir, you have done pretty well already in the way of head.

JAMES. True, John—I have done my part by your head; but you must visit me to-morrow in Auld Reekie, and you shall have a taste of the quality of my head and heart too.

JOCK. Go to Auld Reekie!—That would be a journey and a half.

JAMES. I'm not jesting! Come to Holyrood, and we'll see what can be done.

JOCK. Is the King there just noo?

JAMES. He will be in the morning.

(JOCK hands another supply of eatables to the Girl)

JOCK. Do ye ken him?

JAMES. I think so, but perhaps not thoroughly.

JOCK. Then you're not the man to let him into the case as it really stands.

JAMES. Time tries a', and his Majesty shall not easily evade my representations.—What family have you, gude wife?

TISSIE. (*pointing to MARION*) Alas ! sir, you see a' that is left to us.

JOCK. I had a son once, sir,—a braver never fought for Scotland, or drew sword ahint the lion ; but he fell in his country's cause, and I have nae occasion to regret his loss. This is nae child of mine. (*pointing to girl, R. who is eating furiously*) She is a neighbour's bairn. She generally contrives to drop in about meal-times. She is a thriving lassie, and, as you perceive, she takes her meat extraordinary weel.

TISSIE. Marion is all that is left to us ; but, though I say it that should na' say it, there is no' a bonnier or a better behaved lassie in a' the braid Lothian.

JAMES. Ay, dame ; but ye mind the old proverb, ‘ Likely cow, goodly calf.’ (*touching TISSIE and MARION under chin*)

JOCK. (*aside*) Faith ! I should nae like to have this mon for a lodger ! (*all rise—TISSIE and MARION clear away table, &c.,*

JAMES. (*coming forward*) And now, John, if you could get the King to befriend you, what would be your utmost wish ?—Speak, and fear not.

JOCK. Fear ! The deevil fear, fear I ! Only I'm just thinking if I could only call these lands my ain—the lands that I and my father have ploughed sae lang, I would not care to ca' the King my cousin.

TISSIE. (*coming down R.*) Hoot, mon, is that a' ? If I had the wishing cap for my mutch, I would say, mak' me Leddy o' Cramond.

JOCK. Mak' you a ledy, indeed !—O ! the vanity of woman-kind ! (*TISSIE appears in high dudgeon*)

JAMES. (*to MARION*) And prithee, fair Marion, what would be your wish ?

MARION. Whatever my father and mother pleases, sir—I'm no saying onything ;—I am willing to bide my time.

JAMES. Hast never a sweetheart, pretty Marion !

MARION. Oh, fie, sir. I was no' thinking o' sic a thing.

TISSIE. Heard ye ever sic a story ? My woman, will ye ha' the face to tell me that you have never a ‘ Joe,’—you're no that discreet !

JOCK. Hold your tongue, you senseless soul. You had two or three ‘ Joes ’ at a time before I entered the bonds of holy matrimony with you. (*TISSIE darts up, c.*)

JAMES. Come, come, we are hitting her too hardly. It is fixed, then, that you come to Holyrood, and call on me,

JOCK. Gin' it were sae, wha' mun we speer for? Holyrood is a wide word, ye ken. Wha am I to inquire for, when I get there?

JAMES. Why, ask for the Gudeman o' Ballangeich;—everybody knows me there.

JOCK. Ballangeich! You'll be from the south country, I reckon.

JAMES. Perhaps so. (*bugle heard without—aside*) Ah! that signal shows my retinue to be at hand. With their guidance, I shall now be able to reach the palace. (*aloud*) There be those without that expect me to join them. I will therefore now take my leave, relying on seeing you at Holyrood to-morrow; and Marion, you'll not fail me?

MARION. If my feyther's for taking me. Tam Maxwell can go with us: he kens a' the gaits o' the town better than my father.

JAMES. And who's Tam Maxwell?

JOCK. (*chuckling and nudging the KING*) Haud your tongue, ye wicked deevil;—it's a bit sweetheart she's got.

JAMES. Ah, ah! fairly caught, my pretty Marion. Well, to-morrow, then—

JOCK. There's my hand, sir. Eh, Lord bless me! there's bluid upon the gentleman's hand.

JAMES. Only a scratch, John.

JOCK. A scratch! My conscience, ye must not leave my hoose wi' blood upon you. Tibbie, bring a basin of water and a clean towel.

(*they are brought and placed upon chair, R. 2 E., and whilst the KING is using them, a loud knocking is heard at door in flat.*)

JOCK. Tibbie, there's somebody knocking at the door.

TIBBIE. I am no deaf, gudeman,—I hear them.

JOCK. Tibbie!

TIBBIE. Jock!

JOCK. Gang and open the door! (*knocking repeated.*)

TIBBIE. Your legs are langer than mine, go yoursel'!

JOCK. My faith, woman, I'll speak to you when the gentleman's gone. (*Jock opens door*)

Enter CAPTAIN OF GUARD and ATTENDANTS, with spears, door in flat.

CAPTAIN. Farmer, have you seen a cavalier pass this way? (*recognizing the KING*) Whom do I behold—the—

JAMES. (*checking him sternly*) The Gudeman o' Ballangeich—don't you know me, sir? (*all bow respectfully*) Many thanks for your basin of water—and now to horse!

JOCK. Stay, one moment,—you must have a parting cup—the Dock-an-Durras, as we call it.

(TIBBIE goes to cupboard, and brings forward bottle and glass)

JAMES. With all my heart, John. (drinks) To you and your hospitable fireside. Farewell, John—farewell, gudewife—farewell, my pretty Marion; and (jokingly) don't forget Tam Maxwell—"he kens the gaits of the toon better than your father." (turning to his RETINUE) And now, gentlemen, to horse.

Exeunt KING and PARTY, bugle saluting him outside—as JOCK is talking to MARION in R. corner, TIBBIE is going to door, but JOCK wheels her round to R.

JOCK. Where are you going to, woman?

TIBBIE. I was ganging to see the gentleman to his horse.

JOCK. I can see him to his horse.—My faith! I have a crow to pluck with you when I come back.

(Act drop descends as JOCK is passing through the doorway)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*Ante-Chamber in Holyrood.*

Enter JOCK, TIBBIE, and MARION, L., preceded by the PAGE.

PAGE. Dispute is useless; I cannot admit you without the King's express commands.

TIBBIE. Gae awa', gae awa' wi' you. I tell you that my gudemon and mysel' and the bairn were ordered to come by a fine noble bra' looking gentleman? Take care what you're about, my young spark—take care.

JOCK. Whisht, Tibbie!

TIBBIE. What for should I whisht? I'm no just inclined to gi' up the point because this chiel seems a wee bit fashious.

Enter CAPTAIN OF GUARD, R.

CAPTAIN. What means this disturbance?

PAGE. Why, forsooth, this fellow—

JOCK. (interrupting him) Fellow! I'm nane o' your fellows—

I'm Jock Howieson of Braehead. Wi' fair words ye may do much.

CAPTAIN. Nay, friend, we question not your character.

TIBBIE. Question my gudemon's character! by my certie you had better not, or I'll bring you to the cutty stool.

CAPTAIN. But, good woman, tell us the nature of your errand: what do you want? whom do you seek?

TIBBIE. I'll no tell you, you impudent fellow, to stop the likes o' us, when we are come here to the court upon a speecial invitation, to keep us here cracking wi' a parcel of flunkies.

JOCK. Tibbie, woman, haul your tongue,

MARION. Dear mother, be silent.

TIBBIE. I say it again, what tho' they do serve at court, cat may look at a king, I reckon.

CAPTAIN. Woman, I shall order you to be removed.

JOCK. Touch the auld wife, and by my saul, I'll mince your collops for you.

CAPTAIN. What ho! Guard!

MARION. Oh, father! where will this end?

JOCK. The deil fears Jock; and when the Gudeman of Ballangeich knows how you have treated his visitors—

CAPTAIN. The Gudeman of Ballangeich! Did he invite you hither?

JOCK. Aye, truly, and a bonnie reception we hae met wi'.

(CAPTAIN *whispers PAGE, who goes off R.*)

CAPTAIN. (*bowing very low*) Your pardon, sir—Had I known you came by his commands—

JOCK. I came by nae mon's commands—it was at just a special invitation of the gudeman that I came.

TIBBIE. Aye, to dinner, mon.

Enter PAGE, R., who bows very low three times.

TIBBIE. Faith! they have found their manners at last.

(PAGE *bows again*)

JOCK. There's an odd-fashioned little saul! A pound of butter wad nae be lang melting in that lad's mooth.

PAGE. The Laird o' Ballangeich desires to speak with Jock Howieson.

JOCK. I'm all you'll get for Jock Howieson. So come awa' Tibbie. (*to TIBBIE, who is about to follow him*)

PAGE. My orders were but to admit Jock Howieson.

TIBBIE. Hoot! He invited me wi' his ain mouth—your forgetting yourself again. (*shaking her fist at him*)

CAPTAIN. No more words; well, well, good dame, admit them all! Exit, L.

JOCK. Odds my life, Tibbie, you have settled them a'.

TIBBIE. Aye, and twenty such. They're no a match for me, Jock.

JOCK. My certies, no ! I think the stranger was right—the gray mare is the better horse. But ye ken the auld proverb—‘They need a lang spoon wha’ sups kail wi’ the devil.’

Exeunt, R., preceded by the PAGE.

SCENE SECOND.—*Another apartment in Holyrood. (1st groores)*

Enter KING JAMES with three LORDS, BIRKIE, LINDSAY, and MALCOLM, R.

JAMES. So I hear my friend, worthy Jock, has kept his word ; and, with your assistance, my lords, I mean to divert myself with his honest freedom.

BIRKIE. He may be diverting, perhaps ; but, if I may speak my mind freely, I think there is something too plain and rough in his behaviour for your Majesty to bear.

JAMES. Your Lordship, perhaps, may be afraid of plain truth and sincerity. I am not.

BIRKIE. I beg your Majesty’s pardon—I did not suppose you were ; but there is a certain awe and reverence due to your Majesty which I’m afraid his want of politeness may make him transgress.

JAMES. My lord, whilst I preserve to my subjects their rights and liberties, I doubt not proper respect from the roughest of them ; but for that awe and reverence your politeness would flatter me with, I like it not. An honest freedom of speech is every honest man’s right—and none need fear it but he who is conscious of having acted unworthily.

Enter PAGE, R.

PAGE. My liege, the farmer attends your pleasure.

JAMES. Is he yet ignorant of my rank ?

PAGE. In obedience to your commands, we have concealed it from him.

KING. Conduct him in. (*exit PAGE, R.*) Now, my lords, to the presence chamber, where I shall shortly join you.

The LORDS bow, and exeunt, L.

Enter HOWIESON, conducted by the PAGE, R., who bows and exits.

JAMES. Aye, my good friend, John, I am happy to see you under this roof. Where’s your wife and the pretty Marion ?

JOCK. They are just at the door, man ; but some o’ the people made such a din aboot letting them in.

JAMES. Well, well, we’ll have them anon—but to business.

I have thought a good deal, John, since we parted, about the fears you expressed about being turned out of your farm.

JOCK. Eh, waes me, its ower certain noo. Before I left the farm this morning, I received notice to quit.

JAMES. Indeed! Your young laird is somewhat quick in his proceedings. We must be equally so, and you must e'en accompany me to the presence chamber, and tell your story to the king himself.

JOCK. The king himsel'! Lord bless us, sir! If I was beside him, I should nae ken which end o' me was uppermost. Me speak to the king! that's clean oot o' the question. I could nae, gin' my life were on't.

JAMES. No fear of you; at all events you must try, for the king knows you are here, and you know he must not be disappointed.

JOCK. Lord! I ken thae kings are kittle cattle to shoe behint; but, if you insist upon it, "a wilful man will hae his ain way," but I'm sure my heart will loup oot of my mouth.

JAMES. Fear nothing. Speak to him freely, and let him know and hear the voice of truth—lay your grievances faithfully before him, or blame him not; for how should kings redress those ills which flatterer's hide, or wicked men disguise?

Exeunt, R.

SCENE THIRD.—*The Presence Chamber—a throne, c.*

The COURT discovered; flourish of drums and trumpets; enter KING JAMES, followed by HOWIESON, R.

JOCK. (*pulling the KING back*) Whisht, whisht, man? which is the king? hoo will I ken him?

JAMES. Easily, easily, friend. He alone will remain covered—every bonnet but his will be off.

JOCK. The like o' that! stay a moment. I really canna think o' ganging in among a' thae gentry. Lord help's! there's a sight o' diamonds and feathers and carngorums. Wha in the wORLD wad hae thought it? I'll awa'.

JAMES. Come on, John, come on!

(the KING advances to the centre of the stage, and takes his place before the throne, closely followed by JOCK, who appears in great perturbation, and seats himself on the throne, he takes out his mull and offers it to the KING, who takes a pinch)

JAMES. Well, do you see the king now, man?

JOCK. (*looking round*) Na. I think, if you tauld me rightly, it mun be either you or mysel'; for we hae the only twa bonnets in the company.

KING. You have guessed aright, John; behold your king! (JOCK falls on his knees) Nay, nay, don't kneel, but stand up like a man, a title far exceeding those kings can confer. Call in my worthy hostess and her daughter.

Enter TIBBIE and MARION, R.

TIBBIE. Eh, there's Jock standing wi' the laird.

JOCK. The laird, you gowk, its just my freend, the king himself!

TIBBIE. The king himself! and I to use such freedoms wi' him! I'm a dead woman. (*falls on her knees*)

JAMES. Rise, my good dame; my pretty Marion, welcome to Holyrood. But, Howieson, to your story; plead your cause boldly, man.

JOCK. Your majesty's already had the brief, and I reckon you'll be the puir man's best advocate.

JAMES. One thing I'll promise you, I'll plead without a fee. Is James Birkie of Birkie in the presence?

BIRKIE. (L.) Please your grace, I'm here.

JAMES. Now, young sir, can it be true what I have heard, that you would dare to insult this worthy man, by making dis-honourable proposals to his daughter?

BIRKIE. My liege, I believe there has been a little affair of gallantry; that is, a little affair.

JOCK. My certies, laird, it was a little affair.

BIRKIE. Sirrah!

JAMES. Nay, my lord, big words will not cover the meanness of your conduct. Think you that greatness sanctions wickedness? or that it is the prerogative of lords to be unjust and inhuman? Marriage alone can remedy the wrong.

MARION. (R.) Out, and alas—marriage!

JOCK. Sire, I would not for the wealth of worlds.

JAMES. Silence, good John.

BIRKIE. I hope your majesty will consider my rank.

JAMES. Your rank, my lord! greatness that stoops to actions base and low deserts its rank, and pulls its honours down. What is it makes you great? Your gilded equipage and dress? Then put it on your meanest slave, and he's as great as you. No, my Lord, he that acts greatly is the only true great man. Howieson, will you give your daughter to this laird?

JOCK. So please your Majesty, I'd see him dom'd first.

TIBBIE. Lord save us, Jock!

JAMES. Well said--though bluntly, Jock. Now, my lord, where's your greatness, when this poor farmer despairs an alliance with you? My lords, draw near—I crave your counsel and advice. What does that man deserve, who, under shadow of night, would basely rob a father of his child, and

raise his hand against his sovereign's life? You, sir, pronounce his sentence. (*to BIRKIE*)

BIRKIE. The traitor! doubtless instant death.

JAMES. Young man, you have pronounced your own sentence. Behold in me the hunter who last night rescued yon innocent maiden from your violence. And here, my lords, behold the dagger, which, when I had struck his sword from out his grasp, he basely raised against my life.

TIBBIE. Villain! The woodie's ower gude for him.

JOCK. Eh, Birkie! Fie upon you. Waes me that I sud ha'e lived to see your father's son turn out sic a graceless ne'er-do-weel.

JAMES. Your life I pardon, for that you knew me not; but on condition you resign the charters which conferred your lands, and quit a country which no longer deigns to harbour you. Remove him from the presence. *BIRKIE is removed, L.*

JOCK. By my certies, he may think himself weel off, if ever a fause loon rubbing shoulders wi' the gallows had reason to think sae.

JAMES. Bring in young Maxwell.

Enter PAGE, conducting MAXWELL, L.

JAMES. And now, my pretty Marion, though you have declined one husband of my choosing to-day, I trust you will not refuse a second.

MARION. Not if your Majesty commands, and my father and mother give consent.

JAMES. Well said, pretty Marion; and now, Howieson—

(*draws his sword—TIBBIE and JOCK fall on their knees in terror*)

TIBBIE. (*screams*) Lord save us!

JOCK. Lord bless us, what is your Majesty ganging to do noo.

JAMES. Kneel without fear. I owe you my life, and cannot help thinking, so brave, so good, and so honest a man, will make a worthy and honourable knight. So rise up, Sir John Howieson.

JOCK. Rise up, Sir John Howieson.

TIBBIE. And my lady Sir John Howieson.

JOCK. But please your majesty, Sir John Howieson—of what?

JAMES. A most prudent question; but it has been provided for. Here receive a charter from my hands, conveying to you and yours the lands upon which you live; and, in perpetual memory of an act of kindness done to the Gudeman o' Ballangiech, let the proprietor of the estate be bound to present an ewer and basin to me and my descendants, Kings of Scotland, whenever we pass the merry woods of Cramond.

JOCK. And I hope your Majesty will not be angry wi' me
if I mix a wee drap whisky in the water you speak of; for I
am sure, both me and mine will quaff it merrily to the health
o' the Gude man o' Ballangiech !

Chorus.—“The Campbells are coming.”

The whisky shall flow in a stream to his health,
And we'll bumper it round till we fa', we fa',
Our bonnets, wi' shouts, we'll toss high in the air,
To the Gude man of auld Ballangeich, hurra !
We'll cock our blue bonnets, hurra, hurra !
Our Scottish blue bonnets, hurra, hurra !
We'll busk on the tartans, and draw the claymore,
For the Gude man of auld Ballangeich, hurra !

MAXWELL.

MARION.

KING JAMES.

TIBBIE.

R.

L.

Curtain.

THE
MISTRESS OF THE MILL
A COMEDIE TTA
IN
ONE ACT
BY
W. T. MONCRIEFF, Esq.

LONDON:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
PUBLISHER,
89, STRAND.

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SAMUEL FRENCH & SON,
PUBLISHERS,
38, EAST 14TH STREET.

THE MISTRESS OF THE MILL.

First performed at Sadler's Wells, on Wednesday, October 17th, 1849.

CHARACTERS.

Marquis of Pretengil	-	-	-	Mr. H. MELLON.
Corney Poppy	-	-	-	Mr. HENRY NYE.
Clem	-	-	-	Mr. FRANKS.
Marchioness of Pretengil	-	-	-	Mrs. G. SMITH.
Flora Granger	-	-	-	Miss J. ST. GEORGE.

COSTUMES.

MARQUIS.—Green frock, trimmed with gold lace, long white waistcoat, white breeches, cravat, high boots, wig and queue, three-cornered hat.

POPPY.—White coat, waistcoat and breeches, grey stockings, shoes.

CLEM.—Smock frock, breeches, stockings and shoes.

MARCHIONESS.—Green coat, trimmed with gold, green petticoat, hat and black feather.

FLORA.—Chintz tucked up dress, straw hat.

PREFATORY REMARKS.

As some controversy was created by the production of this Vaudeville, in which the right of general translation was mooted, a few remarks may not be deemed out of place, if, indeed they be not absolutely required. However strange it may appear, I was positively charged, on the production of this Piece by Mr. Edward Morton, the *translator* of "*The Windmill*," and "*Eton Boy*," with gross plagiarism from him, he sweepingly asserting it to be merely *his piece* of the "*Windmill*" played under another name, coolly claimed to be paid for the performance of it, and threatening immediate legal proceedings against Messrs Phelps and Greenwood, the joint Lessees of Sadler's Wells, if his demand was not instantly complied with; Messrs. Phelps and Greenwood will be remembered as having from the lay-pulpit of their stage, nobly manifested as far as the Legitimate Drama goes, the divine doctrine of *right*, that "The first shall be last, and the last first." His threat, however, Mr. Edward Morton has been wise enough to drop, like a hot cinder. The following plain statement of facts, which has before partly appeared in that excellent paper, the "*Era*," may tend to set the public right in the matter:—

In the spring of the by-gone year, I was applied to by Mr. Greenwood, to translate and adapt for the "*Wells*," some French pieces, which he brought me for that purpose. I at first refused, on the ground that other persons had translated them before me;—he, however, overruled this by the liberal terms he offered, and by his pointing out the ease of the task, but more especially, by his saying, that the translators demanded such extravagant terms for the nightly performance of their adaptations, that, changed as the times were, the theatre could not meet the expense. The first piece he requested me to do, was MM. Melesville and Duveyrier's Vaudeville, "*La Meunière de Marly*," produced at the "*Variétés*" as far back as 1840. I remarked, "if my memory serves me rightly, a *literal* translation of this piece was brought out some years since at Drury Lane, under the title of "*The Windmill*," by Mr. Edward Morton. I, therefore, feel no desire to have any-

thing to do with it ; at all events, if I should do it, I must stick to the original, I cannot follow any deviations Mr. Edward Morton may have made." Mr. Greenwood replied, that he did not by any means wish me to trespass on anything Mr. Morton had done for *himself*, but he took leave to think I had as much right to translate a French piece as any other person ; that "*The Windmill*" was certainly a very good translation, as far as its being *literal* went ; but that he conceived from my long experience, I ought, without interfering with my precursor, to produce quite as effective a translation as he had done, or else it would be a pity—there was no answering this. I, therefore, consented to undertake the *job*, with the remark, however, that "I would rather he had asked me to do something *original* ; still, I was well aware that in these degenerate days of the drama, nothing at all original, except, indeed, some "high intellectual play" in five acts, introduced under the auspices of some "eminent tragedian," who had the means of commanding its performance, could expect to realise one tenth part the sum that might be gained from the mere translation of any new piece brought out at the time in Paris." "One person, as you say," said I "has certainly quite as much right to translate a foreign piece as another. All our good solid English joints must now be done to *rags*, with appropriate *costume*, have all the goodness stewed out of them, and be frittered away by blue and red fires—into mere hashes, in the most approved French style, to be at all relished by the public, or rendered suitable to their present taste." I accordingly translated the piece, literally, merely leaving out some passages, which might very justly have been considered by our audiences *contra bonos mores*. The Vaudeville itself, I found, dramatised from an anecdote I recollecting having read in a jest-book, in my boyhood, of a circumstance which actually occurred near Windsor, in the time of Charles the Second. My *Amanuensis* read the French original to me, and from that, I dictated a translation and adaptation, with scarcely an alteration, merely heightening up the dialogue and transferring the scene from France to England, where, as I have stated, the fact is said to have originally occurred. I called the piece "*The Mistress of the Mill*." Having unhappily lost my sight, I had no desire to trouble myself with Mr. Edward Morton's printed translation, "*The Windmill*."—Indeed, I did not exactly conceive I should have gained anything by such a reference, and gladly avoided the trouble, no less from convenience than from a strict sense of right. The piece was regularly licensed and produced in due course, and met with the most complete success. What then was the surprise of Messrs. Greenwood and Phelps and myself, when, in the

early part of November last, they, as I have before stated, received a letter from Mr. Edward Morton, stating that my piece was *his* piece, played under another name; that it contained all his original matter and alterations, modestly demanding the instant nightly payment for its performance, or in default, threatening legal proceedings. I may remark, that previously to the licensing and performing of "*The Mistress of the Mill*," it had been most carefully compared with Mr. Edward Morton's translation, "*The Windmill*," both by Mr. Greenwood (himself no inconsiderable dramatist) and Mr. Phelps, a gentleman whose acumen, integrity, and general competency for the due performance of such an ordeal, no one will venture to question. I am the more anxious to clear myself from a charge for which there is no sort of ground, and which I most unequivocally assert, on my honour, *to be utterly false*—as during my long and active career as a dramatic writer, playwright, translator, and manager, this is the first time I have ever been charged with an unfair action. Claiming the seniority of the stage as a writer from length of service, rather than from positive age, I cannot tamely sit down under so gross and unfounded a charge. I have yet to learn that because a gentleman translates a piece, no other person after that is to touch it. A translation is a translation—and the more close a translation is to the original, the more alike will one translation be to another. Mr. Edward Morton's respected father, a gentleman of the highest genius and integrity, the author of "*Speed the Plough*," might as well have charged me, in the year 1830, with plagiarism, in bringing out "*The Irresistibles*," he having but a short time before brought out "*The Invincibles*," at Covent garden—both of them being adapted from Theauillon's very clever Folie Vaudeville, "*Les Femmes Soldats*," originally borrowed from the popular German farce, "*Die Sieben Mädchen in Uniform*." I might as well have charged the Hon. Mrs. Gore with plagiarism, because, after I had produced a translation of Scribe's "*Salvoisie*," under the title of "*The Queen's Lover*," she brought out another version as "*The Queen's Champion*," at the Haymarket; or to come nearer home, have impertinently accused Mr. Charles Matthews with the same high crime and misdemeanour, because, many years after I had produced an adaptation of Kotzebue's little farce, "*Die Gefährliche Nachbarschaft*," at the Olympic, he brought out another version of it at the Haymarket, under the title of "*Pyramus and Thisbe*;" or have complained of the ingenious Mr. Planché, for having brought out a version of "*Le Cabaret de Lustucru*," under the title of "*Spring Gardens*," at the Haymarket, with the same natural change of country and

period, when I had formerly produced an adaptation of it at the Strand Theatre, in 1837, under the title of "*The Tobit's Dog*," as the printed copy will sufficiently testify. On "*The Tobit's Dog*" being re-produced after the appearance of "*Spring Gardens*," I was charged by a sapient paper with feloniously stealing it from Mr. Planché. Well knowing that journal was assured of the contrary, I did not think it worth while to contradict the error. Again, that most amiable and accomplished gentleman and scholar, Mr. W. J. Walter, together with Signor Manfredo Maggioni, might with even a greater show of justice feel themselves aggrieved, because, having previously translated *Norma*, *La Cenerentola*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Don Pasquale*, *Massaniello*, and the *Prophète*, I, in my recent illustrated edition of the opera, "*Libretti*," of those celebrated works, had, together with the Italian and French originals, given another translation and adaptation of them, line for line as literally as possible; but these gentlemen had both of them too much liberality and good sense to do anything so absurd. It would surprise the public were I to point out to them the originals of many of our most popular pieces. In some cases, where the authors have proved themselves able original dramatists, as in those of Mr. Planché, Mr. Buckstone, and Mr. Charles Matthews, and other gentlemen of acknowledged talent, translations have in their hands become almost original pieces; but both "*The Mistress of the Mill*," and "*The Windmill*," are little more than literal translations, and neither of them owe much to their adaptors. But to prove how little Mr. Edward Morton has been *damnified*, either *theatrically* or otherwise, by the production of my piece, "*The Mistress of the Mill*," I here boldly "shame the rogues and print it." If the dramatic purveyors of our day would combine in agreeing that it should be considered against etiquette for any one to touch a French piece, after it had once been translated, cheerfully would I subscribe to such a proposition; but if (which would be better still) they would agree *never to touch a French piece at all*, but trust to their own *native talent*—thrice would I hail such a determination. It would be the first step towards restoring our lost drama; it would rid us of the wretched crew of vampires and pretenders that have too long fattened on the very life's blood of our dramatic resources. No disparagement is wished for a moment to be made to the productions of the French stage; they are, for the major part, though somewhat light and conventional, highly ingenious and artistical, and in the hands of gentlemen of experience and talent may be made very valuable adjuncts to our amusement. Look at the capital farce of the "*Beehive*," for instance, founded on Pigault le Brun's vaudeville, "*Les Ri-*

vaux d'eux mêmes ;" George Colman's matchless "*Blue Devils*," taken from Patrat's "*L'Anglais ; ou le Fou raissonable, &c., &c.*" In the hands of men of genius, charcoal becomes a diamond—but the reverse is unhappily too often the case with us. A number of young *gents*, as they are called—clerks, shopmen, &c.,—deriving from those occupations the means of supplying the necessities of *the day*, on the strength of possessing a boarding-school knowledge of French, and being able to translate "*avoir*" into "*to have*," make miserable literal versions of any French piece that may be brought out and happen to become popular, spoiling the *materiel* by the prejudgment of the public for the use of anybody else. They persuade managers to act them by furnishing them for *nothing*; get publishers to print them on the same terms, and boldly set up for authors, complacently talking of *my* piece this and *my* piece that, ruining the professor whose business it is, and trusting to an unworthy remuneration by exorbitantly pouncing on any incautious individual who may, through ignorance or heedlessness, make use, without their written permission, for ever so short a period, of any of their miserable productions.

Mr. Edward Morton, in his threatening letter to the managers of the "*Wells*," said "that his *lawyer* was in the house with the book of his piece, with which he compared mine." As a matter of *evidence*, the "*learned gentleman*" should have had the *French* piece, he would then have seen if there was anything in my piece that was *not* in the *French* piece. It would have been time enough to have ascertained afterwards if there was anything in my piece that *was* in Mr. Morton's piece, and *not* in the *French* one; there would have been some sense in this, as well as law—but there is neither the one nor the other in the contrary proceeding. Of course, the two pieces, coming from one common stock, would be similar in all the main particulars. The gentleman who writes the theatrical articles for the "*Era*," —a critic distinguished for his general liberality, impartiality, and good sense, and for whose character I have the highest respect and admiration—must pardon me in saying that I think his censure of the production of this piece was quite uncalled for, and that his remarks very strangely contradict themselves. He says, "on the first production of this piece, we did not hesitate to condemn the putting forward an *old piece* with a new title, and the names of the characters altered." Now what is the fact? Is not "*The Mistress of the Mill*," a more literal translation of "*La Meunière de Marly*," than "*The Windmill?*" And as to the names of the characters being altered, did not Mr. Edward Morton himself set the example? Is there one character of his translation of "*The Windmill*," the name

of which is not totally altered from its prototype in "*La Munière de Marly?*" Again, the critic says, "it is hardly worthy of Messrs. Greenwood and Phelps to get up cheap translations under new names;"—here is the same mistake of the new names that I have just pointed out: we have no feminine of miller in our language;—if my name be new, it is, as I have said, much nearer to the original than that of Mr. Edward Morton. Now with regard to cheap translations, does the critic mean to say that a mere literal translation should be paid as much for as an original piece? I can assure him that the terms given me by Messrs. Greenwood and Phelps, taking the expenditure of time and talent into account, paid me much better than any original piece would have done. The critic very handsomely acquits me of any intention to wrong any one, and, in the same breath, strongly reprobates the bringing forward the piece by Messrs. Greenwood and Phelps. Now is there not something very like inconsistency in this? If I am right, can Messrs. Greenwood and Phelps be wrong? If Messrs. Greenwood and Phelps be wrong, can I be right? We are each of us equally *particeps criminis*—if indeed there be any criminality in the business; nay, I must even be the chief criminal, and we must alike be found guilty or acquitted. It is but common justice to Messrs. Greenwood and Phelps to make these observations: I cannot consent to let any blame be shifted off my shoulders to those of any one else.

When Mr. Edward Morton first brought his charge against me, I was not aware there were other Mr. Mortons, and by styling him Mr. Morton, jun. confounded him with his younger brother, Mr. J. M. Morton, who has catered, as I understand, very successfully for the public, no less in his happy adaptations from the French stage, than in several original openings to Pantomimes, &c.—not quite so easy a task as many worthy persons may be apt to imagine—I speak from repeated experience. Mr. J. M. Morton, in his refutation of what I trust he saw was an unintentional error, used the little advantage it gave him in so gentlemanly and good-humoured a manner—his retort was *really* so courteous, that immediately called from me the most ample "amende honourable" in my power. To prove I had no mercenary motives, as insinuated in this affair—no wish to interfere with Mr. Edward Morton, I had in the first instance translated the piece, out and out, for Messrs. Greenwood and Phelps, reserving to myself no right whatever, except the right of printing it, which I should not have done with so very a trifle, had not Mr. Edward Morton himself forced me to the step. In self-defence I have printed the piece *verbatim et literatim* from the prompt book of the theatre, as played, which

the Publisher will prove. Thus the public may have an opportunity of judging for themselves, by comparing it with the "Windmill," and the original "*La Meunière de Marly*," how far I have stolen from Mr. Morton's translation, and how I have been faithful to the original, he must therefore thank himself for any consequences that may spring out of his accusation. It is needless to say, that after much vapouring by Mr. Morton's precious "Limb of the Law," notice of action being given, &c., the affair has ended in a mere bottle of smoke.

February 14, 1850.

THE MISTRESS OF THE MILL.

SCENE.—*A Furnished Room in the lower part of a Mill.*

The door of entrance at back, ascended by a ladder, leading from the main road—a window near it. On R. a door leading to the upper part of the Mill and bolting-room. On side to L. of audience, the door of Flora's room, with practicable window over it. Over the bolting room, about two-thirds of the height of the stage, a practicable aperture, through which the empty sacks are shot. A flower-bin is also at the back. In front to the R. a table, an account-book, inkstand, &c. On L. another table, on which is work box, &c., china vase, with an immense nosegay.

CORNEY POPPY is discovered telling empty sacks, which CLEM throws to him through the aperture above. The click-clack of the mill is heard as scene opens.

CLEM. (*throwing down sacks.*) Twenty-seven.

POPPY. (*repeating.*) Twenty-seven.

CLEM. Twenty-eight.

POPPY. Twenty eight.

CLEM. Twenty-nine, and that's all. (*disappears.*)

POPPY. That's all! why its twenty-nine! what a fool. Oh! I see, I suppose as he's gone, he means there's no more—so much the better; hallo, I say stop that noise Clem, the wind has fallen—there isn't enough to fill a pint pot—not a breath of air stirring. (*the click clack of mill ceases.*) No more grinding to-day, so I'll return to my accounts. (*goes to table where book is.*) Take one from one and there remains nothing—then there's no use casting it up. (*noise without, he listens.*) Ulloa! what noise is that?—wheels, another waggon—more grist to the mill. (*goes and looks out at door at back.*) Jemini! what's this—this is no waggon—coachman and footman—looks like a carriage. Ah! it is her ladyship, the Marchioness of Pretengil, I saw at the castle. Can she be bringing her corn to our mill herself?

MARCHIONESS. (*without.*) A ladder! mount a ladder! horrible!

POPPY. Hold fast by the rope, your ladyship, it is very strong.

MARCH. Stand out of the way, Oronooko

Enters and looks round.

So this is what they call a windmill, is it? How different to what I had pictured one to myself—(*speaking at back.*)—Yo need not come up Oronooko, remain with the carriage. That's my Ethiopian domestic, young man.

POPPY. (*running and looking out.*) A blackamoor! Oh, the devil! No, don't come up Mr. Heathen-opium, the flour may spoil your complexion, make you look quite pale.

(*pushes things on one side, and places a stool for the Marchioness, wiping off dust with the tale of his coat.*)

There your ladyship. (*making a leg.*)

MARCH. Baugh! (*seats herself haughtily.*)

POPPY. (*aside.*) What a beautiful pair of eyes she has got—just like his majesty the king's own diamond shoe buckles.

MARCH. (*smelling at her essence box.*) Is the mistress of the mill at home?

POPPY. (*stammering.*) Eh, eh! my cousin Flora? No—no, your ladyship, she's gone to the market to sell our old grey ass, poor Neddy Bray, he's so obstinate. Had she known you were coming she certainly would have given you the preference, but Corney Poppy, the cousin of the mill is here, very much at your service, ma'am. (*making another leg.*)

MARCH. (*laughing.*) Cousin of the mill! no matter, I will wait till she returns, I have something of consequence to say to her; besides, I should like to see this paragon, for in all our circles I hear nothing spoken of but the beauty of the Flower of Datchet, as she is called. She seems fairly to have turned all the heads of our courtiers, old and young—all are ready to throw themselves at her feet—my monster among the rest! (*adjusting necklace.*) Is she really so handsome, friend, as people say she is?

POPPY. (*rather curtly.*) Handsome! how should I know?

MARCH. (*aside.*) Louts like him know nothing—(*aloud.*)—She is at all events young, it appears.

POPPY. Perhaps so; she is three months older than I am, and I shall be twenty next Candlemas.

MARCH. Ha, ha, ha!

POPPY. You see my lady, I never had father nor mother—people say I am a preposterous child.

MARCH. (*laughing.*) Preposterous! oh, I see. Posthumous, you mean.

POPPY. Yes, my lady, I'm an orphan like my cousin Flora; I was just turned eight years old when my grandfather took my little cousin and me on his knees. "My little Flora," said he to her, "look at poor Poppy here, he has nothing in the world; you, my darling, will be rich, will be my heiress. Both of you are orphans, promise me, when you grow up, and I'm no longer with you, that you will never abandon Corney." (*imitating tones of a child.*) "No, grandpapa," said my cousin, with her sweet little voice and her pretty little cherub face, I think I see her now, "No grandpapa, I'll never desert dear Corney, he shall always share half I have, doll and all."

MARCH. (*moved.*) The good hearted little creature.

POPPY. And she has kept her word too, my lady; our grandfather soon after dying, I had the same schooling as herself, learned to read and write A B C, pothooks and hangers and all that. On coming into possession of her little patrimony she kindly let me still continue in the mill; here I am her head man, she allows me a bran new suit of clothes every twelve months, besides pocket money. But she is all goodness to everybody—(*much moved.*) poor dear Flora, and I can do nothing to prove my gratitude for her. (*wiping eyes.*) Pardon me, my lady, but when I think of it, it makes me cry like a fool.

MARCH. Your feelings do you credit, Puppy, I mean Poppy; with such a cousin as she has got, she must be quite happy.

POPPY. (*wiping eyes.*) Not so very happy, my lady, if you knew all. What principally vexes me is, that she has been for some time past as full of whims and fancies as any fine lady—I beg pardon, present company, you know—sometimes she laughs without any cause, then she bursts into tears quite as unreasonably, and yet, she has got plenty of money; and then she's young and pretty, as you say, and more than that, single. What can she wish for farther?

MARCH. Everything; young and single, with plenty of money, and, no—monstrous! I could soon prescribe a cure!

POPPY. Eh? What's that? (*noise without, he listens.*) Ah! she comes; yes, I know her steps. (*runs to back.*) Come in, come in, cousin.

Enter FLORA, in rustic attire, neat, but at the same time rather coquettish, singing.

FLORA. (*not seeing MARCHIONESS.*) Good day to you, Corney; good day to your good-humoured face. (*playfully patting him on face.*)

POPPY. (*delighted.*) How pleased she is—how happy I am!

FLORA. (*taking off her little market cloak, sees MARCHIONESS.*) Oh, pardon me, my lady! I did not see your ladyship; this is an honour. (*curtseying.*)

MARCH. What, you know me, then, child?

FLORA. (*respectfully.*) I have only had the pleasure of seeing your ladyship once before—but no one can forget—(*curtseys.*)

MARCH. (*flattered, aside.*) She speaks very sensibly for a person of her class—she is rather handsome too. (*aloud.*) I wish to have a little conversation with you, child. I must meet my lord, the marquis at the royal banquet to-day, but before—

POPPY. Bless me, talking of the marquis, have you sold our old donkey, cousin?

FLORA. Yes, for ten crowns, Corney.

POPPY. (*to MARCHIONESS.*) A good riddance. A capital sell; the stupid brute, he is not worth five. (*MARCHIONESS winces.*)

FLORA. There, take your share. (*gives money.*) Now leave us a short time, Corney. (*tapping him on cheek.*) You hear her ladyship wishes to speak to me. (*kindly.*) How blooming you look this morning, you have quite a colour.

POPPY. (*aside.*) I should think so, patting me on the cheek in that way. (*aloud.*) I'll go directly, cousin. *Exit at back r. ii.*

FLORA. I wait your ladyship's commands, if I can in any way be useful—

MARCH. No! It is I who have come to render *you* a service, child.

FLORA. You, Madam?

MARCH. Yes, listen; you are pretty, and, I am told, you are prudent, two things which are rarely met with, united in one person; this interests me; I also know you have hitherto withstood all the seductive arts of our court profligates, both young and old.

FLORA. (*aside, smiling.*) If she knew her fine husband was the head of the profligates—

MARCH. Now this is all very well; but beware of playing with edged tools, Flora!

FLORA. (*smiling.*) Oh, no fear, your ladyship! though, to be sure, they do breathe sighs enough to turn my mill in a calm; when they come calling me “angel!” “goddess!” and all that stuff, I look at my stuff petticoat and laugh.

MARCH. That's all very well, yet still I think your safest plan will be to get married, Flora, and, indeed, the object of my present visit, is, expressly to recommend a husband to you.

FLORA. Is it possible that your ladyship should condescend to—

MARCH. Yes, the individual I allude to is Mr. Cullender, my head cook, a most respectable person.

FLORA. Mr. Cullender, ha, ha ! poor old gentleman ! he sends me poetry and pastry, billet doux and biscuits ; I return the one and eat the other ! I am much obliged to your ladyship, but I can never marry Mr. Cullender.

MARCH. He is somewhat *passé*, certainly, but—

FLORA. (*ironically.*) You must excuse me, my lady, declining the offer—greatly flattered and all that, Mr. Cullender is the very Cupid of Custards, I confess that, but still—

MARCH. Ah ! you love another—I understand.

FLORA. (*smiling.*) I did not say so, your ladyship.

MARCH. (*smiling.*) But I read it in your eyes—what's his name ?—come, be candid.

FLORA. Excuse me, my lady, but that's *my secret*.

MARCH. Oh ! certainly ; well, I will inform the unfortunate Cullender of his ill-luck ; I shall spoil his dinner for a day at least, I dare say, poor fellow. Well, when you *do* marry, you must pay me a wedding visit—I must insist on it, I am quite curious to see this mysterious lover of yours—call my people. (*Hunting horn heard in distance.*) Ah ! what is that ?

FLORA. (*looking out.*) 'Tis the royal hunt ! no doubt they are going through the forest.

Re-enter POPPY R. H., who looks off at back.

POPPY. Ha ! ha ! how they are galloping on, see how they are treading down Farmer Stubb's corn ! Oh, its delightful.

FLORA. Call her ladyship's servants to bring up the carriage, Corney.

POPPY. I will, cousin ; here blackey, her ladyship's carriage —make haste, Snowball.

MARCH. (*to FLORA.*) Adieu, child, think on what I've said.

FLORA. I shall, your ladyship ; good morning, my lady.

POPPY. (*aside to MARCHIONESS.*) Has your ladyship discovered the secret ?

MARCH. The same as yours. She is in love !

POPPY. (*aside.*) Poor Flora !

MARCH. Adieu, child—keep up your spirits. I am sorry to leave you ; but we shall meet again. (*looking at POPPY.*) He is rather good looking, but seems very stupid.

MARCHIONESS *exits through door at back down ladder,*

POPPY watching her.

FLORA. (*r. c.—arranging furniture.*) Yes, yes, I will marry —marry some honest young fellow of my own rank. I have one in my eye—(*eyeing POPPY.*) one who would love me : but

he *must* love me ; and, at present, he whom I have selected does not seem to think of love. What is he looking at now ?

POPPY. (*at back looking down.*) That's what I call something like a woman. Oh, what a beautiful leg ! what a calf !

FLORA. (*going up door, hastily pushing him aside, and boxing his ears.*) What are you standing staring at there for, sir ?

POPPY. (*laughing.*) Why, didn't you tell me I must be gallant ?

FLORA. (*out of temper, and crosses to L.*) Yes, but not with the marchioness ; that's the way you lose your time, instead of making up the book, is it ?

POPPY. (*going to table, R. H.*) In her tantrums again. Ah ! it's all along of her being in love. What a thing love is. (*casting up.*) Add one to one, and that makes three.

FLORA. (*on opposite side, seeing nosegay on work-table.*) Oh, what a beautiful nosegay !

POPPY. (*calculating.*) Multiply by one, add one to two—sum total, seventeen.

FLORA. Where did these flowers come from, Corney ?

POPPY. Divide one by nought—

FLORA. Will you answer me, sir ?

POPPY. Fifteen. (*to her.*) Don't you remember what this day is, cousin ?

FLORA. The fifteenth—my birthday. Is it possible that you remembered the day ? that is kind of you. Thank you, Corney, thank you.

POPPY. (*seated R., laughing.*) No, it was not me : no, one of Mr. Cullender's scullions brought it as a birthday present, with some raspberry jam—I ate the jam.

FLORA. (*seated L.—pettishly aside.*) Vulgar things ! Marigold, peonies, tulips, butte-rcups—(*pulling them to pieces, and throwing them on the floor.*) What imperturbable coolness ! Perhaps he does not understand me. I'll try him further.

POPPY. (*at accounts.*) Subtract one—

FLORA. (*sitting and taking work, in low voice.*) Corney !—*(louder.)* Corney ! leave off your arithmetic. How is it, now that I have come home, that you have nothing to say to me ?

POPPY. (*surprised.*) Why didn't you tell me, just this moment, to attend to the books ?

FLORA. There'll be plenty of opportunity for that another time. Come now, and sit down by me, and let us have a little cozy chat.

POPPY. (*aside.*) Poor cousin ! but I must take pity on her. (*takes low stool, R. C.*) Here I am, cousin.

FLORA. (*making him sit down close to her.*) Well, now then, what shall we talk about, Corney ?

POPPY. (*seated R. C., rubbing his forehead.*) Something pleasant—oh! I have it; farmer Stubb's old grey mare is dead.

FLORA. Do you call that pleasant?

POPPY. And they do think that the oats won't be quite so plentiful this year.

FLORA. (*shrugging shoulders.*) Oats! Psha! how provoking he is.

POPPY. (*laughing.*) Then they say, too, that lame Jenny is going to be married to bandy-legged Dick; but I can't believe that.

FLORA. No, nor I neither; but apropos, Corney, talking of marriage, what will you say when I tell you that her ladyship, the marchioness, came here, just now, to propose a husband to me?

POPPY. Ah, who was it?

FLORA. Her head cook, Mr. Cullender.

POPPY. Ah, I should like a cousin like him—I should always get a sop in the pan then.

FLORA. Glutton! do you think I could love an old fellow of sixty?

POPPY. (*with a knowing look.*) Ah, ah! you have a younger man in your eye then?

FLORA. (*confused.*) What do you mean, Corney? Can you have discovered—

POPPY. (*nudging her.*) Yes, yes, I know all about it, cousin. I say, who is the lucky chap? If he does not make you happy, I'll break every bone in his body.

FLORA. (*shrugging shoulders.*) He is very amiable; but I shall not tell you his name. A woman should not be the first to confess her passion for anybody, so I shall keep my secret.

POPPY. (*moving chair back.*) Is it possible that there can be anybody that wouldn't be struck comical by you? Such a foot and ankle, such bright eyes, such a colour, such cheeks—the fellow must be half blind.

FLORA. Not exactly; but he always looks another way.

POPPY. That proves what I say—that he's half blind. I tell you he must be a perfect noodle.

FLORA. (*sighing.*) No, no, Poppy, not a noodle, dear. (*goes to L.*)

POPPY. (*aside.*) Poor thing, what a taking she's in. Is he handsomish, cousin?

FLORA. (*looking at him.*) Not *very* bad looking, Corney, when he minds his dress. How carelessly you have brushed your hair this morning, Poppy—your collar, too, (*arranging collar.*)

POPPY. Give me some clue that I may find him out, cousin, will you?

(FLORA takes off his handkerchief, from which she shakes a quantity of flour, refolds it, and ties it on.)

FLORA. (*tenderly arranging his handkerchief.*) Well, then, last Whit-Monday that ever was, Poppy, I would not dance because he would not ask me to be his partner. Now, can you find out?

POPPY. No, I'm not warm yet. I did not take any notice.

FLORA. (*piqued.*) Not take any notice?

POPPY. No; I was playing at hide and seek with big Kitty; I caught her behind an old elm tree, and she told me, ha, ha! that it was the rule of the game, whoever was caught should be kissed.

FLORA. (*angrily.*) And you kissed her?

POPPY. (*laughing.*) I was obliged to follow the rule of the game, of course. (*she ties his handkerchief very tight.*) Hollo! I say you'll choke me. What are you about, cousin—what are you doing?

FLORA. (*passionately.*) What you deserve—what you deserve! Cornelius, your libertine sort of life would set anyone against you: at your age, never even to have thought of marriage—it's dreadful!

POPPY. (*thunderstruck.*) Cousin!

FLORA. Yes; but you are no use to any one—you are only a burden.

POPPY. (*surprised.*) A burden, cousin?

FLORA. Yes, a burden. If you think it pleasant for me to support you in idleness, you are mistaken; your accounts, too, do you imagine they can make themselves up? (*spitefully.*)

POPPY. (*going to table.*) But it was yourself, Flora, that—

FLORA. (*stamping foot.*) But—but—but there must be an end of this. I will not bear it any longer: things shall not go on in this manner. (*sits, L., with back to him making a noise with stool.*)

POPPY. (*hurt, and sitting, R., on opposite side.*) No, no; you are right, cousin—things must not go on, indeed, in this manner; you want to drive me away from you, I see you do. I know not where I am, or what I am doing. (*opening book.*) One and one make seventeen.

MARQUIS entering from back; dressed for the chase.

MARQ. Hollo, hollo! what the confusion is all this, good people? Is the mill going to be blown up?

POPPY. (*rising—aside, R.*) No, nor I'm not going to be blown up either. It's that old fool, the marquis.

FLORA. (*aside, L.—rises.*) The marquis—there's an end of all conversation. Your servant, my lord; I beg your pardon—I was merely chatting with my cousin.

POPPY. (*aside—seated, R.*) She calls her snubbing chatting, eh, does she.—Very pretty!

FLORA. (*L., taking knitting.*) I thought you were at the chase, my lord?

MARQ. (*c.*) So I was, my pretty one: but—but can't you send your cousin away?

FLORA. (*smiling.*) No; you are too dangerous, my lord.

MARQ. (*kissing her hand.*) Irresistible creature! you know me then. Beware of me, quintessence. (*puts his hat down.*)

FLORA. (*laughing, then eyeing POPPY.*) Why do you look so out of sorts, cousin Corney? (*crossing to R.*)

POPPY. I?—One and nothing. She said I was a burden to her. I who would die for her. I would sooner go to the world's end than—one and nothing. (*calculating.*)

FLORA. (*aside.*) He's vexed! Can it be jealousy? Let me take the cue. Why did I not see you yesterday, my lord?

(*with rustic coquetry.*)

MARQ. (*flattered—L.*) You missed me then, my pretty one?

FLORA. Could I do otherwise, my lord—I only counted the time by your absence. (*ironically.*)

MARQ. (*enchanted—L.*) Charming! delightful!

POPPY. (*striking table.*) Detestable! damnable! diabolical!

FLORA. (*aside—c.*) I have twitted him at last.

POPPY. Eleven and twenty—twelve. I shall never get through it. Twenty times nothing—no—if—

FLORA. (*repulsing MARQUIS, who is attempting to be gallant.*) Fie, fie! my lord—suppose your lady were to know.

MARQ. Psha! let us not think of her, fascinator. (*whispering.*) grant me one hour's tête-à-tête, and I sign the bond I spoke about. Come, decide, alone—enchantress. My stay at Windsor is quite uncertain; I may be ordered off at a moment's notice; my regiment is almost complete; my serjeant is quartered at the "Sucking Calf," beating up for recruits.

POPPY. (*aside.*) Ah! a recruiting serjeant at the "Sucking Calf."

MARQ. Only consent, my adorable—my little Venus of Datchet, thus at your feet—(*kneels.*)

POPPY. (*shutting book, and knocking down his chair.*) I now comprehend all: this decides me. Yes, Flora, I should be a monster of ingratitude were I to stay any longer and interrupt your happiness; you shall hear of me all in good time.

Exits hastily at back.

FLORA. (*going to D. F.*) Ah! what has become of him?

(*runs to back.*)

MARQ. (*on his knees.*) Yes, at thy feet—(*raises his head.*) What the plague! has my pretty—how the devil am I to get up?

FLORA. (*looking at back.*) My stratagem has succeeded capitally.

MARQ. (*trying to get up.*) Come here, my pretty—wheugh, wheugh!—(*coughing—aside.*) I shall never be able to get up alone. Come here, my little angel.

FLORA. (*returning.*) What do you wish, my lord?

MARQ. (*catching her hand—rises.*) To tell you, sly one, that you shall not again escape me. Thank the lord! I'm on my legs once more. We must seal the contract with a kiss. I must and will have one. (*follows her round stage.*)

FLORA. (*running behind table.*) You wish for one—do you, my lord?

MARQ. Yes, by Jupiter Ammon, my pretty one.

FLORA. (*mimicing.*) But I say no, by Jupiter Ammon, my pretty one.

(*strikes him on wig, he is covered with powder, she escapes laughing by the stairs R., leading to mill works.*)

MARQ. (*alone.*) Bah! a very ingenious retreat of the little prude. Ah she has escaped that way, her own room no doubt—(*runs to door which is shut in his face—I'm right, she is mine.*) Flora, delightful Flora, hear your adoring Pretengil—(*bolt is heard.*)—Ah, that bolt, the last efforts of expiring virtue! I'm a terrible fellow. (*hunting horn heard.*) Oh the plague, the stag is at bay; I must away, that I may be ready by virtue of my office as first lord in waiting, to present the horns to his merry majesty, but I'll soon return—(*looking at door.*)—Yes, yes, but how to carry the fortress! Ah, I have it, I will flatter her, bribe her—private residence at Tunbridge Wells, carriage and horses, note five hundred pounds, purchase jewels, &c., it shall be so—

(*sits at table.*)—hum, hum, hum!

(*writing, takes note from book, encloses it in letter, directs, and seals it.*)

Enter POPPY rather flushed—he has bunch of ribbons in his hat—with an air of desperation.

POPPY. What a delightful thing it is to be a soldier—music playing, drum beating, fife squeaking. Why it would make a perfect coward a hero; when on parade heads up—(*imitates drum.*)—Rub-a-dub, dub, shoulder arms, eyes right, first rank forward, fire! but on the other hand, oh lord, there's nothing over and above pleasant in the sound of the cannon! and then

two can always play at the same game. Pop, pop! but la' we must pay for glory. What's being killed, nothing—long live the King—(*rubbing his hands.*)—I was a burden to her! I was a useless being, good, good, good.

MARQ. (*letter in hand.*) Oh, this fellow here, apropos, Corney!

POPPY. (*hand to hat.*) Yes, general.

MARQ. My good bumpkin, I can't wait for your young mistress any longer—we understand each other very well. Here is my positive ultimatum, which you will deliver to her.

POPPY. Yes, general.

MARQ. (*aside.*) General, why does he call me general? is he intoxicated? Eh, those ribbons—a recruit, ha, ha! (*aloud.*) Mind you make no mistake fellow—(*with authority.*)—I shall be back very soon.

Exit, c., singing "Sweet God of Love, la, la!" trembling voice.

POPPY. Flora will see now, at all events, I am not ungrateful, and that the very first moment I was aware that I was a burden to her, I—

FLORA. (*opening door, with lamp.*) I heard the tramp of horses; that odious old marquis is gone, capital; and Corney returned, better still.

POPPY. (*embarrassed.*) Flora here!

FLORA. (*in coaxing tone.*) Where have you been, dear Corney, I was quite uneasy about you.

POPPY. (*aside.*) She is softened a little.

FLORA. Bless me, how smart you are, with your fine ribbons.

POPPY. (*aside.*) I don't know how to tell her.

FLORA. Eh, why what a colour you have got—you look as if you had been drinking.

POPPY. I only took three glasses at the "Sucking Calf," with his lordship the marquis's serjeant.

FLORA. (*uneasily.*) The marquis's serjeant!

POPPY. (*confused.*) You shall never again tell me, cousin, that I am a useless being; I have now an occupation—I am a soldier. (*strutting and crosses R.*)

FLORA. (*screaming.*) You a soldier!

POPPY. Yes a common soldier to begin with; but the serjeant assured me, that with my figure and address, I should be made a captain of almost immediately.

FLORA. You will then quit me—leave me?

POPPY. Of course—was I not a burden to you?

FLORA. (*weeping.*) You a burden to me, my cousin, my only protector—who dare say so?

POPPY. (*surprised.*) Why you, yourself, you know.

FLORA. False. (*aside.*) He misunderstands everything. (*aloud.*) It's not true, you shan't go—I will prevent it.

POPPY. You can't now, but I shall come back again, perhaps.

FLORA. But suppose you should be killed!

POPPY. Why then I can't come back, that's all.

FLORA. I shall then be left all alone in the world ; if I am insulted there will be no one to take my part; if there must be fighting, why shouldn't people fight their own battles ; and then, if you should escape, perhaps you'll be marrying some fine lady ; but you won't, you'll be killed, I know how heroic you are—I shall have no protector !

POPPY. Oh, won't you though. Ain't there his lordship, the marquis, my general. Stay, I forgot—here's a letter from him for you.

FLORA. A letter ! give it me. (*reads.*) What do I see ? The wretch ! to insult me in this manner.

POPPY. Why what's the matter, cousin ?

FLORA. Read, read !

POPPY. (*reading.*) "Incomparable beauty—resistless enslaver—private residence—and five hundred pounds." What a damned scoundrel ! Oh, if I only had my sword on. But no, that wouldn't do neither ; he's my general, and he would have me shot by court-martial, or the halberts at least. (*in rage.*) What shall I do—what shall I do ? (*crosses to L.*)

FLORA. Such a thing never would have been if I had had a husband ; for then, to insult the wife would have been insulting the husband.

POPPY. Insulting the husband ?

FLORA. Certainly ; man and wife are one, you know.

POPPY. (*struck.*) What a light breaks in upon me !

FLORA. What do you mean ?

POPPY. What do I mean ? Oh, I know—I'll soon let him know what I mean. (*runs to table, writes, occasionally looking at Marquis's letter.*) Poor, dear Flora, to say that I only thought of myself. (*puts note in the letter he has just written, seals and directs it.*) Here, now then—Clem !

CLEM. (*running in, r. 2 E..*) Well, Corney ?

(CORNEY speaks in an undertone to him.)

FLORA. What can he be going to do ?

POPPY. (*to CLEM.*) Run directly to the castle with this, and deliver it as directed.

CLEM. Ay, ay, master Corney.

Exit, c. down steps.

POPPY. (*proudly taking stage.*) There, I've done it : you're revenged, cousin Flora.

FLORA. Revenged ?

POPPY. Yes, old Gallygaskins has paid court to you—is in love with you; he has taught me my duty. I, too, am in love—*(proudly.)* in love with his wife. *(crossing R.)*

FLORA. Mercy me!

POPPY. I have declared my passion to her; I have insulted her by avowing my tenderness and making proposals: to insult her is to insult him, as you say, as he's her husband; and there's one comfort, she can't shoot me.

FLORA. Unfortunate Corney! poor Poppy! your doom will be the cat-o'-ninetails; you'll be flayed to death at the halberts.

POPPY. With all my heart—welcome the cat-o'-ninetails.

FLORA. *(running to window.)* You must call Clem back.

POPPY. I won't.

FLORA. Then I will. *(running to the door.)* My goodness! if there ain't the marchioness's carriage coming this way. The fool has stopped it—and gives the letter.

POPPY. So much the better. We shall have fine fun—that for the cat-o'-ninetails. *(snapping fingers, and crosses R.)*

CLEM returns to the works, R. U. E.

FLORA. The carriage is coming here; away, sir—haste—away

POPPY. No, I shall not go; I will stay and insult her to the uttermost: I will throw myself at her feet: I will kiss her hand: I—

FLORA. You take that, puppy! *(boxing his ears, and crosses up stage, L.)*

POPPY. Oh, lord! what a stinger.

FLORA. Away, I say, sir; this is *my* affair.

POPPY. *(with hand on cheek.)* Zounds! what can be the matter with her? Well, I'm going. *(aside.)* She'll box t'other side, if I don't let her have her own way, I suppose. Oh, lord, oh, lord! only let me have a drill or two.

Exit at sign from FLORA, R. H.

FLORA. It's plain he does not *love* me; he will never love me; he thinks of everybody but me. It's all over—I give all up; but let me at least get him out of the scrape he has got himself into with the marchioness. Ah! she is here.

Enter MARCHIONESS, suffocated with rage, c.

MARCH. I am suffocated—the world's at an end—a wretch—where's the fellow? Oh, you are there, are you, miss?

FLORA. *(embarrassed.)* Madam!

MARCH. He must be somewhere at hand. Call your fine cousin—call this Corney Poppy, I say!

FLORA. (*trembling.*) My cousin Corney! What may be your ladyship's pleasure with him?

MARCH. I'll have him thrown out of the window—made mincemeat of—an insolent, audacious libertine!

FLORA. This anger—believe me, your ladyship is deceived.

MARCH. But it serves me right; I have been too condescending. Such abominable temerity! Proposals to me!

FLORA. Will you allow me, my lady?

MARCH. (*reading.*) "Incomparable beauty—resistless enslaver!"—A paltry journeyman miller!

FLORA. Good heavens—

MARCH. "No longer doubt my love. My sentry box—the whole of my pay."

FLORA. Imprudent Corney! he has imitated the marquis's letter. (*goes to table and picks up letter.*)

MARCH. (*reading.*) Has the fellow lost his senses?

FLORA. He is not so culpable as you imagine, my lady; for his letter is merely an imitation—here is the original.

MARCH. How! from the marquis to you, girl—(*opens it.*) let me see, can I believe my eyes? (*compares letters.*) What indignity! the same expressions.

FLORA. (*artfully.*) My cousin's letter was merely written to induce your ladyship to come here, that all might be explained to you—nothing more, believe me.

MARCH. (*aside, walking stage R. and L.*) My husband, the monster! Oh, these men. I thought I was mighty prudent in marrying one so much beyond my years; but it serves me right. (*looking at her.*) Still I am not *your* dupe, miss. You have been flirting with the marquis, girl?

FLORA. Not much, my lady.

MARCH. How not much?

FLORA. (*agitated.*) Only once, and that was to force poor Corney to—

MARCH. Your cousin?

FLORA. Yes, my lady, I loved him, but he was unconscious of it. I wished, without his perceiving it, insensibly to attach him to me; for this purpose I flirted with everyone that came to the mill, hoping my coquetry would at last awaken his passion—example is everything in these matters, my lady—(*weeping.*)—but it was all useless; he does *not* love me—he will *never* love me, and I am wretched. (*goes R., crying.*)

MARCH. Indeed, this alters the case—those tears! (*aside.*) She strangely interests me. Do not despair, thus, my child. I will give your cousin a hint.

FLORA. Oh no, no, my lady; he would only feel gratitude towards me; that would not be enough. My mind is made up:

he shall have from me a sum of money sufficient to enable him to marry who he chooses to have—I have strength enough to conceal my anguish. But your kindness encourages me to solicit a favour at your hands—it is, to procure the discharge of my unfortunate cousin, who, in a moment of wounded pride at some observations that fell from me, in my jealous madness, rashly enlisted this morning in his lordship the marquis's regiment.

(wipes her eyes.)

MARCH. Ah! (aside.) His majesty will not refuse to grant me this—the first favour I ever asked at his hands. Be assured, my child—trust all to me—rely on my protection, my friendship. I haste at once. (examines letters.) You say that the marquis—

FLORA. Oh, I detest him! I beg your pardon, my lady.

MARCH. Make no apologies; our sentiments are quite similar in that respect. (puts letter in pocket.) His lordship shall pay for this. Farewell! but not for long.

FLORA. Heaven bless your ladyship!

(curtseys MARCIONESS out, then returns, lost in thought;

POPPY, with lamp, steals on cautiously at door R.

POPPY. (aside.) So the marchioness is gone. I wonder whether my scheme has answered. What's Flora in such a brown study about? Ah! talking to herself—I'll listen.

FLORA. (musing—sits at table, L.) After all, it is not poor Corney's fault. Love is not always at one's command. He was not obliged to love *me* any more than I was obliged to love *him*, when I couldn't help loving him, though he never would see it—never would understand it. Mine's a sad fate, and I was once so happy. (sits in thought.)

POPPY. (aside.) What a stupid fellow I am! Love—love what? To think now that she should have been loving me all this time, and I not know it. So much as I love her—I ought to be kicked! There's one comfort—I daresay I shall be flogged very soon. Poor cousin Flora—but, now I think on it, that box on the ear betrayed all her tenderness. I must rouse her, or she'll think I've been listening on purpose. (pretends to tumble over chair.)

FLORA. (seeing him.) Ah! are you there, Corney?

POPPY. (stammering.) Yes, yes, cousin Flora; I wished to say that, that—confound me if I can say a word, my tongue seems fairly glued to my mouth. (coaxingly.) Oh, Flora—dear cousin Flora!

FLORA. Well!

POPPY. I wish you many happy returns of the day. (blowing kisses.)

FLORA. (smiling, rises, not looking at him.) You are a little

too late ; the day, you know, is over—it's night, now, Corney ; but never mind, I am just as much obliged to you !

POPPY. (*aside.*) Um, that won't do—I'll try again. (*aloud.*) I am sure, cousin, if I have ever vexed you, I am very sorry—but—but—

FLORA. You have not vexed me at all, Corney ; besides, you are going to have your discharge—I have spoken about it to the marchioness—have explained all—she has promised. (*going to her room.*) Good night ! (*takes lamp, d. table.*)

POPPY. Are you going so soon, Flora ?

FLORA. Yes, I wish to be alone, Corney.

POPPY. But—but—it is supper time.

FLORA. I have no appetite—I have a headache.

POPPY. (*getting more assured.*) You were talking just now of my marriage, cousin, and I thought—

FLORA. (*aside, stopping.*) Ah ! I understand ; he does love some one else. (*aloud.*) We will talk of this to-morrow. Rely on it, you shall be happy, Corney ! Yes, I promise you, whatever it may cost me.

POPPY. (*moved.*) But—but—

FLORA. (*agitated.*) To-morrow—to-morrow ! Good night, Corney ; good night, cousin. (*at door.*) Shut up the mill, and go to bed. Good night, Corney.

POPPY. (*agitated.*) Good night, Flora. (*louder.*) Pleasant dreams ; goo—goo—good night. (*she shuts the door.*) I certainly am a jackass. I richly deserve the cat-o'-nine-tails, and I dare say I shall soon have it—(*with vexation.*)—all cowards have, and I'm a coward ! Afraid of speaking !—to addle all the eggs in that way—a pretty fellow of a soldier ! (*looking at her door.*)

FLORA. (*from her room.*) Not gone to bed yet, Corney ? I still see your candle.

POPPY. No, Flora, I am going. (*extinguishes candle.*) Now it is dark I have more courage. (*approaches chamber.*) Go to bed ! no, I will pass the night at her door ; I will speak to her through the keyhole ; I will weep—I will ask her pardon. (*sound of wheels without.*) What do I hear ? Some one is coming up the ladder, and I forgot to take it away and shut the mill up. Should it be robbers, so much the better. I am a soldier ! I shall be able to show my courage, and die defending her ! (*struck with an idea.*) I must see who it is. Let me hide.

(Gets into bin, cover falls down. Two SERVANTS enter, D. F., lay cloth, and place dishes on table, which they take from a basket—pastry, pigeons, pies, &c. ; light two wax candles, which they have brought from a dark lantern.)

Enter MARQUIS, D. F., on tiptoe.

MARQ. I must make no noise. I must be careful not to create an alarm. 'Tis plain she has seen and accepts my terms, by the coast being kept so clear. I must let the little charmer know that supper is ready. What a delightful *tête à tête* we shall have to be sure! I shall enjoy this supper, seated side by side with the irresistible little beauty over this pastry and canary!

POPPY. (*aside.*) I'll undertake to provide the dessert.

MARQ. I understand the signal—the candle is extinguished.

POPPY. (*aside.*) 'Twas I that put it out. What an old ass!

MARQ. (*to SERVANTS.*) You may go, Jeremy and Nicodemus; let the carriage be waiting at the entrance of the forest, the town side. *Exeunt SERVANTS, D. F.*

POPPY. The carriage! I'll grease his wheels for him!

MARQ. The little angel has fairly turned my brain. After our repast I will carry her off.

POPPY. Carry her off! more likely to carry something else off! (*shaking stick.*)

MARQ. (*looking round.*) Eh? what the plague—I thought I heard a voice! But where is my little charmer?

POPPY. (*in mincing voice, r.*) Heigho! coo-biddy, coo-biddy, coo!

MARQ. It must be her voice; it sounded from that room. She escaped that way; she wants me to coax her out—a little tender pressing! Oh, the pretty—(*goes to door.*)—this silence and darkness—but I will proceed. (*opens door, going up stairs, rubbing hands.*) She did not expect this manœuvre!

(*POPPY gets out of bin, and softly closes door upon him.*)

POPPY. Nor did you expect this manœuvre, old cock! (*goes to door, and listens.*) Ah! that is right; grope your way up. It will take him two hours, at least, before he can find his way through the machinery of the mill. As for the supper, I'll soon dispose of that; it shall go out of window! Stay, that would be a pity, too. It smells very nice; besides, my feelings have quite exhausted me. (*struck with an idea.*) Capital, capital! It shall be so—under the old griffin's very nose! (*calling.*) Flora! Flora!—dearest Flora!

FLORA. (*from room.*) Not yet gone to bed, Corne

POPPY. I could not sleep, dear Flora!

FLORA. (*at window.*) Nor could I, Corney; but it's getting very late—what do I see? What a grand supper!

POPPY. It's a little surprise I have provided for your birthday, cousin:

FLORA. (*smiling.*) For me, Corney?—and you never told me!

POPPY. What's the use of that? The proof of the pudding will be in the eating. It smells well, so come—

FLORA. But I am half undressed.

POPPY. Never mind that; what's the use of ceremony? *(coaxingly.)*

FLORA. Well, wait a moment, and I will join you. *(disappears.)*

POPPY. *(aside.)* Capital! we shall have supper together. I feel I shall have heart enough to speak to her then. Ah! here she is. *(FLORA appears in undress, shawl over shoulders.)*

FLORA. *(arranging dress.)* You are a sad plague when you take anything into your head, Corney.

POPPY. *(admiring her.)* How beautiful she is! I never saw her in her night dress before.

FLORA. *(sitting.)* Now, then, Corney, come, take your seat.

POPPY. *(runs and seats himself.)* Next to you, cousin? Oh, how prime!

FLORA. How you wriggle about in your chair! *(aside.)* What can be the matter with him? What a supper you have got! I am almost ready to scold you, Corney. How?—venison pasty, widgeons, marchpane, canary golden water!

POPPY. These widgeons are from the royal preserves! Will you have a leg or a wing, or both? I hope you are hungry; I know I am. *(helps her plentifully.)*

FLORA. Bless me, how gallant he is all of a sudden! He was never so before; what can it mean?

POPPY. Now let us hob and nob, in a thumping bumper of canary, the loving cup! *(aside.)* Come, I think she'll understand that.

MARQ. *(putting head through high opening.)* Where the devil am I? I have been fumbling about here for an hour. *(sees table.)* Ah, what do I see?

FLORA. *(looking up.)* Whose voice was that I heard?

POPPY. Hush! it's old quisby, the marquis.

FLORA. *(aside.)* The marquis! Bless me, what is he doing up there?

POPPY. Taking the air. He came to treat you to a little surprise; it is his supper I've got.

FLORA. *(aside.)* His supper! Oh, then, of course, we must do honour to it. Let us eat.

POPPY. Don't spare it. *(they eat voraciously.)*

MARQ. *(aside.)* I am up among the works *here*, while they are making pretty work of it *there*, with my eatables. I daren't hollo out, or I should make a laughing-stock of myself.

POPPY. *(aside.)* Suppose I make love to you, cousin, just to vex him?

FLORA. Yes, do so, Poppy dear! 'Twill be the very thing. I shall be so pleased. (*aside.*) Shan't be sorry to see how he does it.

POPPY. (*taking her hand.*) Flora, dear Flora!—dear cousin Flora! you do not know how much I love you. I love you—I love you fifty thousand times more than nothing!

FLORA. (*aside.*) Not so much amiss.

MARQ. (*aside.*) What is that little fool doing?

POPPY. (*rising.*) By, the bye, cousin, I have not given you a kiss; and you know it's your birthday.

FLORA. (*aside.*) True, you must not forget that.

(*POPPY wipes mouth, and kisses her five or six times.*)

MARQ. (*aside.*) The rascally libertine! What immorality!

POPPY. (*smacking lips.*) How nice!

FLORA. (*aside.*) One would really think he was in earnest.

MARQ. (*aside.*) The scoundrel! When he joins the regiment, his back shall finely pay for this; he shall be nicely tickled. What can I throw at his head?

POPPY (*seating himself.*) And now, dear Flora, let us have some more canary, let us drink one another's health. (*throws cork where MARQUIS is.*)

MARQ. (*putting hand to eye.*) The idiot has bunged up my eye with his infernal cork. (*POPPY pours out more wine; they drink lovingly.*) This is too much, I can bear it no longer. (*disappears, and is heard tumbling down stairs.*)

FLORA. (*screaming.*) Ah!

POPPY. (*moving chairs, &c.*) What a whop!—came down with a run!

FLORA. Good heavens! he'll break his neck.

POPPY. No matter; more likely he'll break some of the machinery, and that wouldn't be quite so well.

FLORA. Quick, quick, Corney, and open the door, and let's see if any mischief is done.

POPPY. Well, as you desire; though I don't see very great necessity. (*opens door.*) Oh, he is here.

MARQUIS enters, his clothes covered with flour.

MARQ. (*aside.*) Infamous! (*to FLORA.*) I will be revenged!

FLORA. My lord marquis!

MARQ. (*to POPPY.*) You, my fine fellow, must obey your general, and follow the drum, so march. (*to FLORA.*) And you, my charmer, must obey your general, and follow me.

POPPY. Oh lord!

MARQ. (*going to door at back.*) Now, now, Jerningham, (*calling off.*)

MARCHIONESS enters, D. F.

MARCH. (*stopping.*) Good heavens!

FLORA. (*to POPPY.*) The marchioness ! we are saved.

MARCH. (*to MARQUIS.*) You here, my lord ?

MARQ. The devil ! the marchioness. What can have brought her here ? Can she suspect ? (*forcing a smile, and taking by mistake POPPY's miller's hat, and puts it under his arm.*) Yes, I—I—marchioness—I—

MARCH. (*looking at his dress.*) Bless me, what an object you are, my lord ?

POPPY. He's a perfect plaster of Paris, ain't he ?

MARQ. (*confused, and shaking himself.*) It is nothing, ha, ha ! (*affecting laugh.*) " Whoso toucheth pitch"—(*aloud.*) I—I—I—*(stammering.)*—came here for a particular purpose. (*throwing away hat.*) Where is my own hat ? That fellow ought to be with his regiment. He must be off immediately. I have my reasons.

MARCH. Not so ; he must remain. I have *my* reasons, too. Here is his majesty's discharge. I thought I could not do better, my lord, than in behalf that poor fellow to—(*crossing, c., POPPY taking discharge joyfully, and hugging FLORA.*)

FLORA. Oh, your ladyship.

MARQ. (*aside, R.*) This is the finishing stroke. It is plain she knows my secret.

MARCH. I have a small addition to make to his majesty's command. After the royal discharge, his majesty should have ordered the said Corney Poppy to marry his cousin, Flora Granger, within the next twenty-four hours.

POPPY. No occasion for that at all, my lady—no occasion at all—I'll do it within the next six hours, if that's all. Eh, Flora ? (*embrace.*)

FLORA. Oh, my lady.

MARCH. I charge myself with your marriage portion, young folks. Take this goldsmith's note for five hundred pounds, which my lord the marquis gave me in charge for you. Eh, my lord ? (*showing it to him.*)

MARQ. Oh yes, certainly, certainly. (*aside.*) Fairly tricked, by Jove.

CLEM. (*putting head through aperture.*) The wind has changed, mistress.

POPPY. (*with command.*) Then set the mill going, Clem.

CLEM. (*contemptuously.*) By whose order ?

POPPY. Your master's.

FLORA. (*with pride.*) Yes, Clem, *your* master and *mine* ! That is, with our kind friends' permission ; for if the breath of

their approbation does but fill our sails, all will go merrily on; their sanction will always bring plenty of grist to our mill; the harvest will have been fairly gathered in, and we shall only have to reap the reward, which it will be our proudest boast to have endeavoured to deserve.

CURTAIN.

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.

A Comedy,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY
JAMES KENNEY,

AUTHOR OF

Hernani: or The Pledge of Honour; Raising the Wind, Beneyowski,
Fighting by Proxy, Irish Ambassador, King's Seal, Not a Word,
Masaniello, The World, A Good Looking Fellow, Mackintosh & Co.,
Black Dornino, Matrimony, Too Many Cooks, Ella Rosenberg,
False Alarms, Debtor and Creditor, Match Breaking, John
Buzzby, Portfolio, Touchstone, Alcaide, Illustrious
Stranger, House out of Windows, Sicilian Vespers,
Turn Out, Love Law and Physic, Spring and
Autumn, etc., etc., etc.

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38, EAST 14TH STREET.

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.

First performed at the Theatre Royal Haymarket, (under the management of Mr. Morris) on Monday, July 7, 1823.

CHARACTERS.

ADMIRAL FRANKLIN . . .	Mr. Terry.	Adelphi, 1849. Mr. Lambert.
CHARLES FRANKLIN . . .	Mr. Vining.	Mr. Boyce.
SANDFORD	Mr. Davis.	Mr. Worrell.
BILLY LACKADAY . . .	Mr. Liston.	Mr. Wright.
CURTIS	Mr. Williams.	Mr. Cullenford.
EUGENIA	Miss Chester.	Miss E. Chaplin.
LAURA	Madame Vestris.	Miss Woolgar.
MRS. BELL	Mrs. C. Jones.	Mrs. F. Matthews.
SUSAN	Miss Love.	Miss Brokes.

COSTUMES.—Period, about 1823.

ADMIRAL FRANKLIN.—Blue body coat with naval buttons, white kerseymere waistcoat and breeches, white stockings, and shoes.

CHARLES FRANKLIN.—Naval coat and trousers.

BILLY LACKADAY.—Blue jacket, black jean trousers, chintz waistcoat.

SANDFORD.—Modern suit.

CURTIS.—Black suit and white cravat.

Time of Representation, Two Hours.

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*The garden of the Inn, with a view of the sea—the villa of the Admiral, in an unfinished state, R.—the entrance of the inn, L.—bells ringing.*

Enter MRS. BELL, R.

MRS. B. Susan !

Enter SUSAN, L.

SUSAN. Here I am, ma'am.

MRS. B. And where's the rest of you ? Don't you hear Mr. Sandford's bell ?

SUSAN. Thomas is gone, ma'am.

MRS. B. And where's Billy ?

SUSAN. Lor, ma'am, I don't know where he is—not I ! In some corner, I suppose, reading his stupid novels, as usual.

MRS. B. He grows worse and worse ! I must turn over a new leaf with him, or he'll positively be good for nothing. If we hadn't had him from a *babby*, there would be no enduring him. But he's like one of the family now, poor lad !

SUSAN. He does no honour to it, I'm sure.

MRS. B. Why, what has he done to you, Susan ? You've been setting your cap at him, I suppose ?

SUSAN. Ma'am, he has plagued me enough with his love, and foolish speeches out of the library books. I wonder you don't burn 'em; madam, he's grown quite an oaf with 'em ; and now, all of a sudden, he's taken to follow Fanny, I beg pardon, Miss Fanny, I should have said ; your fine ladyfied niece, ma'am.

MRS. B. And she'll treat him as he deserves, as you

should do. Who listens to over-grown boys? Mind your business, girl, and don't let the fellows make a fool of you.

SUSAN. He shan't make a fool of me, that I promise him!

(Exit L.)

MRS. B. You may as well wean a child from the rattle as the wenches from the fellows, say what you will. So it always was, and so it always will be. I am much afraid Mr. Franklin's wife, my newly adopted niece, will set the house in a ferment before the frolic's at an end. Poor soul! she's in an awkward situation, that's certain. Heaven send her safe out of it!

FRANKLIN. (without L.) Why, house! where's Mrs. Bell?

Enter CHARLES FRANKLIN, L.

MRS. B. Mr. Charles!

FRANK. My dear Mrs. Bell! how happy I am to see you! You're the very best friend I have in the world!

MRS. B. One of the best I ought to be, for I am one of the oldest. Ah! you used to be a sad pickle, a sad plague to the girls, Mr. Charles!

FRANK. Ay, but I am reformed now, a staid, sober, married man. Well, and how do you come on? How does our masquerade succeed? How is my father? How is my cousin? And how does my dear little wife?

MRS. B. Why, your father is as well as can be expected. Your cousin that is—your wife that expects to be—you faithless man!

FRANK. Ah!

MRS. B. She is as well as can be expected.

FRANK. I am very happy to hear it.

MRS. B. And your dear little wife *that is*—she is —

FRANK. As well as can be expected, too, I hope?

MRS. B. Better! Better than your best hopes. She is now attending your father in his morning walk, and at his own express desire!

FRANK. Excellent! Then she is really making an impression!

MRS. B. Impression? Take care, Mr. Charles, he is actually becoming your rival!

FRANK. Ha, ha, ha! I suspected it.

MRS. B. He'll be attended by nobody else. The offices of his niece, his valet, in short, every assistance he can have from Fanny, he shifts upon her in preference.

FRANK. So far, all goes on as we could wish; but the disclosure—that's the great point. There will be the trial, Mrs. Bell!

MRS. B. How so? You make a good match?

FRANK. An excellent one, nobody can deny it! Eugenia is good, rich, and beautiful! and who could resist her? Her father was my friend—my father's friend—whom he had a thousand times lamented to have quarrelled with. In his dying hours I attended him to the last! With a grateful heart, he seemed to commit his daughter to my protection. And after his death, there I lingered, falling deeper and deeper in love with her; and constantly reminded, in my father's letters, of my engagement with my cousin Laura.

MRS. B. Ah! it was a trying scene, Mr. Charles.

FRANK. It was; indeed it was, Mrs. Bell; and when, at last, I talked, as it was high time I should, of fixing a period for returning home, in the tender simplicity of her heart, "Oh, Mr. Franklin!" said she, "I wish it was worth your while never to part from me."

MRS. B. What could you say to that?

FRANK. Not a word; my honour, my principle, forbade it. I merely gazed at her in silence, until my heart was bursting; then took her to my arms, wept over her for an hour, and married her the next morning.

MRS. B. And what a happy creature you must have made her?

FRANK. Yes; but how miserable I've made my poor cousin.

MRS. B. I'm not sure of that.

FRANK. Oh! but I am. I have heard from the best authority that her head is full of nothing else but her approaching marriage. A first love, you know—it's very natural—Heaven grant her patience!

MRS. B. Amen! with all my heart.

FRANK. To have married her and have loved Eugenia would only have made matters worse; and could I help loving her?

MRS. B. Ay! or how could you help showing it, when you landed your wife here. It was lucky for you, your father sent you off to London, or with your unguarded feelings you would most certainly have betrayed yourself before the time.

FRANK. Nothing more likely. I wish you could tell when would be the time?

MRS. B. Ask your wife. I'm not afraid: the Admiral has been a generous master to me. When I married, he set me up in this hotel; aye, and he'll be a generous father to you.

FRANK. That he has been, Mrs. Bell.

MRS. B. He has an excellent heart.

FRANK. Yes ; but, unfortunately, a devilish strong head.
Whoever turns him from his humour works a miracle.

MRS. B. It will be no miracle to your Eugenia, take my word for it ; but, to prevent your taking her by surprise, I'll go and give her a hint of your coming, that you may understand each other before your father. (\times 's to L.)

FRANK. My dear Mrs. Bell, I'm so much obliged to you.

MRS. C. Keep up your spirits, Mr. Charles, and fear nothing. (Exit MRS. BELL, L.)

FRANK. That's a very good little woman ; but say what she will, we're in a very devilish predicament : let Eugenia win upon him ever so, as Fanny the chambermaid, the very deception we have practised may possibly aggravate his humour against us. And then, poor Laura ! How shall I meet her—how break the secret—how soften to her such merciless intelligence ? (Exit CHARLES, R.)

Enter BILLY LACKADAY, reading, L.

BILLY. "The moment Anna Maria entered the room, the captain started—the blood rushed into his face—his eyes swam in his head—his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth—his knees quivered—his heart palpitated, and his whole frame was in a state of unaccountable confusion." —Oh !—" He approached, and knelt before her. Anna Maria sighed, and, with a flood of tears, rushed into his arms !" I can't bear to read any more. Oh, if ever I should be in such a condition with Miss Fanny !

Enter CURTIS, R,

CURT. Thus it is, at any time, to serve a young master ; though mine, certainly, till within these few days, united all the steadiness of three-score with the good-humour of five-and-twenty : now, 'tis quite another thing ; I guess what ails him ; he has fallen in love with this young lady, the admiral's niece, and there is some great objection to his paying his addresses ; however, if we are to take our departure, the sooner I light on Mrs. Bell, the better. There's that blockhead greasing the leaves of some novel, as usual, instead of minding his business ; and when the circulating library puts him out of spirits, he flies to the cellar for consolation : an odd compound of grief and grog. Hollo, Billy !

BILLY. Oh! I'll trouble you not to—Be gentle, old gentleman, my nerves are delicate.

CURT. Delicate! Your mistress spoils you; you want a good master to set you to rights, Mr. Billy. What business have you to read?

BILLY. Because Miss Biddy Bell says it humanizes one—this here corresponds with my situation.

CURT. Yes, and a lively correspondence it seems to be; and poor Mrs. Bell pays the postage, I suppose.

BILLY. Ah, Mr. Curtis, Mr. Curtis! Human natur', human natur', Mr. Curtis.

CURT. Well!

BILLY. When spring comes in all its wernal beauty, and the primroses peep out, and the birds begin to sing, don't you feel all over I don't know how like?

CURT. I used to feel very loving; but now, I've learned to mind my business.

BILLY. Why, true, it's nigh time you did; you're in the wale o' years.

CURT. What!

BILLY. You're in the wale o' years—winter's a-spreading her snows a-top o' your head.

CURT. What do you mean? Where do you see any signs of snow?

BILLY. (examining) No, no, it's but a sort of sleet, half white and half black.

CURT. You're an impudent fellow!

BILLY. You does me wrong! sure, love is always modest; Fanny, that 'ere black-eyed beauty, the moment I set eyes on her, the blood rushes into my face—my eyes begin a-swimming in my head—my tongue sticks to the roof of my mouth—my knees totter—my nerves quiver—my heart palpitates—

CURT. Heydey! what the devil—

BILLY. And my whole frame is in a state of uncountable confusion!

CURT. Enough to confuse anyone's frame.

BILLY. Ah, Mr. Curtis, sometimes I sits in the laylock bower, and sighs by the hour together.

CURT. Ah, that's when you are muzzy, I suppose?

BILLY. Muzzy! Ah, Mr. Curtis, don't think that I am ever intoxicated. It's all grief and melancholy; I'm very very unhappy, and your features tell me you're a man of feeling.

CURT. Not I.

BILLY. Ah, yes! I'm sure you're a pitiful person—a moral and ineffectual character, and looks upon a wretch like me as your brother.

CURT. Heaven forbid!

BILLY. I'll tell you my story.

CURT. No, I won't trouble you.

BILLY. I'll pour out all my sorrows, and expose myself before you.

CURT. You've done that quite enough already. Where's your mistress?

BILLY. I don't keep none, Mr. Curtis.

CURT. Mrs. Bell, I mean.

BILLY. (*significantly*) Mrs. Bell! Oh! Ay, Mrs. Bell.

CURT. Ay, Mrs. Bell.

BILLY. You're as deep an old jockey as I knows, in spite of them black and white locks; you've got a wernal touch upon you—you haven't lost your liquorish tooth yet, Mr. Curtis.

CURT. You foolish fellow, what do you mean?

BILLY. Oh, my *wenerable* friend, you know som'at of the *laylock*, as well as I do.

CURT. I?

BILLY. Yes, you *insinivating* chap; who was you whispering to last night? I'm up to snuff—Mrs. Bell's the *hobject*—you was *hunfolding* to her your interior secrets, I suppose?

CURT. Why, you stupid hound!

BILLY. Law! what of it? I give you credit for it; if I could only *ketch* Miss Fanny in one of them *tett-a-tetts*.

(bell rings, L.)

CURT. Don't you hear the bell?

BILLY. To be sure I do.

CURT. And don't you mean to go?

BILLY. If they perseveres; but, sometimes, after once or twice, they come down, and that saves a deal of trouble.

CURT. Well, you're a pleasant fellow.

BILLY. Besides, that's the Admiral's bell, and he and I don't gee together. Miss Fanny always goes to him; and what's very odd, she never let's nobody else. She's like you, Mr. Curtis, one of the Fancy, and knows the length of his gouty toe.

(bell rings.)

CURT. There's another—you had better be going.

BILLY. Yes, I ham a-going—going out of a world I'd better have never have come to. Miss Fanny's a-settling my

business—she's a-killing me by kinches ; and, maybe, she'll never drop a tear for me !

CURT. Likely enough.

BILLY. Nor plant a daisy on my grave !

CURT. Nor pluck a buttercup off it, I warrant.

BILLY. My days is numbered, like my napkins. I languishes and pines away. Fate calls, and—(bell rings)—I'm coming. *(Exit BILLY into pavilion, L.)*

CURT. Mr. Billy, with all his nonsense, is more knave than fool. He has seen through my design on little Mrs. Bell. Well, let all the world know it—it's a fair match. Here's my master come to scold, I'm afraid. Well, he's grown amorous, too, and I must expect to feel the consequences.

Enter SANDFORD, R.

SAND. Curtis ! Loitering in the garden—how's that ? Have you packed up—paid the bill—ensured our berths ? Didn't you understand me ? I have determined upon sailing by the very next packet.

CURT. The very next, sir ?

SAND. The very next sir ? *(X's to L.)*

CURT. Very well, sir ! but as it's soon done, sir, suppose we wait till the evening ?

SAND. Why so, sir ?

CURT. Why, sir, I have packed up and unpacked three or four times already—not that I mind trouble, but it tumbles the things so, and who knows, but you may change your mind ?

SAND. Why, hark'ye, Curtis ! You're an old and faithful servant of the family : my father looked upon you as a friend—and so do I. Miss Laura is beautiful as an angel : full of charms, full of allurements, but utterly regardless of the use she makes of them. She will ensnare men's hearts only to trifle with their miseries. Why should she join her uncle in persuading me to stay ?

CURT. I can't say, sir ; perhaps she may prefer you to the man she is engaged to ; but, if you don't love her, what does all that signify ?

SAND. Nothing, nothing at all ! it can signify nothing ! She's contracted to another man.

CURT. Oh ! that settles the matter at once. We must pack up directly.

SAND. Stay, Curtis. I understand Franklin has arrived ?

CURT. So they say, sir.

SAND. Inquire after him, will you? I'll just shake him by the hand, and then—you may pack up immediately.

CURT. The sooner the better sir. (*Exit CURTIS, L.*)

SAND. To trifle with my feelings any longer would be inexcusable. I was just about to start upon my travels. To be stopped on my native shore—by what?—a trifler! who, with an engagement on her hands, attacks my heart; and when she feels her success, seems one moment overcome with pity for my despair, and at another laughs at my embarrassment.

Enter LAURA, R.

LAURA. I beg pardon! I disturb your solitude.

SAND. You are too apt, madam, to disturb my solitude; and yet well know that I prize your society too highly.

LAURA. Better than it deserves, you mean; and yet so little, that I vow, of late you seem determined to avoid me.

SAND. In shunning you, madam, I deserve your acknowledgments; your cousin is arrived, Charles Franklin, the son of your uncle, and, as you say, the son of your benefactor; I have no business here, and you ought to commend my discretion.

LAURA. I do admire it, above all things. I protest, a more discreet young man I never met with.

SAND. It comes a little out of season; but my error is not irreparable; to-morrow I set sail.

LAURA. Set sail!

SAND. You cannot be surprised, madam?

LAURA. Indeed, but I am very much surprised.

SAND. Impossible! there are dangers to avoid. Your wedding is approaching, madam: some of the family would probably be kind enough to send me an invitation which would be—equally painful for me to refuse or accept.

LAURA. But if *I* were to ask you to my wedding?

SAND. I should think you more unfeeling than I do at present.

LAURA. You are very polite, sir, and extremely charitable; but, go sir! go by all means. Travel the wide world over; amuse yourself, and forget the friends you leave behind; find better, if you can; and when you've taught them to value and regret you, leave them as you leave us, without a pang at parting.

SAND. Madam, madam! for heaven's sake why address me in terms like these? why force from me an avowal it

is almost dishonourable to utter? Forget you—never! From my soul I love you, and with an ardour that defies fortitude!

LAURA. Why this is excellent! This is speaking plainly, and to the purpose. Now I am satisfied.

SAND. (*surprised*) Madam!

LAURA. This is all I desire.

SAND. And is this, madam, all the satisfaction I am to expect?

LAURA. And what satisfaction do you expect, Mr. Sandford? You know my situation; my uncle has explained it repeatedly in your hearing. What satisfaction? why, would you have me break my poor cousin's heart?

SAND. You should have considered that, madam, when first we met. Adieu!

LAURA. Mr. Sandford!

SAND. What would you say, madam?

LAURA. Simply this:—It strikes me that you love me, at least as well as my cousin Franklin; and, as one of you must be rejected, he, I think, is the man that will bear disappointment best.

SAND. Can you think him indifferent?

LAURA. Indifferent! no, poor wretch! that's quite out of the question. That he has set his heart upon me, I have no doubt in the world; and then he is so gay, so buoyant, so good-humoured, that when he finds I prefer another, I don't think he'll travel the wide world over in search of consolation.

SAND. Are you so generous, so condescending? Oh, let me kneel!

LAURA. No, don't kneel; you'll set the family in confusion. Recollect your friend—the suddenness of the discovery; we must deal with him very, very gently indeed.

SAND. I am your slave for ever! to your direction I submit implicitly.

LAURA. I'll watch my opportunity; and, whatever may be the result, recollect that true lovers' path to happiness is ever 'tangled with briars.'

SAND. While my fate is uncertain, it is impossible to forget it. (Exit R.)

Enter EUGENIA and the ADMIRAL, L.—ADMIRAL lame of the gout, EUGENIA assisting him.

EUGE. This way if you please, sir; you'll find the walk much smoother here.

ADMI. Yes, it's a great deal smoother, and a great deal more level and soft, and I'm very much obliged to you, indeed.

EUGE. Obliged to me, sir ! Law, sir ! not at all, sir ; I'm sure it's quite a pleasure to be of any use to such a kind, agreeable, good-natured gentleman as you are.

ADMI. Why you dear, pretty behaved, engaging rogue, why you don't say so ?

EUGE. I wouldn't say so if I didn't think so.

ADMI. Well, I believe so ; and I do protest there's nobody manages me so well as you : there's my son, and my niece, Mrs. Bell, and the family, they are all very kind to me, to be sure ; but, when compared to you, my dear, they are so curst awkward.

EUGE. Ring for me whenever you want me, sir.

ADMI. I will. And you say you are Mrs. Bell's niece, don't you ?

EUGE. Yes, sir, just come up from the country.

ADMI. Just come up from the country ? Well, I declare you look as if you had. And your name's Fanny Bell ?

EUGE. Yes, sir, Fanny Bell.

ADMI. And do you know, Fanny Bell, that I have a great mind to take you all to myself, to charm away the fits of the gout ? What d'ye say, Fanny Bell ?

EUGE. Law, sir, do you think I could do you any good ?

ADMI. (aside) I'll be hanged if you couldn't. The very sight of you, Fanny Bell, is a restorative. But you are not in your proper place here, depend upon it.

EUGE. Not when I'm near you ?

ADMI. Yes, yes, that's very true. But Fanny Bell, how could those beautiful, bright sparkling eyes agree with lighting young fellows up to bed ; ay, egad, or old ones either ? then again, those delicate taper fingers, they were never made for brass warming-pans and flat candlesticks ; with the ceremony of lighting up, and showing in, and turning down, and tucking up, and the devil's own cajolery ?

EUGE. Don't be afraid, sir, I shall wait upon nobody else while you stay here.

ADMI. Why, won't you ? that's kind ; and, to prevent all risks afterwards, suppose I carry you off with me ?

EUGE. And if you do, sir, put me in the little round-house belonging to your new villa.

ADMI. Put you in the round-house, my dear ? Oh, you—What, my observatory ?

EUGE. Yes ; there, sir, (*pointing*) all among your maps and telescopes : you gave me the key, you know, sir, and I have been setting them all to rights. When you go, you'll find everything in apple-pie order.

ADMI. No ! why you're quite a little angel ; (*aside*) the girl has certainly taken a fancy to me.

EUGE. And afterwards I looked through your little peep-bo-window, and had a beautiful view of the ocean.

ADMI. A view of the ocean ! there's a style for a rustic ! what a fine natural taste she has ! And you are fond of the sea, are you ?

EUGE. Ah ! that I am ! to see the waves running mountains high, and the big men-of-war rolling up and down !

ADMI. (*in rapture*) Ay, and the signal-guns firing !

EUGE. Frighting the ravens and sea-gulls, and setting them all screaming over your head !

ADMI. Ay, isn't it inspiring ?

EUGE. And then, in fair weather, when it's all so calm and so smooth, and the little boats sailing about, and the waves come gliding so gently upon the beach, as if they had never wrecked a noble ship, but were the most quiet, innocent things in the world—paddle, paddle, paddle ! (*imitating*.)

ADMI. Ha, ha, ha ! Why, you fanciful, fascinating jade ! You shall marry a sailor, and go a sea-voyage with your husband.

EUGE. (*aside*) That I've done already.

Enter BILLY from pavilion, unobserved.

BILLY. (*aside*) There she is, entertaining that sea-monster !

ADMI. She's a noble girl ! and why should not I be the man ? (*aside*.)

EUGE. (*aside*) If he should propose himself !

BILLY. What a lovely fair one !

ADMI. I'll put her to the proof. You dear, beautiful — (*turns upon BILLY, who has advanced, and is by this time between them*) What the devil do you want ?

BILLY. I come to tell you — (*glancing at EUGENIA, and laying his hand upon his head*) I shall speak presently.

ADMI. If you don't, sirrah, I shall —

BILLY. Forget the gout, and kick me out.

ADMI. What do you want, you odious baboon ?

BILLY. Your breakfast is waiting.

ADMI. Enough! Get out! or I shan't be able to swallow a mouthful.

BILLY. He's as undelicate as a porpoise. Oh, Miss Fanny! (*sighs.*)

EUGE. Another of my new admirers!

BILLY. I wish I was old and gouty.

ADMI. Another word, and I —

BILLY. I'm going. (*kisses the hem of her apron.*)

ADMI. Insolent!

BILLY. I adores the werry ground she walks upon.

(*Exit into pavilion.*)

ADMI. Shall I beg your arm into the pavilion, my dear?

EUGE. Certainly, sir.

ADMI. I'm not always in this crazy condition, Fanny.

EUGE. I hope not, sir.

ADMI. When I'm free from the gout I'm quite another man. You wouldn't know me again! gay, vigorous, full of life and spirits! Do you know, that I have been mistaken for my son? You'll be for keeping your distance then, I promise you!

EUGE. Oh, not the more for that, sir.

ADMI. Won't you! you pretty, little, tempting — (*kisses her hand.*)

Enter CHARLES FRANKLIN, R.

FRANK. Hem!

ADMI. Who's that? Eh, Charles! have you arrived?

FRANK. Just arrived, sir. Sorry to see you so lame still! the fit seemed so slight, I was in hopes you would have shaken it off before my return, sir.

ADMI. No, Charles; it sticks to me. I was just making use of this young creature's arm —

FRANK. Yes, and of her hand, too, I observed, sir! Somebody you have hired, I presume?

ADMI. Hired? No, sir; she belongs to the house. It's Miss Fanny Bell, sir! the landlady's niece.

FRANK. A pleasant comely wench, faith, sir!

ADMI. Comely wench! None of your impertinent familiarities! they're quite out of place here, take my word for it. This is a respectable young woman; and I desire you will respect her, for her own sake, as well as for your cousin's sake; or, in other words, for your wife's sake.

FRANK. By all means, sir. For my wife's sake I will respect her: or, if you please, sir, for your sake.

ADMI. Ay, sir, and for my sake! What do you mean by

that? Come to breakfast; and none of your undutiful jokes, if you please.

FRANK. Allow me, sir? (*offers to help him.*)

ADMI. No, sir, I shall not allow you; you are a clumsy fellow; Fanny shall assist me. (*takes her arm, and going, turns to R., which brings EUGENIA next to CHARLES, and gives him an opportunity of kissing her hand.* ADMIRAL still holding her by the arm, comes round to his former situation) Have you seen your cousin yet?

FRANK. No, sir.

ADMI. No, sir! Then look for her immediately, sir: and tell her breakfast is waiting. You'll find her in the garden: and d'ye hear, now you are come, see that you make her a very attentive lover, and a good husband when you've the good fortune to marry her.

FRANK. Immediately, sir. (*kisses EUGENIA's hand.*)

ADMI. (*turning round*) Why, then go, sir.

FRANK. Yes, sir. How I long to jump into her arms!

(*Exit R.*)

ADMI. (*at door of the pavilion*) Thank ye, Fanny; I'm afraid I shall soon trouble you again?

EUGE. I shall be ready, sir.

ADMI. And hark ye, if that puppy of mine is troublesome, box his ears.

EUGE. Never fear, sir! I shall be a match for him.

ADMI. I'll be bound you will! you're a match for anybody. Good morning, Fanny! Bless you my dear! bless you! (Exit into pavilion, L.)

Enter FRANKLIN, R.

FRANK. (*rushes to EUGENIA*) My dear Eugenia. (*embraces her.*)

EUGE. My dear Charles!

Enter ADMIRAL from Pavilion, L., and SANDFORD and LAURA, R.

ADMI. (*sees them*) Fanny, my dear! What the devil's all this?

EUGE. (*to CHARLES*) I wonder at you, sir. (Exit L.)

LAURA. (*next to FRANKLIN*) Why, cousin Charles!

FRANK. Oh, my dear Laura, how happy I am to see you. (*kisses her hand.*)

LAURA. (*snatches it away*) Indeed sir, kissing a chamber-maid under my very eyes, 'tis past endurance.

FRANK. I see how it is, I shall drive her to distraction.

ADMI. Don't mind him, my dear, (*x's to LAURA*) 'tis mere playfulness.

FRANK. Not even that, sir. I was merely thanking her a little earnestly for her attention to my father.

ADMI. Oh, you are very obliging, sir ! but I can thank her for myself—with your permission.

FRANK. However, cousin, *you* seem to have been engaged as well as myself.

LAURA. This gentleman is a friend of yours.

FRANK. What, Sandford ! (*x's to him.*)

SAND. Franklin ! I'm glad to see you !

FRANK. My dear fellow, I little expected this pleasure !

ADMI. We discovered Mr. Sandford to be your friend and school-fellow, and have persuaded him to allow us as much of his company as possible during his stay at Southampton.

FRANK. Then sir, you have acquaintance with a devilish good fellow !

ADMI. You ought to thank him, sir, for his attention to your cousin.

FRANK. And so I do thank him, sir, with all my heart ! (*aside*) I wish he'd run away with her !

LAURA. (*to SANDFORD*) He's jealous of you ; he'll never bear it !

ADMI. Will you dine with us, Mr. Sandford ?

SAND. With all my heart, sir !

ADMI. We shall expect you.

Enter MRS. BELL, L.

MRS. B. What would you like for dinner, sir ?

ADMI. Everything of the best, Mrs. Bell. (*Exit MRS. BELL, L.*) Attend to your cousin, sir. (*to CHARLES who is leaving LAURA*) Ain't they a delightful couple, Mr. Sandford ? (*x's c.*)

SAND. Very delightful, indeed, sir.

ADMI. Charles is in a pickle, I own he's in a pickle, but he adores her.

SAND. Does he, sir ?

ADMI. Loves her to distraction ? Can he help it ?

SAND. (*aside*) Strange he should be so earnest ?

ADMI. You'll stay for the wedding ?

SAND. I fear not.

ADMI. You must, sir, you must ! We shall soon dispatch it ; and then, let us get finally settled in my new villa, and all earthly cares will be ended.

(*Exeunt into pavilion, L.*)

Enter BILLY and SUSAN, L. 1 E.

BILLY. Now, what is the use of your persecuting me in this way? it can't answer no sort of purpose.

SUSAN. I won't be trifled with, Master William; I want to know what you have got in your head?

BILLY. Bless me! nothing.

SUSAN. No nonsense, sir! you're a-tampering with somebody else, I know it. You're a-thinking of Miss Fanny, that you've gone and put over my head; but do you think I shall put up with it, sir?

BILLY. I can't pretend to say. I shall behave like a man of honour.

SUSAN. Why will you, Billy?

BILLY. Beyond a doubt. I've taken a liking to Fanny, and it would not be honourable in me to say so.

SUSAN. Taking a liking to her! You own it then?

BILLY. I adores her!

SUSAN. And this you call acting honourably. Why, a fortnight ago you said as how you adored *me*.

BILLY. I can't call to mind no such thing.

SUSAN. Can't you; but I shall make you call it to mind, sir, before I've done with you. Do you think as how you are to chop and change sweethearts like the Grand Turk? Who are *you*, I wonder?

BILLY. I wish you could tell me, Mrs. Susan. I am a young orphan; we have made out who my mother was, but, for anything we know, my father may be a great nobleman, and it wouldn't be right of me to let down the family.

SUSAN. Nobleman! a rare fellow for the son of a nobleman! Upon my word, you sentimental chaps have a pretty way of getting out of your rogueries, that's a sure thing. But you have said you'd marry me, before Sally, the kitchen-maid; and lawyer Stike's clerk says, if you won't, I can make you pay for it; so you know what you have got to look to; and if the law won't do me right, he'll move the whole business into a court of *iniquity*. (Exit L.)

BILLY. A court of iniquity! poor unfortunate cretur! (takes a chair, and reads.)

Enter MRS. BELL, L.

MRS. B. Why, Billy! where is he loitering? There he is, moping and muzzy, as usual. Billy! Billy! what is the matter with you?

BILLY. I don't know what's the matter with me; I'm hagitated.

MRS. B. And what agitates you?

BILLY. Ever so many things

MRS. B. Let me talk to you, child.

BILLY. You talk so movingly.

MRS. B. Nonsense, child! I want to talk to you about your own concerns.

BILLY. My own concerns touches me more nearer than anybody else's.

MRS. B. Sir, you must learn to mind your business, earn your livelihood. Recollect yourself: didn't my husband, the late Mr. Bell, take you up, a poor deserted *babby*, at his door?

BILLY. The late Mr. Bell had the bowels of compassion.

MRS. B. He wasn't rich; but didn't he give you a very decent middling sort of education?

BILLY. A very middling eddication, indeed.

MRS. B. It ought to have been a good one. Didn't he send you to cousin Luberly, the great Yorkshire grazier and schoolmaster? You don't mean to asperse cousin Luberly? you can't complain of his treatment, I'm sure.

BILLY. I complains of nothing: I sits like Patience on the monument.

MRS. B. You were better fed than taught, sir!

BILLY. I was, and half starved into the bargain.

MRS. B. Not like the poor London lads; you had plenty of air and exercise. Don't you remember how you used to run about among the sheep upon the long common?

BILLY. Yes, I remember the long common, and I remember the short commons. Them hills weren't clothed with much *werder*; it was sharp work, both for the boys and the beasts, we were brothers in adwersity. I used to lose myself, ruminating; and when old Luberly called "Billy!" me and the goat didn't know which was which, and so run a race for the *tater* parings.

MRS. B. You're an ungrateful fellow, sir.

BILLY. I? I blesses old Daddy Bell's memory every day of my life.

MRS. B. Then learn to behave yourself; and, once for all, expect nothing more from me but regular wages as a waiter; and whatever I catch you drinking, I shall deduct it, and so I give you warning.

BILLY. I drinks nothing but the dregs of the table-ale,

as we call the sour small-beer, and the bottoms of the black bottles arter they're decanted.

MRS. B. And you call that nothing sir? Rob a poor widow of her thirds, and call it nothing! I'll not hear of it! Mend your manners, and send home your dog's-eared books, and mind your duty! If ever I hear any more of you being either in love or in liquor, you and I shall fall out, depend upon it.

(Exit R.)

BILLY. What's to become of me? they fills up the cup of my misery, and empties all the others.

SONG.—“Sure Mortal Man.”

Sure mortal man was born to sorrow,
Grief to-day and grief to-morrow;
Here I'm snubbed, and there I'm rated,—
Ne'er was youth so sittivated.
There's Mrs. Bell swears none shall trick her,
And if I steep my woes in liquor,
For every drop I take she charges,
And our small ale's as sour as warges,
And our small ale's as sour as warges.

Oh! Lackaday,
Pity Billy Lackaday!

Poor Susan scolds, and when I've heard her,
I dream all night of love and murder:
I sighs, I groans, like any paviour,
Forgetting all genteel behaviour.
Miss Fanny, she has quite undone me,
Like any queen looks down upon me,
And when I kneels to ax for mercy,
It does no good—but vice-a-warsay.

Oh! Lackaday,
Pity Billy Lackaday!

(Exit, L. 1 E.)

Enter MRS. BELL, R.; EUGENIA from pavilion L.

MRS. B. Well, my dear niece!

EUGE. My dear Mrs. Bell, everything goes on charmingly; only the worst of it is, he actually makes love to me, and I verily believe he is jealous of Charles; he has taken me to his gardens—shown me the summer-house he was so fond of—made me look through his telescope at the ships and prospect—wondered how I came to know so

much of geography—and said, if I was old enough, he would like me, of all things, for a housekeeper.

MRS. B. Never doubt him!

EUGE. We are very much obliged to you for keeping the secret so close.

MRS. B. You ought, child: there has been a deal of curiosity about you, I promise you: one tells me he never heard of such a niece before, another, that you must have been brought up to better things; and a third, Mr. Curtis, for instance, advises me to take care of your character, for that all the world is not like Mr. Sandford, his master, and that the admiral has been a sad rake in his time, to his certain knowledge.

EUGE. I warrant him: Mrs. Bell, keep our secret close, and don't be impatient—in a day or two I hope you may tell it to all the country, as a reward for your most exemplary forbearance.

(Exit L.)

MRS. B. So, here comes that gossip, Mr. Curtis, prying and fishing, as he always does.

Enter CURTIS, L.

CURT. Now, Mrs. Bell, if our bill is ready, we shall have nothing to do but pay it: and then, I am afraid, that you and I must shake hands and part.

MRS. B. Part, Mr. Curtis? I'm very sorry for that.

CURT. Mrs. Bell, can you keep a secret?

MRS. B. Can I? you little think how faithfully—I've such a one in keeping now!

CURT. No!

MRS. B. Yes!

CURT. Why, then, harkye! There is an affair—

MRS. B. Is there indeed! Well?

CURT. The Admiral has, you know, a very beautiful niece.

MRS. B. Yes.

CURT. And my master—

MRS. B. Yes; your master. I can tell you, your master is a very silly gentleman.

CURT. There I believe, he does not want your information. But I want to talk to you about a very critical subject.

MRS. B. A critical subject, Mr. Curtis?

CURT. Yes; an affair of secrecy that concerns myself. I have now lived in this family twenty years, and I think it's high time to retire, and be my own master; in short, Mrs. Bell, to get married and settled.

MRS. B. Dear, Mr. Curtis!

CURT. Yes; but there lies a matter on my conscience, of which I must first unburthen myself by an honest confession; and you, Mrs. Bell, are the person whom I have selected.

MRS. B. For your confession?

CURT. For my confession. When I'm gone, read that letter, and when I return, answer it. (*gives her a letter.*)

MRS. B. A letter!

CURT. Will you comply?

MRS. B. Certainly.

CURT. Enough! my master's coming. (*X's to R.*) Mrs. Bell, may I depend on you?

MRS. B. Mr. Curtis, faithfully.

(*Exeunt CURTIS R., MRS. BELL, L. 1 E.*)

Enter ADMIRAL, from pavilion, L., followed by SUSAN.

SUSAN. Did you send for me, sir?

ADMI. For you! who are you? I sent for Fanny.

SUSAN. She is busy, sir; she is not in the way, sir. If there's anything you want, I can wait upon you just as well as Miss Fanny. Will your honour give me leave to speak?

ADMI. No, I won't. Send me Fanny, and get about your business.

SUSAN. It's my business to open gentlemen's eyes when they're imposed upon. Miss Fanny's as big a hypocrite as ever slept. But I'm going, sir; only this, let your young lady look about her—there's pretty goings on, she's throwing out her lures for your son. Now, mark my words, your honour, and say I said it. (*Exit L.*)

ADMI. Throwing out her lures for my son! Pshaw! they're all jealous of her. I'll not believe a word of it. Here they come.

Enter CHARLES FRANKLIN, LAURA, and SANDFORD, R.

FRANK. Well, sir, my cousin has prevailed on Mr. Sandford to stay a day or two longer.

ADMI. I'm glad of it, I'm vastly glad of it; he shall come to the wedding dinner; we'll have it before he goes. Zounds! you are always running away from me; I want to talk to the point, and bring matters to a conclusion. I'm for none of your tedious, trifling, shilly-shally courtships; Eh? your day, your day! have you brought her to the day, Charles? (*to CHARLES.*)

FRANK. Not exactly, sir! but, since you are so very

anxious, perhaps if you were to leave us alone for a few minutes, we might come to a final understanding on the subject.

ADMI. You're right. By all means.

LAURA. What does he say, uncle?

ADMI. He thinks we had better leave you together, in order that you may come to a final understanding, my dear.

LAURA. Oh yes; that would be very desirable, certainly.
(glancing at SANDFORD.)

ADMI. I'll manage it. Mr. Sandford?

SAND. X's to ADMIRAL) Sir?

ADMI. We are rather in the way here, it seems; the couple want to talk to themselves; you and I had better slip off, and take no notice.

SAND. I comprehend. They have desired you to get me out of the way, then.

ADMI. Yes, yes; you understand these matters: there's no occasion for words; young folks are not all philosophers like you; therefore, while the turtles are cooing, we'll clear the coast (*aloud*) Mr. Sandford and I are going to play a hit at backgammon; I suppose you will be able to amuse yourselves?

FRANK. We'll do our best, sir.

ADMI. Sandford, did you ever see so pretty a picture? Come along, we won't plague the lovers any longer.

(*Exeunt ADMIRAL and SANDFORD into pavilion, L.*

LAURA. (takes a chair and sits, R.) Now for it!

FRANK. My courage fails me. (sitting c.)

LAURA. Did you wish to speak to me, cousin?

FRANK. Me! no. Oh! yes, that is, I. How have you been this long while, cousin?

LAURA. Not quite so well as I could wish, cousin.

FRANK. Indeed! Ay, the fact is, it is rather a critical moment for us both. This same match they talk of between you and me, my father has evidently taken it very strongly to heart.

LAURA. To all appearance he has, cousin, very strongly indeed.

FRANK. Indeed, his happiness seems to depend upon it; still it's of importance that all parties should be satisfied, as well as himself, cousin.

LAURA. Certainly! (*aside*) He's taken alarm, that's clear.

FRANK. It will be, perhaps, as well to understand each other. You, and you alone, Laura, must decide my destiny.

LAURA. Decide his destiny! poor soul! what an awful

—an amorous word was that. What can I say? I have not the heart to kill him.

FRANK. You don't answer me. Speak, my dear cousin! it's a very tender, trying subject. I cannot help respecting your happiness; but, at the same time, in a case of this sort, there should be no reserve—but mutual taste—mutual feeling; for however strong it may be on one side, without an entire sympathy on the other, matters of course can't be very promising.

LAURA. Far from it, cousin. When you left England, love, I fancy, was pretty much a stranger to us both; but absence is always dangerous.

FRANK. The very observation I was going to make to you! you speak, perhaps, from experience. Be candid—deal honestly with me: if, by chance, some wayward, unexpected inclination —

LAURA. Nay, nay! this is not fair! You have been the rambler; and the question comes most properly from me to you.

FRANK. (*aside*) She suspects me, it's clear. My dear cousin! I perceive you are uneasy: you don't like to speak your mind. If I am to be the sacrifice, I am ready. I'll endeavour to be resolute—don't keep me in suspense; but speak the word and let me know the worst.

LAURA. No, no! this may be some feint of yours. I am as generous as you, Charles: in that article, our sex is superior to yours. If the project of my uncle displeases you—if your fancy has wandered—if, in fact, you would abandon your poor Laura, and wed with another—I'll bear my loss with tender resignation; and never shall reproach of mine disturb your happiness.

FRANK. (*aside*) She cuts me to the soul. My dear Laura!

LAURA. My dear Charles!

FRANK. What a cruel situation! but it must out —

LAURA. What are you muttering?

FRANK. My father, you know cousin, had a very dear friend in America—a friend of his infancy —

LAURA. I know whom you mean—Mr. Melbourn.

FRANK. The same. I resided at his house, and was considered as one of the family.

LAURA. Well!

FRANK. The old gentleman had a —

LAURA. Had a what?

FRANK. Had a daughter.

Laura. Well !

Frank. When first I beheld her—I—experienced a —

Laura. A what ? what ? what ? —

Frank. (aside) I dare not tell her. Oh, what a beautiful country ! What a magnificent abode !

Laura. That is not answering the question, cousin : you spoke of his daughter.

Frank. True ! I was going to say—that—his daughter was a —

Laura. Very beautiful creature, no doubt.

Frank. An angel ! that's certain. Beauty, grace and benevolence —

Laura. Oh, every charm, I have no doubt ! Well ?

Frank. Her father died in my arms. All her other relations were far away. I beheld her forlorn situation—without protection, without friends, without experience ; she beheld my tears of compassion and sympathy—you know how susceptible I am ?

Laura. I do, I do. Pray go on !

Frank. I can't—really I can't.

Laura. I guess, traitor—you fell in love ?

Frank. I did, indeed !

Laura. You promised to marry her ?

Frank. I not only promised, cousin —

Laura. But *did* marry her ?

Frank. The murder's out !

Laura. Wretch ! The murder is out : marriage on one hand, and murder on the other. Murder ! treason ! perjury ! Married to another ! Barbarian ! monster ! Oh ! oh ! oh ! (*sinks into chair.*)

Frank. Cousin ! Laura ! I have struck her to the heart ! I have killed her ! My dear cousin ! my dear cousin ! here on my knees let me —

Laura. (*rising and bursting into laughter*) Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

Frank. What is the meaning ? She is delirious ! I've driven her crazy ! My dear cousin, calm yourself !

Laura. Don't be alarmed, I am calm enough. This is what I did not expect from you, Charles, but I am a great deal better now—I shall get over it by degrees.

Frank. I dare say you will —

Laura. In spite of your infidelity, sir. I can assure you, what you don't know, perhaps, yourself, that there is still a sympathy—a harmony as it were—in our feelings and fortunes ; it's perfectly unaccountable.

FRANK. A sympathy in — (*aside*) She loves me still, and wants to make me an unfaithful husband.

LAURA. Are you not sensible of it, Charles?

FRANK. I must *not* be sensible of it now, cousin.

LAURA. Why, then, I'll explain it to you, Charles. Before you went abroad you knew but little of love, cousin—no more did I : when you took leave of us, you bore it like a hero, and I endured it like a heroine. Before you returned, you engaged yourself to another woman, and I engaged myself to another man.

FRANK. To another man ! Impossible !

LAURA. You think so ? You conceited, indiscriminating savage ! Yes, sir, though I was not sufficiently amiable to please *you*, Mr. Sandford has shown himself a man of taste and discernment.

FRANK. Sandford ? my old friend ! my old schoolfellow ! I give him joy, with all my heart ! the very man I could have wished ! You are a sensible girl, cousin—you are perfectly right—he's the man; for he's a solid, steady fellow—a better fellow than I am by half—a great conquest ! Here's a discovery ! Oh ! my dear Eugenia, how happy this will make you !

LAURA. (*aside*) Eugenia ! I shall love her as much as he does.

FRANK. And now my dear cousin, that we have come to a mutual understanding, as my father, you know, desired us, let us proceed in the same spirit, let us now be frank to each other—free and easy, as we have been ; we have now unburthened our hearts, enlightened each other's understanding, set our ideas flowing, and our tongues a-going—

LAURA. (*stopping him*) My dear cousin, *your* tongue goes. If you please, pray, let mine have its share.

FRANK. Talk, my dear cousin, you are eloquence itself ! never was I more willing to hear you.

LAURA. Be serious. What is to be done with my uncle ?

FRANK. Ay, that's a damper ! you'll betray us : I know you will ! you can never disguise your feelings—you'll talk, laugh, be full of ecstasy !

LAURA. Not I, indeed ! I have too much interest in keeping my own counsel ; besides, Sandford is apt to be cross, jealous, distrustful. I must cure him, tease him a little to make him value his good fortune afterwards.

FRANK. Yes—yes ; he's n excellent hands, I'll warrant him !

LAURA. And have you no plan to appease my uncle?
Can you think of none?

FRANK. Eh! let me see! I have it!

LAURA. Well?

FRANK. You shall take it all upon yourself!

LAURA. That's very well! very generous, truly! you,
the arch-rebel, to shift it all upon me!

FRANK. And if I should have found somebody to relieve
us both—a mediating angel who has taken upon herself the
task of conciliation, and is now pursuing it?

LAURA. Whom can you mean?

FRANK. Who, but my dear wife, Eugenia?

LAURA. Your wife? Where is she?

FRANK. Here, in this house, you have seen her, spoken
to her.

LAURA. I see, it comes upon me, as I live, it's Fanny.

FRANK. It is Fanny!

LAURA. Delightful! I can imagine all—she will succeed!
Why, uncle's in love with her himself! You haven't been
jesting with me, Charles?

Enter BILLY from, pavilion, watching.

CLARA. No, upon my honour! And you?

LAURA. No, upon my honour!

FRANK. My dear cousin, (*kisses her hand*) for the first
time in my life, I perfectly adore you!

BILLY. He perfectly adores her! what a *hardour* of ex-
pression!

FRANK. Let us think of securing our mutual happiness.

BILLY. Securing their mutual happiness! I *ax* your
pardon. (*advancing c.*)

FRANK. Your servant.

BILLY. Could you do me a slight favour?

FRANK. You are not going to tell your story, I hope?

BILLY. Only a curtailed breviation, compressing the
particulars.

FRANK. (R.) Well, sir, we are all attention.

BILLY. (C.) I am a young *fondling*!

LAURA. (L.) A what?

BILLY. A young fondling: I was nursed in tribula-
tion —

LAURA. And cradled in calamity?

BILLY. No, miss; cradled in a hand-basket, and hung
up, one summer's morning at the sign of the "Hog in
Armour," then kept by the late Mr. Bell.

LAURA. Poor innocent! abandoned and exposed —

BILLY. No, miss, not exposed; I was nicely packed up in clean straw, with my head peeping out, like a sucking-pig for the parson, and carefully directed to the late Mr. Bell, "to be left till called for."

LAURA. And could their humanity suggest no other precaution?

BILLY. Why, to do them justice, they certainly added, "carriage paid," and "keep this side uppermost."

LAURA. And were you never called for?

BILLY. No, miss; except at years of prematurity, when the gentlefolks called for me to wait on them, and glad enough they was to send me off again when I came—sorrow's contiguous. My mother writ a confession of the whole—a poor deluded creature, of the name of Miss Lucy Lackaday.

LAURA. Ha! ha! ha! ha! and your father. Pray, complete the picture.

BILLY. I can't, miss, for he kept in the background, and hain't since been heard of: so, you see, that, belonging to nobody, I wants to have somebody belonging to me.

FRANK. (to LAURA) You understand, he's in love.

LAURA. With whom?

BILLY. Such a one, there's nobody comes up to her! You know the head chambermaid?

FRANK. What!

LAURA. As I live, it's Fanny.

BILLY. Bless you, who should it be? Now, if you, young gentleman, as you seem a sort of favorite, would only be kind enough, begging your pardon, to speak a good word for me.

FRANK }
and } Ha! ha! ha! This is excellent.

LUCY. }

BILLY. I am very glad you like it; this is vastly genteel, to be sure.

FRANK. I admire your taste, of all things!

LAURA. He has an excellent instinct, upon my life (*crosses to CHARLES*) Don't you pity him?

FRANK. With all my soul!

LAURA. To crown his misfortunes—if he was to go and hang himself?

FRANK. Don't overload my conscience, I beg! Poor devil! ha! ha! ha! (Exit FRANKLIN with LAURA, R.)

BILLY. Poor devil! go and hang myself! Well, I can't say much for their bringings up, at any rate.

Enter SANDFORD, L.

SAND. (*looking after CHARLES*) They are very merry, that's certain ; at whose expense, Heaven knows.

BILLY. I have a great mind to follow and affront him. He mistakes his man : underneath this waistcoat is a heart. Holloa ! hark ye, mister. (*calling after FRANKLIN*.)

SAND. And hark you, mister.

BILLY. How you startled me.

Enter EUGENIA, R.

EUGE. (*observing*) Very merry, indeed ! What's the matter, William ?

BILLY. Matter enough, miss.

EUGE. Who has disturbed you ?

BILLY. Who ? Why, that young gentleman, Mr. Franklin, and his cousin Laura ; I couldn't have believed it of them. Let people be as loving together as they like—but there's no occasion to laugh at other people's misfortunes.

EUGE. As loving together ?

BILLY. Ah, they is a happy pair, that's the truth on't ! I was a-walking along, thinking of nothing, but a certain person (*looking at EUGENIA and hearing a sigh*) when, who should I stumble on but them two, talking about love and matrimony, and such like topics, quite pleasant and agreeable —

SAND. (L.) Talking of love and matrimony, do you say ?

EUGE. (R.) Well, what followed ?

BILLY. (C.) I'll just mention. They were giving one another all sorts of them ere melting looks, which a certain person won't understand, if they are ever so tender — (*looking lovingly at EUGENIA*)

EUGE. Say nothing impertinent, sir.

BILLY. Impertinent ! Now I'll be judged —

SAND. Be judged by the devil ! Go on with your story.

BILLY. Don't be so violent. I ain't a mineral servant.

SAND. Proceed, sir.

BILLY. I am a-going to proceed—coolly, and like a gentleman. (*tenderly to EUGENIA*.) Sweet posy of perfection, where was I ?

EUGE. At melting looks, you know.

BILLY. So I was, and there I could remain for hever and hever.

EUGE. What followed ?

BILLY. Why, then, Mr. Franklin rushed to her in this

manner (*imitating*) and took her fair hand, and—may I show you, Fanny?

EUGE. Yes, yes!

BILLY. He kissed it so (*kissing her hand*)

EUGE. There, there, sir; he went no further, of course?

BILLY. (*aside*) I'll fudge. Yes, and then his *ardeur* pressed on, and says he, "my dear, dear" (*offering to embrace*)

EUGE. Keep off, sir—keep off. What did he say, that's all?

BILLY. Says he, "my dear cousin, I perfectly adores you."

EUGE. "I perfectly adore you?"

BILLY. Them wery words.

SAND. And the lady?

BILLY. Took it all as kind as could be, and laughed, bless you, as I never laughed since I was born, nor you neither, sir, it's my belief.

SAND. (*aside*) 'Tis her pastime to make dupes, and then laugh at them. I'll begone at once, and end my egregious folly.

EUGE. What else, sir?

BILLY. "And now," said they, "we understand each other thoroughly, let us think of securing our mutual happiness.

SAND. So, so!

EUGE. Incredible!

BILLY. Wa'n't it a touching picture?

SAND. (*aside*) A maddening one! (*stamping*)

BILLY. That's he they call the philosopher. Crazy as you may think it—if you would only bring about the same for me with Fanny—try, if it's only for my story!

SAND. Babbler! I wish it had choked you! (Exit L.)

EUGE. I'll not believe it. (*sits down.*)

BILLY. We are alone: it's a *prepitious* moment. (*takes a chair and sits by EUGENIA*) Miss Fanny!

EUGE. Well!

BILLY. When the sun's a-setting in the *vest*, would you just meet me down among the *polyantusses*?

EUGE. Fool! Fright! I hate the very sight of you!

(Exit R.)

BILLY. Fool! Fright! With such a pair of dazzlers, that she should see no better than a buzzard! This won't do, Susan's right—she has got eyes for nobody's beauty but Mr. Charles Franklin's—and if she thinks to carry

matters this way—maybe she has taken a fancy to Mr. Charles Franklin herself—or, maybe, she's playing him off on me, as your beauties do to your true lovers, in a way—hark! she's returning: it was all her bashfulness!

Enter SUSAN, B.

My charming!—(sees who it is) Now, what brings you here?

SUSAN. What! Why didn't I tell you what you would get for your pains, following such a proud thing as that?

BILLY. I wish you were half as proud. Can't you cut me as she does? I shouldn't take it amiss, I assure you. I thought you was taking the law?

SUSAN. No, sir; I don't want to do nothing unpleasant—that you know.

BILLY. Good soul! then keep your distance, and don't intrude upon them as don't intrude upon you.

(*Exit BILLY, L.*)

SUSAN. Oh! Billy! Billy! ain't you ashamed of yourself? (*crying*)

(*Exit following BILLY, L.*)

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Handsome apartment of the inn—c. doors, to open.*

Enter CURTIS, B.

As I suspected, here we are again; my master takes the road to London, instead of the water's side, and the vessel sails without us. He is thrown back upon his plague, and I upon my female confessor. Well, this affair with poor Lucy Lackaday has been long upon my conscience, and now Mrs. Bell can't say I attack her under false colours. Here she comes, with my letter open: what—does she treat it as a joke?

Enter MRS. BELL, L.

MRS. B. Ha! ha! ha! why, Mr. Curtis, is it you come back? I have read your letter, sir. And so we have found you out at last?

CURT. Found me out!

MRS. B. Well ! who could have thought it ? You, the gay deceiver of poor Lucy Lackaday !

CURT. Why, what did you know of her ?

MRS. B. Know of her ? why she was poor Mr. Bell's second cousin.

CURT. Lucy Lackaday ! and my boy then —

MRS. B. Why, is it possible you don't know him, Mr. Curtis ?

CURT. How should I, Mrs. Bell ? when I returned from my travels with old Mr. Sandford, Lucy had found another husband, and, out of spite, never would give me any news of him.

MRS. B. Why, then, I can, Mr. Curtis ; you know him as well as I do ; you have been messmates and companions ; and, if you had but listened to his story, you would have found that it was no other than our poor, dear, comical, Billy.

CURT. What ! silly, sentimental Billy ?

MRS. B. We took him up an infant at the door, and he has been here ever since. You'll own him, I hope ?

CURT. Own him ! what do you take me for ? Certainly ; but haven't you owned him, like good souls as you were ?

MRS. B. Yes ; but we spoiled him—you must make a man of him.

CURT. And so I will ; for your sake, as well as his own, we'll do our best. Where is he ?

MRS. B. The admiral has sent for me : wait till I return, and then—

CURT. Only, if you would adopt the father, as you did the son—

MRS. B. Law ! Mr. Curtis ! how you talk, do come along.

(*Exeunt MRS. BELL and CURTIS, L.*)

Enter SANDFORD, R.

SAND. Some magic rivets me to the spot : but the power of the self-deceived enchantress is at an end. I'm determined to quit her for ever : here she comes.

Enter LAURA, C.

LAURA. Not gone yet ?

SAND. Unfortunately not, madam !

LAURA. Accident, no doubt ? something forgotten, something left behind, you were desirous of recovering ?

SAND. Disgusted with the sophistries of Art, I am here enjoying the beauties of Nature.

LAURA. The beauties of nature ! then you wouldn't mind a little bird singing beside you ? (SANDFORD sits.)

SONG.—“ *Why are you wandering?* ”

Why are you wandering here, I pray ?
 An old man asked a maid one day.
 Looking for poppies, so bright and red,
 Father, said she, I'm hither led.
 Fie ! fie ! she heard him cry,
 Poppies, 'tis known to all who rove,
 Grow in the field, and not in the grove—
 Grow in the field, and not in the grove.

Tell me again, the old man said,
 Why are you loitering here, fair maid ?
 The nightingale's song, so sweet and clear,
 Father, said she, I come to hear.
 Fie ! fie ! she heard him cry,
 Nightingales all, so people say,
 Warble by night, and not by day—
 Warble by night, and not by day.

The sage looked grave, the maiden shy,
 When Lubin jumped o'er the stile hard by ;
 The sage looked graver, the maid more glum,
 Lubin he twiddled his finger and thumb.
 Fie ! fie ! the old man's cry,
 Poppies like these, I own, are rare,
 And of such nightingales' songs beware—
 And of such nightingales' songs beware.

SAND. May I be permitted to retire ?

LAURA. Certainly not ; I assure you, Mr. Sandford, you are not in a fit condition to be left alone. Once more, am I to hear your complaints, or am I to congratulate myself on an escape from incurable jealousy and ill-humour ?

SAND. Have you not been trifling with my hopes ? Your scene with Charles Franklin, madam, I know the result of it.

LAURA. Indeed ! you do not ; but you ought to have guessed it, and that would have been quite sufficient. Here he is.

Enter CHARLES FRANKLIN, R.

(X's to R.) My dear Charles ! We are upon good terms,

you see: cousins ought to be so. Excuse me, business must be attended to.

SAND. What am I to think of this?

LAURA. Well! my uncle—

FRANK. Your uncle's mad. He swears you doat upon me; and if I dare imagine the contrary, says I'm an unprincipled young scoundrel, and he'll disinherit me, and make you amends with my fortune.

LAURA. I'm very much obliged to him. But this trifling won't do, Charles; your wife must speak out, or what is to become of poor Sandford? he'll certainly go mad. Come, we must about it. Excuse me, Mr. Sandford, remember what I've said to you, and don't go without wishing us goodbye—pray don't, that's a good creature!

(*Exeunt CHARLES and LAURA, E.*)

SAND. The more I pause, the more my embarrassment increases. (*looks after them.*)

Enter EUGENIE, L.

EUGE. Charles doesn't come to me: how provoking. There's the gentleman Mrs. Bell suspects to be Miss Laura's lover. I may comfort him, at least. Sir! He won't hear me. Sir!—

SAND. My dear! Did you speak to me?

EUGE. Yes, if you please, sir. You seem to be in trouble.

SAND. I'm not quite at ease, child.

EUGE. Then take my word for it, Mr. Sandford, you are very much to blame.

SAND. To blame, Fanny?

EUGE. Don't you know what I mean, Mr. Sandford? Oh, everybody sees it.

SAND. Sees what?

EUGE. Why, sir, begging your pardon, that you are over head and ears in love with the Admiral's niece, Miss Laura!

SAND. (*aside*) Everybody perceives it. No, not I, indeed, child!

EUGE. (*alarmed*) No!

SAND. No, no!

EUGE. Pray don't say so, sir!

SAND. (*aside*) What is all this?

EUGE. Are you quite sure?

SAND. Why, really my dear, this is—

EUGE. Come, come, you're not alarmed at it—what harm is there? I never thought there was any.

SAND. Sincerity here, at any rate.

EUGE. I know a great deal about it, I assure you. It's of no use denying it to me, I can see the symptoms.

SAND. Well, if you are so infallible, can you prescribe a cure, child?

EUGE. In your case I think I can.

SAND. Indeed, I shall be glad to hear it.

EUGE. Well, then, maybe you're afraid that Miss Laura will marry young Mr. Franklin?

SAND. (*aside*) Disguise is useless here. Well, Fanny, perhaps I am.

EUGE. Why, then, I can tell you that she never will.

SAND. Never will?

EUGE. Never, never! And what could possess him to make love to her, except to tantalize her, and you, and his father, and another important person beside, is more than I can imagine.

SAND. My dear Fanny, how came you acquainted? —

EUGE. Come, come, now you want to know everything.

SAND. To be sure I do.

EUGE. Oh, but you must not. All in good time; have patience, and, above all, press your suit. Miss Laura is a charming young lady, and you mustn't trifle with her; never sit sulky and silent, but tell her, constantly, how much you love her; talk of her beauty, and see nothing of her faults—that is, open your mouth, shut your eyes, and see what Providence will send you.

SAND. My dear Fanny, you interest me almost as much as Miss Laura.

EUGE. Oh, for shame, sir, take care.

SAND. Nay, you won't make mischief between us.

EUGE. Me, the most unlikely person in the world.

SAND. Is there no favoured youth among your admirers?

EUGE. How curious you gentlemen are. (X's R.)

SAND. If there is, Fanny, and I can do anything to facilitate your match —

EUGE. You're very good, but if you'll take my advice and facilitate your own match, I'll answer for mine—thank ye all the same.

SAND. I wish you all good fortune.

(*Exit R.*)

Enter CHARLES FRANKLIN, C.

FRANK. He doesn't want both my wives, I hope. Egad, appearances are not flattering to me here, any more than with my cousin. Eugenia, my dear Eugenia.

EUGE. Keep your distance, sir, if you please.

FRANK. Keep my distance. Hang it, it's rather too late in the day for that, my love.

EUGE. And I should have thought it rather late in the day for making love to your cousin—to tell her, for the first time in your life you perfectly adore her.

FRANK. And could you find no clue to understand?—

EUGE. Understand it—oh, yes, it was pretty intelligible, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself. What, fall on your knees to her—kiss her hand—determined to plot with her and forget your poor Eugenia. (X's R.)

FRANK. Forget you, then must my heart forget its honesty—my eyes the beauty that enslaved it—my ears the melody that enchanted it—and every faculty the source of its best and purest gratification.

EUGE. Oh, you can talk finely when you talk falsely.

FRANK. Look at me, Eugenia—won't you look at me?

EUGE. Well, I do see you.

FRANK. And how do I look?

EUGE. A great deal more roguishly than I could wish.

FRANK. Not like a dissembler, you know: be prepared, then, to hear the truth—we haven't a moment to lose—the fact is, that awful and delicate interview ended in the most unexpected manner. I told Laura my secret, she rejoiced, and, astonishing as it may appear, hasn't a spark of love for me, but has given her heart, and is determined to give her hand to Mr. Sandford.

EUGE. Well, now you talk, that's a great deal better than all the fine speeches in the world. If your cousin does not love *you*, then I love *her* with all my heart.

FRANK. I have just left my father: he has embarrassed me more than ever;—"Well, but Charles," said he, "old Melbourne, where has he settled himself? Did you get no news of him? Does he never mean to come to England? I should like to shake the old fellow by the hand once more!"

EUGE. And didn't you speak out then? my father was so good, that if he really loved him, he must love me for his sake.

FRANK. He ought, indeed, and still more for your own. But I don't know how it is, I hadn't courage. He's a terrible disciplinarian, and had I broke it suddenly, we must have had a storm, that might have wrecked our hopes and expectations past redemption.

EUGE. Don't frighten me, Charles; if I must make the experiment, don't frighten me!

FRANK. No, no! we'll prepare him by degrees; Laura's with him now; I'll follow, and sound his humour, adieu!

EUGE. Are you going again so soon?

FRANK. Only for a short time. Our fate cries out! Sandford is upon thorns. Laura can't laugh any longer, and I'm like a poet in a manager's ante-room; but even the panic-struck poet might take courage from you, and so will I!

EUGE. And when shall we meet again?

Enter BILLY, listening, c.

FRANK. In an hour, when it's sufficiently dark to be unobserved, and in the garden at the usual place.

EUGE. Adieu! pray come; I begin to be so afraid of parting with you, Charles—but, if we must—Adieu!

(*Exeunt FRANKLIN, R., EUGENIA, L.*)

BILLY. There's polybigamy! here's a young Blue Beard! Meet in the garden, will they? at the old place! and in the dark, too! Very well. I'll make one of the party, that they may take their oaths on! I have, hitherto, been patient under my injuries, now I'll give a loose to my vengeance! I'll *unwhale* the mystery! I'll be revenged on Miss Honeymouth! I'll make old Boras disinherit his wile offspring, and make him a wretched young youth like myself!

(*Exit L.*)

Enter ADMIRAL and MRS. BELL, R.

ADMI. I'll not hear of it! Postpone the marriage, indeed! isn't he a cold-blooded scoundrel, a heartless, dishonourable villain! Have I sent him a sea-voyage, to complete his education, for this? What can he mean? what pretence has he?

MRS. B. Indeed, I can't say, sir. Perhaps the young lady is not agreeable.

ADMI. She not agreeable! and what right has she to object? Isn't she my niece—my ward? and isn't her fortune at my disposal? and won't she lose half of it if she marries before the age of five-and-twenty, without my consent? Do you fancy that a girl of her spirit has any desire for being an old maid, Mrs. Bell?

MRS. B. No, that I'm sure she hasn't.

ADMI. And what objection can she have to Charles? Isn't he a likely youth, a gallant youth, and will get to command the best frigate in the navy? but no, confound him! that he does not deserve: but if he isn't, she should have made him so. She has turned the heads of half-a-dozen young fellows, that had no business to fall in love with

her ; but, it's no matter ; if they dare rebel against my authority, I'll turn them both upon the wide world, and never see them again, till they come to me, man and wife, ay, and with a proper pledge they love each other as man and wife ought.

MRS. B. I applaud your resolution, sir.

ADMI. I knew you would ; but, 'sdeath ! the more I think of them the more they enrage me ! Where is the coxcomb ? I'll follow him ; and if he dare resist—

MRS. B. Now pray, sir, don't—

ADMI. I'll take justice into my own hands, and with this good cane—(*striking forward.*)

Enter BILLY, l., his hair dishevelled, he receives the blow.

BILLY. I'm distracted, I'm—

ADMI. How dare you, rascal ! What's the matter with you ?

BILLY. What ! mischief's the matter, mischief and misery ! a broken heart, as well as a broken head !

ADMI. Why do you keep this maniac in your house—this madman ?

BILLY. Enough to make me mad. There's pretty work a-going on ! there's wheels within wheels, my noble commander ! and it's my duty to let you both into the whole business.

ADMI. Me, blockhead ?

BILLY. Yes ; it's a-concerning your son, and your fine lady of a niece.

ADMI. What then ?

BILLY. Why, they are *callogging* together.

ADMI. What ?

BILLY. They are *callogging* together ; whereby, as I heard them whisper to one another, they are to meet to-night in the garden in the dark and in the old spot. Now, what do you think of that, my noble commander ?

ADMI. And you heard all that ?

BILLY. As plain as I hear you.

ADMI. The unprincipled villain ! he's corrupting her—I suspected it : and she's a thoughtless, foolish hussy. Send her to me, immediately, in my apartment ; I must have some serious conversation with her. (*Exit c.*)

MRS. B. Hark, you fantastical cub, you ! there's somebody coming that will bring you to your senscs, I warrant you. (*Exit c., beckoning on CURTIS.*)

Enter CURTIS, L.

CURT. For shame ! for shame ! what tricks are these ?

BILLY. Never mind ; I shan't wring your old heart long.

CURTIS. What should vex you ? you have nothing upon your conscience ; I wish I could say the same.

BILLY. Why can't you ? I pities you.

CURT. Ah !

BILLY. What a *hinteresting* groan ! Let me be your friend and confidant. Relieve your old heart : if it's murder, mention it.

CURT. It might have been.

BILLY. Might it indeed ? some rash moment—a *hamable* weakness—he won't confess—thwarted in your youth, eh ? maybe, you were baulked in your perspiring passion, and turned captain of banditti ? (CURTIS shakes his head) He shakes his head—there's nothing in that—all wrapt in insignificant silence—he's quite a picture. Well, as you won't speak, and as there seems a sort of sympathy between us, I'll tell you *my* story. I'm a young *fondling* —

CURT. Yes, yes ; I know—a *foundling*, you mean.

BILLY. Well, they are both good grammar, you know !

CURT. No matter ! I know who you are, and your sorrows are akin to my sins.

BILLY. Are they, indeed ? First cousins, I dare say ?

CURT. But they are now at an end : prepare yourself for a discovery ! You are an orphan no longer ! I have found a son, and you —

BILLY. What ?

CURT. A father !

BILLY. Where ?

CURT. Here ! I—I am your father !

BILLY. Oh ! oh ! oh ! (rushes into his arms) Bless your old face ! Have I got you at last ?

CURT. You have, boy ! Mrs. Bell knows the *particulars*.

BILLY. Oh ! blow the particklers ! Don't it always turn out so ? I told you there was a sympathy : and now I've found you, all my sorrows are at an end ; I'll be as lively and respectable as you, father. What a nice old cock you are !

Enter MRS. BELL and SUSAN, C.

MRS. B. Well, is it all over ?

BILLY. Over ! No ; it's just a-beginning ! Here's my father, and, as you 'dopted me for a son, blow me if I don't 'dopt you for my mother ! To her, father !

CURT. (*crosses to MRS. BELL, R.*) Bravo! there spoke my son, indeed: come, widow, I have something to back my suit. My old master left me a plumpish legacy.

BILLY. Do you hear that? And though I'm heir-at-law, I dock my tail with pleasure.

MRS. B. Oh! you're gay deceivers!

SUSAN. Billy is, I am sure!

CURTIS. And who are you, pray?

BILLY. Poor thing! she's got a *tender pension* for me.

SUSAN. (*crying*) You promised to marry me, Billy.

CURT. How! Did you, sirrah?

BILLY. Why, possibly I might; and since Miss Fanny can't feel my merits, I'd better go to them as can, father, and as you say, keep a clear conscience.

CURT. By all means, boy; if you have given your word, you shall keep it; and, with Mrs. Bell's permission, we'll pair off together, forget past troubles, and be merry and wise for the future.

(*Exeunt L.*

Enter ADMIRAL, C.

ADM. This is a very serious business—a very serious business! A young profligate! and yet, I don't wonder at him either, he has it from his father: but the girl must go, I must have her sent back to her country—she makes herself too agreeable for the good and quiet of my family. Why doesn't she obey my summons? Does she presume on my good nature?

Enter EUGENIA, L.

Oh! you are come!

EUGE. Yes; you sent for me, sir; and I'm always glad to be near you.

ADM. And why, child? Why are you glad to be near me?

EUGE. Why? why, because I can't help loving you, sir. Excuse my speaking my mind, sir.

ADM. Fie! fie! you're a hypocritical rogue—you love my son, too, don't you?

EUGE. O, yes, sir, that I do, indeed.

ADM. Well, you speak your mind plainly, I must confess.

EUGE. Ought I not to speak so, sir?

ADM. Undoubtedly! and I hope you'll proceed with equal honesty. Come hither—is it not true my son has just quitted you—that you have been alone together? You blush, I think—answer me.

EUGE. Yes, sir, we have been alone together?

ADM. You are agitated!

EUGE. If I am, sir, I'm sure I don't know why; I've done no harm.

ADM. That I'm sure you haven't. (*aside*) Her heart's gone, that's plain. And what did he say?

EUGE. Some very kind things, indeed, sir, full of tenderness and affection—and so he said he should always feel for me: that I had done right to come here and live with my aunt: and that he would do all in his power to make my life agreeable.

ADM. My old language to a letter. I must protect her, but go she must; and yet, I dare say, I shall make her wretched! Pshaw! this is weakness and trifling; mine are habits of authority and command. I must be myself. (*loud and stern*) Come hither, girl!

EUGE. (*startled*) Oh! dear sir! pray don't speak so to me, after being so kind! I can't bear to hear you speak so harshly—indeed I can't!

ADM. (*aside*) This will never do. Very well, I don't mean to speak harshly to you, but I have strong reasons, girl!

EUGE. And that word again—you called me your child just now—it was a much kinder name: why should you change it?

ADM. Pooh! pooh! *child!* since you will have it so. No more of this—I'm not used to be trifled with—I want to know whether you think of staying in this neighbourhood?

EUGE. O, yes, sir, I hope so! I have taken a long leave of my country; and where could I be so happy, as near you, sir. You talked of having me in your house: it would be my heart's joy, if you would, sir!

ADM. Ay, ay, you've a wrong motive for that, child; and you mustn't think of it. Have you no regret at leaving your country? I'm for seeing you married, child! is there no young favourite left behind?

EUGE. Oh, no, sir! Since I lost my father, I have no friend left there, sir! Here, I may find others; and since you are good enough to wish me a husband, he must be of this part of the world, if you please, sir! Why should I not be near you, sir, and do you all the service I can—I should be as careful of your comfort and happiness, as if you were my own father.

ADM. (*aside*) She has me. A bosom of adamant could

not stand against her. Wait a moment. Yet all this, instead of shaking my resolution, ought to strengthen it. Here comes her aunt, with her I may be more courageous.

EUGE. There's my aunt, sir, she'll tell you.

ADMI. Come in, Mrs. Bell, come this way.

Enter MRS. BELL, L.

Fanny, you may retire.

EUGE. Are you angry still, sir?

ADMI. No, no, I'm not angry, but get you gone.

EUGE. I tremble—what has happened? The more I know him, the more I love him, and dread his displeasure.

(*Exit, L.*)

ADMI. This girl must go—she can't stay in my neighbourhood, hear what I say, and make no reply.

MRS. B. Oh! dear sir, no; you may depend —

ADMI. Silence! this purse contains a hundred guineas—take it, I mean it as a portion for your niece—she's a good girl, and see that she has a good husband; but, if you value my patronage and protection, she must leave this place immediately!

MRS. B. Leave us?

ADMI. Not a word! 'tis my desire—comply with it. You know the consequence—this very night she must go!

MRS. B. Dear me! so much as I love her!

ADMI. Hark'e! I love her as much as you do, and am as sorry to lose sight of her. I have my reasons—don't vex me by asking them—leave me, and obey!

MRS. B. (*aside*) Dear young lady, what will she say to this? (*Exit L.*)

ADMI. That business is settled. I have overcome every lurking weakness, and secured the repose of my family. The girl has turned my wits, as well as my son's, and almost made us rivals in the heart of a chambermaid.

Enter CHARLES FRANKLIN, LAURA and SANDFORD, R.

ADMI. Well, young gentleman, and you, madam, what crotchet has crept into your heads? Have you made up your minds?

FRANK. Sir, if —

ADMI. No if's puppy! The solicitor's clerk is in the house with the marriage articles; I know your secret, sir, and poor Laura is too proud to resent the change it has produced in you, though I dare say her heart is bursting

with rage and mortification. (*X's to LAURA, R.*) But, calm your feelings, and be comforted—he shall marry you and what's more, damme, he shall love you too, or the whole Consistory Court, Doctors and Proctors, shall be employed to make him.

LAURA. Dear uncle, pray don't force him, for as matters stand, I assure you the marriage is quite impossible.

ADMI. Impossible! What do you mean?

EUGE. (*without, L.*) Let me pass—I will speak to him!

ADMI. Again!

Enter EUGENIA, R., (X's to ADMIRAL).

EUGE. Oh, sir, have I heard rightly—is it you that have given these orders, that cut me to the heart? You, so good and so generous, that have taken such pains to make me love you, and then banish me for so doing? But I'll not go! Oh! never, never! I must be ever near you—ever look up to you as a friend, a protector, a father!

ADMI. This is more than I can bear! Leave me, child!

FRANK. Listen to her, sir.

ADMI. Peace, libertine, I have heard too much!

EUGE. I know the cause of your displeasure—suspicion pursues me, with some reason—I approach you in a character which is not my own, but for no dishonest purpose; I am neither low-born nor indigent. You had an early friend, who has long lived in a distant country, his name was—

ADMI. Melbourne?

EUGE. Yes, sir!

ADMI. I loved him as a brother—Jack Melbourne—we were class-fellows, boon and bottle friends, and rubbed away the bloom of life together. We were of impetuous spirits, and a trifle divided us—a word, aggravated by the mischief-makers of this meddling world—but I have loved him ever—God bless him.

EUGE. If you loved the father you will not reject his child. (*kneels.*)

ADMI. You the daughter of Jack Melbourne! Where—where is he?

EUGE. Where he no longer feels the bitterness of poisoned friendship.

ADMI. Dead?

EUGE. Alas, yes; but he bequeathed to you an affection unaltered as your own. A friend was at his bedside with him: he charged me to come hither. "I leave you," said

he, "my child, but not an orphan. I know the heart of my old friend ; bear my last blessing to him, and you will still have a father. I die in peace, for I already see you in his arms ! " (*embrace.*)

ADM. Let him look down and see you there now ! Your father was right ; I thank him that he did me justice. My heart was your's at once—the surviving spirit of my old friend was the unconscious charm ; now I recognize it in every look and feature.

EUGE. Indeed, sir !

ADM. But, 'sdeath ! why do I see you descend to this masquerade ?

EUGE. Oh, that's another matter, sir ; you know you recommended me to find a lover ?

ADM. A superfluous injunction ; I dare say you had one.

EUGE. I had ; the friend who attended my dying father ; but his family—

ADM. His family ! what family could oppose such a choice ?

EUGE. They had other prospects.

ADM. They shall renounce them then ! Who are they ? I'll talk to them—I'll take it all upon myself. Let them dare insult your feelings in my presence ! Who is the youth ?—'sdeath ! were I in his place, to-morrow I'd make you Mrs. Franklin—eh, sir ? (*to CHARLES.*)

FRANK. Certainly. I'm so decided of your way of thinking, that, having met the young lady in my travels, I have made her Mrs. Franklin already !

ADM. You !

FRANK. }
and } (*kneeling*) Your blessing, sir !

EUGE. }

ADM. You scoundrel ! (*embraces EUGENIA*) You dear angel ! How dare you, sir, to marry a ward of mine, without my consent ?

FRANK. Wouldn't you have done the same, sir ?

ADM. I'll be damned if I wouldn't ! Your wife's a prodigy, for she's the first that ever made me forget character and wink at an act of mutiny.

EUGE. We'll be very obedient for the future, sir !

ADM. Obedient ! As you've served your time before the mast, why I'll lay up, and you shall be commander-in-chief. (*joining hands*)

LAURA. (*coming down*) And what's to become of me, sir ?

ADMI. Why, that's rather a puzzling question; 'tis a bit of a balk, to be sure; but we'll look out for a substitute.

SAND. If, sir, I might venture to offer myself.

ADMI. You're very accommodating! upon my soul, I'm very much obliged! (to LAURA) What am I to answer?

LAURA. Whatever you think proper, sir.

ADMI. Whatever I—Why, you barefaced baggage! so you've been plotting against me, too! You're all alike. Well, well! I see Fortune has provided better for me than I could do for myself; for, instead of making me the father of two, she has made me a father of four.

SAND. And who's to father these four?

Enter SUSAN, BILLY, MRS. BELL, and CURTIS, L.

BILLY. I come to introduce—

ADMI. Whom, cub?

BILLY. The two Mr. and Mrs. Curtises, to your favour.

ADMI. Two Mr. and Mrs. Curtises? Booby what do you mean?

BILLY. Why, genteelly speaking, we're leading one another to the halter.

ADMI. What for?

BILLY. To change our sponsinal predominations.

ADMI. What, Mrs. Bell! another husband?

MRS. B. This is the last time of asking.

ADMI. Well, I shall have turtles enough to stock my pigeon-house, at any rate. And when we have our wedding-dinner, charge me with yours. We'll have a royal salute, and you, sir, (to CURTIS) shall serve out a jorum of punch to every blue-jacket in the harbour, to drink the good old seaman's toast of—"SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES."

R.

SANDFORD.

LAURA.

CURTIS.

MAS. B.

BILLY.

SUSAN.

ADMIRAL.

EUGENIA.

FRANKLIN.

L.

CURTAIN.

A

DAY OF RECKONING.

A Drama,

IN THREE ACTS.

BY
J. R. PLANCHE,

AUTHOR OF

The Captain of the Watch, Reputation, Discreet Princess, Child of the Wreck, Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady, Loan of a Lover, Follies of a Night, Promotion, Court Beauties, Who's Your Friend? Court Favour, Grist to the Mill, Somebody Else, Jacobite, Pride of the Market, Jenkinses, Secret Service, Queen's Horse, Mysterious Lady, A Peculiar Position, Printer's Devil, My Great Aunt, My Heart's Idol, Irish Post, Queen Mary's Bower, Cabinet Question, Romantic Idea, Garrick Fever, My Friend the Governor, Brigand, A Daughter to Marry, The Regent, Charles XII., Jewess, Returned Killed, Rencontre, Not a Bad Judge, Vampire, Spring Gardens, Green Ey'd Monster, Cortez, Maid Marian, Oberon, Knights of the Round Table, An Old Offender, Fortunio, Blue Beard, Sleeping Beauty, Bee and the Orange Tree, Birds of Aristophanes, Drama at Home, Fair One With the Golden Locks, Love and Fortune, Graciosa and Percinet, White Cat, Island of Jewels, King Charming, Theseus and Ariadne, Golden Branch, Invisible Prince, Beauty and the Beast, Good Woman in the Wood, Buckstone's Ascent of Mount Parnassus, Buckstone's Voyage Round the Globe, Camp at the Olympic, Once upon a Time there were Two Kings, Yellow Dwarf, Cymon and Iphigenia, Prince of Happy Land, Queen of the Frogs, Seven Champions, Haymarket Spring Meeting, &c., &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
89, STRAND, LONDON.

A DAY OF RECKONING.

First performed at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, (under the management of Madame Vestris), on Wednesday, December 4th, 1851.

CHARACTERS.

Adelphi,
June 22nd, 1868.

COUNT D' ARENTAL	...	Mr. Charles Mathews	...	Mr. C. Mathews
M. BOQUILLARD	...	Mr. Robert Roxby	...	Mr. Eburne
M. DE BARVILLE	...	Mr. H. Butler	...	Mr. Ashley
M. FAUVEL	...	Mr. H. Horncastle	...	Mr. Stuart
CLAUDE MOREAU	...	Mr. George J. Vining	...	Mr. Billington
GRABOULOT	...	Mr. Frank Matthews	...	Mr. G. Belmore
GERMAIN	...	Mr. Harcourt	...	Mr. Branscombe
PYRENE	...	Mr. Bellingham	...	Mr. C. T. Smith
RIGOLARD	...	Mr. Simmonds	...	Mr. R. Romer
FIRST MAN	...	Mr. Burt	...	Mr. Aldridge
SECOND MAN	...	Mr. Firth	...	Mr. Tomlin
WAITER	...	Mr. Morris	...	Mr. Paulo
SERVANT	...	Mr. de Courcy	...	Mr. Hitchenson
COUNTESS D' ARENTAL		Madame Vestris...	...	Miss Leclercq
PERNETTE	...	Mrs. Horn	...	Miss E. Pitt
MADAME CAVALON	...	Mrs. Macnamara	...	Mrs. Stoker
MADAME ANGO	...	Miss Ellis	...	Miss Manly
ELODIE	...	Miss Martindale	...	Miss Burnette
FANCHETTE	...	Miss Burbidge	...	Miss E. Turtle
THERESE	...	Miss Hunt	...	Miss D'Este

MODERN DRESSES.

A DAY OF RECKONING.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*Courtyard of a Lodging-house in Paris. Porter's Lodge, R., Porte Cochere, &c. Staircase leading to upper apartments, L. Loud knocking at outer gate, c.*

GRABOULOT descending stairs rapidly and entering L.

GRABOU. What knocking is that so early—only just day-break—the Police! If it should be—my skeleton keys, they mustn't find them on me. (*knocking again, ELODIE and others calling “Mother Cavalon, cordon if you please!”*) No! no! All safe—it's only Elodie and some of her companions returning from the bal masqué (*going to porter's lodge R. of c.*) Mother Cavalon are you dead?—Don't you hear the knocking, why don't you let your lodgers in?—

MAD. C. (*from inside the lodge*) Yes, yes, directly—there (*the cordon is pulled and the door opens.*)

Enter ELODIE, FANCHETTE and PYRENÉ, the two girls as Debardeurs, PYRENÉ in evening dress.

ALL. (*as they enter c.*) Galop! Galop! tra! la! la! la! tra! la! la! &c. (*They galop round stage, singing, and jostle against GRABOULOT.*)

GRABOU. (c.) Gently! gently young ladies, I should have thought you had had enough of dancing by this time in the morning.

ELODIE. (R.) Neighbour Graboulot up so early?

PYRENÉ. (R. c.) Have you been to the ball?

GRABOU. (c.) I been to the ball! not I, I've no money to fool away at balls—I came down half dressed to know what all this knocking was about, I'd forgotten all about the ball.

ELODIE. (*knocking at PORTER's lodge.*) Madame Cavalon, candles if you please, and our keys.

FANCH. Madame Cavalon!

GRABOU. (c.) Dropped off to sleep, I'll be bound! but it's getting light enough for you to go to bed without candles.

FANCH. But not without keys! we can't get into our rooms without keys. (*calling*) Madame Cavalon! (*knocking at lodge door.*)

ELODIE. Madame Cavalon! (*sings "Au clair de la Lune," &c.—they all sing and knock at her door, to the tune.*)

MAD. C. (*within, R. c.*) Mercy on me what a noise—What do you want?

ALL. Keys! keys! keys!—

MAD. C. (*opens window of lodge and thrusts out the keys.*) Here! here! take 'em and be quiet for goodness sake!—I haven't had a wink of sleep these four nights. (*closes window again.*)

ELODIE. Well that's true poor old soul, she has not, she has been sitting up with poor Madame Moreau, who died yesterday. There was no one else to nurse her. Her husband was too ill himself, and too poor to pay others.

GRABOU. And too proud to say so: or that fine lady who came to see them would have found the money for it, I am sure.

FANCH. (L.) Madame Henriette?

GRABOU. Ah! that's the name she went by—but I heard the gentleman who met her here call her Countess.

ALL. Countess!

GRABOU. (*at c. d.*) Why, if I'm not mistaken—there he is now, standing in the street just facing the door, and looking about him as if waiting for somebody—oh yes, it's the same man, and I'll bet a wager the Countess is coming. (*aside to himself.*) Friend Graboulot, have your eyes about you, there may be something made out of this.

ELODIE. (R. c.) How good of a great lady to take such an interest in poor folks.

PYRENÉ. He's run across to meet somebody.

FANCH. Two women getting out of a coach.

GRABOU. The Countess and her maid for certain.

ELODIE. Perhaps she won't come in if she sees us in

these dresses, let us go, Fanchette—good bye Pyréné.
(*FANCHETTE and ELODIE run up the stairs, L., GRABOULOT draws PYRENÉ aside, as the COUNTESS enters with MARCEL, and followed by PERNETTE, c. d. who remains back L.*)

COUNTESS. (c.) Monsieur de Barville, why did you come?

MARCEL. (r.) Because I heard of your intention, and I have your permission to bear my part in your works of charity.

COUNTESS. Still, the charity of others may not be sufficient to spare us their observations, and should they reach the ears of the Count?

MARCEL. The Count! do you imagine that, plunged in his disgraceful orgies, he ever dreams—

COUNTESS. Monsieur de Barville, you forget of whom you speak.

MARCEL. Pardon me madam—I do not forget—I remember but too well the man who was base enough to compel a lovely woman, for whom he had no affection, to become his wife, in order that he might squander her wealth among his dissipated companions.

COUNTESS. Monsieur de Barville—I insist! Marcel, I entreat you to be silent. (*aloud*) Pernette, find some one belonging to the house.

GRABOULOT. (l. advancing) I lodge in the house, madame, if I can be of any service.

COUNTESS. Thank you, you can tell me perhaps, how a poor woman is, who lives here—Madame Moreau?

GRABOU. Alas, madame, she lives here no longer.

COUNTESS. You do not mean—dead?

GRABOU. I do indeed, madame—and buried; they make quick work of it with poor people, who've no money to pay for their own funerals.

COUNTESS. And her husband?

GRABOU. Old Moreau—ah, it's a sad story; they took him to prison a few hours only before she died.

COUNTESS. You shock me deeply—I had no idea they were in such utter distress.

MARCEL. Nor I—when I spoke of money, Moreau refused.

GRABOU. Oh yes, sir—he is quite mad upon that point; you see he was once very well off—making his fortune indeed, as an upholsterer, but he made some very bad debts, all at the same time—amongst 'em, one for fifteen thousand francs, and that was the finishing blow, that ruined him; he struggled on for some two or three years,

but matters got worse and worse—and this is the end of it.

COUNTESS. Unfortunate! could he not recover any portion of these debts?

GRABOU. Well, he always fancied he should—that last heavy one, for he heard that the gentleman who owed it to him had come into a large property, but he never could find out where he was, and that was the expedition young Claude started upon three months ago.

COUNTESS. Ah, Claude, his son—I heard the old man speak of him as absent on some business of importance.

GRABOU. Yes, he went to Marseilles, where it is said this Monsieur Lobrihais had landed from Martinique.

COUNTESS. (*starting, and aside to MARCEL*) Lobrihais! Martinique!

MARCEL. (*aside to her*) Do you know the name?

COUNTESS. Lobrihais is the name of an estate which formerly belonged to the Count's family.

MARCEL. And the Count has been at Martinique?

COUNTESS. I tremble to think, but I will be certain—may I rely on you in this affair?

MARCEL. What a question, Henriette.

COUNTESS. You will see my lawyer—Monsieur Fauvel, and make with him the necessary inquiries.

MARCEL. Immediately, and should your suspicions prove correct—

COUNTESS. Fauvel shall give you the money, due by the Count to this poor man, and you must be kind enough to pay it, so that Moreau may not be able to ascertain who was really his debtor.

MARCEL. You are an angel, Henriette.

COUNTESS. (*reproachfully*) Marcel!

GRABOU. (*aside*) What are they whispering about? I hope there's some money coming from one or the other.

COUNTESS. (*to GRABOULOT*) You are a friend of Moreau?

GRABOU. Intimate, madame.

COUNTESS. You will be kind enough then to ascertain the amount for which he is now in custody, and in the meanwhile, here are ten napoleons for his present necessities.

GRABOU. I'll take care, madam, they shall be properly applied, and will obtain the information you require. Where shall I bring it, madam?

COUNTESS. I will call again, or send. Your name?

GRABOU. Graboulot—Jacques Graboulot.

COUNTESS. Good morning to you, Monsieur Graboulot.

MARCEL. I will see you to your coach, and then call immediately on Monsieur Fauvel.

(*cœunt* COUNTESS, PERNETTE, and MARCEL, c.)

GRABOU. (c.) Ten napoleons! not so bad for a beginning, I must cultivate the acquaintance of this charitable lady.

Enter MADAME CAVALON from lodge, R. C.

MAD. C. (R.) Didn't I hear Madame Henriette's voice?

GRABOU. (L.) Yes, she's just gone.

MAD. C. Dear, dear! and I hurried on my clothes in order to see her, and give her this little golden heart, which belonged to poor Madame Moreau.

GRABOU. Gold is it? Give it to me—I'll take care of it, I'm to see the lady again.

MAD. C. No, no—I'd rather wait now till young Claude comes back, and he may give it to her. It will be a lesson to him, and prove there are good, kind-hearted people amongst the rich, as well as amongst the poor.

GRABOU. Aye, Claude is rather ticklish in his notions on that subject, his fellow workmen are all furious democrats, and never have a good word for anybody better off than themselves.

MAD. C. They've turned the poor boy's head, but his heart is all right still, I hope; for a better son never breathed than Claude Moreau. What a blow it will be to him when he comes back—his poor mother dead, his father in prison.

GRABOU. He's been gone so long and no news of him; perhaps he may never come back. (*aside*) I'd rather he didn't, just yet at all events.

MAD. C. Oh, don't say so Monsieur Graboulot, think of his poor father, who has no dependence on any one now, but Claude. Ah, mercy on us! here he is.

Enter CLAUDE, c.

GRABOU. (*aside*) Claude! the devil!

CLAUDE. (*coming down c.*) Madame Cavalon! neighbour Graboulot! how fares it with you, my old acquaintances?

MAD. C. (R., *aside*) What shall I say to him—how shall I break it to him?

GRABOU. (L.) Why Claude, my boy, we were just talking of you.

CLAUDE. (c.) And wondering what had become of me, no doubt—I ought to have written I admit, but I delayed from day to day, in constant hope of being able to send good news, and at last, finding I should be at home almost

as soon as my letter—thought I'd take the old folks by surprise. How are they both? well in health, I hope?

MAD. C. Yes, yes—tolerable.

CLAUDE. I'll run and hug 'em.

MAD. C. Stop—stop! you can't just now.

CLAUDE. Why not? they're not up I daresay, but they won't mind my waking them.

MAD. C. You will not find them—they are not here.

CLAUDE. Not here?

MAD. C. No, they have left these lodgings—they were obliged to go suddenly.

CLAUDE. What do you mean—what has happened—my father's creditors have discovered his retreat?

MAD. C. He—he was afraid they would, and so—but come in and sit down, and take some breakfast with me, and I'll tell you all about it.

CLAUDE. No—no! tell me all directly—I will neither rest nor eat, till I know all—where are they—where can I find them?

MAD. C. I don't know exactly, your father is to send me his new address, in the course of the day, I daresay.

CLAUDE. In the course of the day! and I am so anxious to see them—to tell them where I have been, and what I have heard.

GRABOU. Ah—have you heard anything then of the person you were in search of?

CLAUDE. Yes, at last—something—very little, but it may serve as a clue. I find that at an hotel where this Henri de Lobrihais resided, on his return from Martinique, he received letters addressed to him as the Count D'Arental.

GRABOU. Count D'Arental! oh, if he's a count, you can soon find out.

CLAUDE. But it may be only an assumed title; however, that can be easily ascertained at Paris, and therefore I returned instantly. Of this there is no doubt—that his conduct has been worthy of the heartless class he claimed to rank in.

MAD. C. For shame Claude—for shame, I can tell you a story that will bring a blush in your cheek for abusing the nobility. Had you been here, you would have seen a lady—a countess, I have reason to believe, at any rate a rich and high-born woman, kneeling by the bed-side, praying with and nursing a poor sick creature in a fever, which she might have caught herself.

CLAUDE. A fever—in this house?

MAD. C. Yes—and bringing the poor soul all sorts of comforts, as though she were her own mother—so much so, that when she was dying, the poor woman begged me to take this golden heart from her neck, and the next time the lady called, to give it her with her blessing.

CLAUDE. That heart!

MAD. C. Yes, as a keepsake—a trifling token of gratitude for all her kindness.

CLAUDE. (*snatches it*) Let me see that heart! I know it! I am sure I do! yes, here are the names “Pierre,” “Catherine,” and two joined hands! Madame Cavalon, how came that person by this trinket? it is my mother’s!

MAD. C. It—it was your mother’s, Claude.

CLAUDE. Was! but then—this poor woman who died, you—you do not mean—Madame Cavalon—Graboulot! you are silent—speak—for mercy sake—speak—my mother!

MAD. C. My poor boy—you will see her no more in this world. (*CLAUDE utters a piercing cry, and dropping the heart, covers his face with his hands.*)

MAD. C. Claude—my dear Claude! come in—sit down. (*trying to lead him away.*)

GRABOU. (*looking at the heart*) That little trinket will get broken if any body treads on it. (*picks it up, whilst MADAME CAVALON is occupied with CLAUDE, and puts it in his pocket.*)

MAD. C. (r.) Claude—you must have courage, you know—you must bear up for your father’s sake.

CLAUDE. (c.) My father—ah, true! poor, poor old man! tell me—where is my father?

MAD. C. (*coming down to GRABOULOT*) Graboulot, do you tell him, for it breaks my heart.

CLAUDE. (c.) Yes—yes tell me all—I can bear anything now—anything.

GRABOU. (l.) Oh, it’s soon told, Claude—it’s nothing particular, don’t be alarmed—your father’s living, and as well as you could expect him to be, under all the circumstances. Indeed I think it was very lucky it so happened—for it spared him seeing the last of poor Madame Moreau. (*MADAME CAVALON goes up stage.*)

CLAUDE. He was not with her when she died. Where was he then—what had happened?

GRABOU. Why you see he ran out to get some medicine for her, and was met by a man who had been on the look out for him for some time, and —

CLAUDE. He was taken! dragged to prison! from the deathbed of his wife!

GRABOU. There was no help for it—law is law, you know. There was the judgment.

CLAUDE. The judgment! where is the judgment on *him*? the cause of all this ruin and dishonour, on this count, this noble debtor—this aristocratic bankrupt?

A GROOM enters with a note, c., which he gives to MADAME CAVALON.

GROOM. Mademoiselle Fanchette Freval?

MAD. C. Yes! she lives here. (GROOM gives note to MADAME CAVALON and exit c. FANCHETTE at the same moment appears with ELODIE, in their private dresses on the stairs, l.)

FANCH. Didn't I hear my name?

MAD. C. Yes, here's a note for you. (FANCHETTE crosses to MADAME CAVALON.)

ELODIE. (l.) Oh—I've no doubt, from the gentleman at the ball. Quick let's hear what he says to you.

FANCH. (l. c., opens and reads it) Oh, all sorts of fine things, and signs himself "Your adoring Henri, Count D'Arental."

ELODIE. Count D'Arental!

CLAUDE. Hah! who named Count D'Arental?

ELODIE. Monsieur Claude—returned? (crosses to c.)

CLAUDE. Elodie! what know you of Count D'Arental.

ELODIE. Nothing—only that it seems he was the gentleman who danced with Fanchette at the ball, last night.

CLAUDE. In Paris! and he lives?

FANCH. In the Rue de Varennes.

(exit FANCHETTE and ELODIE, l.)

CLAUDE. (aside) Just heaven! I asked where was the judgment! It is at hand! (aloud) Graboulot! To my father first—and then—the count! (rushes out, c.)

MAD. C. Monsieur Claude!

(exit R. c.)

GRABOU. He'll get himself into trouble I see, but that's no business of mine at present.

Enter PYRENÉ, c.

Well, Pyrené, what news?

PYRENÉ. (r.) She is the Countess D'Arental!

GRABOU. D'Arental! then she lives in the Rue de Varennes.

PYRENÉ. She does! I followed the coach there, and saw her go in.

GRABOU. Pyrené—meet me to-night at the old place—there'll be work to do!

(exit PYRENÉ, c., and GRABOULOT, L.

SCENE SECOND.—*An Apartment in the Hotel D'Arental, richly furnished, folding doors, c., and doors R. and L. Window practicable, L. 2 E.*

Enter the Countess, c.

COUNTESS. Yes, I am determined—I will leave Paris to-morrow, it is better that I should do so, for every one's sake—the count will be too happy to miss the daily sight of one whom he has so deeply injured, and Marcel may then be persuaded to accept the command which has been offered to him by the Minister of Marine. Whilst I remain here, he will be my shadow—and though the count has no affection for me, he would gladly seize an excuse for his conduct, which at the same time would impeach mine. He shall not have that miserable triumph. (calling) Pernette!

Enter PERNETTE, R. D., with a jewel case.

PERNET. Madame.

COUNTESS. I intend leaving for my chateau at Cherbourg to-morrow, where I may remain for some months, indeed it is uncertain if I shall return here again—you will see that everything is ready for our departure?

PERNET. (L.) Yes, madame. The jeweller has sent home the diamonds he had to reset. (places case on table) And there is a man below who wishes to see you, about those poor people in the Faubourg du Temple.

COUNTESS. (R.) Moreau! How did they find me out? is it the person we saw this morning?

PERNET. No, madame, a workman of some sort, he says he is sent here by Monsieur Graboulot, and has something he must deliver into your own hands.

COUNTESS. Well—admit him. (exit PERNETTE, c.) It is the account of the debt, Moreau has been arrested for, I suppose. How do I bless Providence, that my worthy friend, Fauvel, insisted on so large a settlement, I had otherwise been dependent upon the count, even for the slightest acts of charity.

Re-enter PERNETTE, c., with GRABOULOT, disguised as a poor working man, he has a patch over one eye, a wig, an old

blouse, and casquette. He comes down L., PERNETTE, at a sign from COUNTESS, carries jewel case into room, L., and returns immediately.

COUNTESS. Now my good friend, what is your business?

GRABOU. (*in an assumed voice*) If you please, Madame la Comtesse—you are Madame Henriette?

COUNTESS. I am. How did you discover my address?

GRABOU. (L.) Ah—can't say, Madame la Comtesse, the Sieur Graboulot told me nothing about that—I never ask questions—only do just as I'm bid.

COUNTESS. It is of no consequence—your message?

GRABOU. Well, it's just this—the Sieur Graboulot says to me:—"Matthew, you're out of work, will you earn a franc by taking something to the Rue de Varennes?" "Yes," said I, "that I will, for I should be glad to do anything in the world to put a franc in my pocket, that's honest, mind." "Oh, honest, of course," says the Sieur Graboulot, "or I shouldn't ask you." No more he would, Madame la Comtesse, I believe that firmly—he knows me, and I know him—a most respectable man!

COUNTESS. He appeared so—and kind-hearted?

GRABOU. The heart of a child! "I can trust you," says he, "I know, and it isn't everybody in these days I would—here's a little golden heart, that poor Madame Moreau begged, with her last breath, should be given to Madame Henriette, when she came again—and I didn't know of it till after she left this morning—now while I go to the prison to see old Moreau, do you run to the Rue de Varennes, ask for the Countess D'Arental, and place it in her own hands!" (*producing heart*) Here it is, Madame la Comtesse!

COUNTESS. Ah! poor thing—I remember seeing it on her neck, I will keep it certainly as a souvenir! Thanks Monsieur Graboulot for sending it to me—and here is something for your trouble. (*offers money*.)

GRABOU. Excuse me, Madame la Comtesse, I am paid, Graboulot gave me the franc for coming, oh—I couldn't think—

COUNTESS. Nay, nay, you must take this, notwithstanding—you deserve it the more, for your honesty!

GRABOU. A five franc piece! O, blessings on you, Madame la Comtesse—I've not seen so much money these two months—and I was only saying to myself as I came along, "Now here's a golden heart in my pocket, it's not worth much, but I might get five or six francs for it, if I

were rogue enough to sell it, and I might say I'd lost it out of a hole in my pocket, Graboulot would believe me, and when a poor fellow is out of work, and has a wife and eight children to feed —

PERNET. (R.) Eight children !

COUNTESS. (C.) Poor man.

PERNET. Poor man—poor woman, madame, I think !

COUNTESS. And you are out of work —

GRABOU. (L.) Been out of work these two months—met with an accident—nearly lost my eye—only just out of the hospital.

COUNTESS. Take that to your wife. (*gives a napoleon.*)

GRABOU. Oh ! Madame la Comtesse ! she shall go down on her knees and pray for you, and so shall my six little ones.

PERNET. Six, you said eight.

GRABOU. There are only six that can pray, the two last are twins, and cannot speak yet.

COUNTESS. Pernette, show the poor man his way out.

(*exit COUNTESS, R. D.*)

GRABOU. Bless you, my lady—bless you ! (*going to L. D.*)

PERNET. (R.) Where are you going ? that's my lady's dressing-room.

GRABOU. Beg pardon. (*aside*) It's as well to know that.

PERNET. This is the door you came in by. (*pointing C.*)

GRABOU. There are so many in these great houses. (*aside*) And I think I know them all now.

PERNET. This way—follow me.

(*exit PERNETTE, followed by GRABOULOT C. to L.*)

Enter COUNT and GERMAIN, R.

COUNT. Yes, the cabriolet, in half an hour — and, Germain, who did you say was waiting ?

GERMAIN. The young man from Laurent's, the jeweller's, with some bracelets, he was desired to show you, sir.

COUNT. Oh, aye, those that I fancied the other day ; but he asks such a confounded price for them—ten thousand francs—four hundred louis, and will have money down too — where is the man ?

GERMAIN. He is with the Countess at present, sir ; he brought some diamonds home that had been reset for the Countess.

COUNT. Who is that driving into the courtyard?

GERMAIN. Monsieur Boquillard. (*looking out of window, L.*)

COUNT. Boquillard! an admirer of my lady-wife, but the dear fellow is anything but dangerous.

Enter BOQUILLARD, with SERVANT, C. D., carrying books, music, &c.

BOQUIL. (*as he enters, and not seeing the Count*) Yes, thank you—if you please, the books upon the Countess's table, and the music on her piano. (*to himself*) There's an obligato accompaniment—for the flute—will be a capital excuse for our being together. (*aloud*) Here, stop, my card—put my card on the books.

COUNT. (*R. advancing*) By all means, that she may not mistake the gallant donor.

(*exeunt GERMAIN and SERVANT, C. D.*)

BOQUIL. (*confusedly*) The Count!

COUNT. My dear Boquillard, you are an absolute Richelieu!

BOQUIL. Dear me how? why?—

COUNT. You are determined to make my fair Countess adore you.

BOQUIL. My dear Count—what an idea!

COUNT. A very capital idea—I can fancy you saying to yourself, "Here am I, excessively rich, and excessively ridiculous."

BOQUIL. Ridiculous!

COUNT. A man may say it to himself you know “its positively necessary that I should do something to give me *eclat* in the eyes of the fashionable world, who, on account of my wealth, have condescended to permit me to mix with it.”

BOQUIL. But, my dear friend—

COUNT. It's you are saying this you know, not me—therefore say you “I will endeavour to pass for the favored lover of some noble beauty, and the world will then naturally give me credit for possessing some sort of merit, although it may be puzzled to decide what.”

BOQUIL. (*aside*) He suspects!

COUNT. And so you have honoured the Countess D'Arental with your preference—bouquets of the choicest flowers—the newest novels, in splendid bindings—the most popular music, in short, everything a lady could venture to accept, is daily offered, but unfortunately with-

out obtaining the slightest acknowledgment; the gifts being treated with the same indifference as if they came from my unworthy self, for you know, my dear Boquillard, the terms I am on with the Countess.

BOQUIL. Perfectly, my dear friend, and therefore couldn't imagine you would feel annoyed at such little innocent tokens of my respect and admiration.

COUNT. Ah, there's your mistake. It's quite possible for a man not to care a straw for his wife, and yet object exceedingly to her showing that she doesn't care for *him*. The Countess D'Arental and I have our separate sides of the house—our separate establishments for servants, and our separate incomes: it would not be very extraordinary therefore if some one should rejoice in her favour—and I have my suspicions.

BOQUIL. Of me!

COUNT. No, no, my dear fellow—there's not the least danger as far as you are concerned, but I fancy there is somebody, and if I could only prove it, it would be my turn to triumph; to humble that high tone of virtuous indignation; to pull down those proud airs of affected superiority—ah! by heaven—stand back, Boquillard, let him not see us—there is the very man—

BOQUIL. Whom you suspect? Why it's de Barville!

COUNT. Exactly—my detestation from childhood—my eternal rival—boy and man. He loved Henriette—was engaged to her, loves her still, I have no doubt, as she does him; and, as I am informed, has lately met her at obscure places which she has visited under the pretence of charity—a fine mask, Boquillard—we are told it covers a multitude of sins—look! as I live! there is Pernette, the countess's waiting woman—in close conversation with him!

BOQUIL. He gives her a letter! (*looking c.*)

COUNT. Bravo!

BOQUIL. (*looking r.*) The Countess!

COUNT. Excellent! (*to BOQUILLARD, who would retire*) Stir not a step. (*they go to r. u. e.*)

Enter the COUNTESS and PERNETTE, c., the latter with a note.

PYRENÉ. (l.) A note, madame, from Monsieur de Barville.

COUNT. (*advancing between them and taking it.*) Begone! (*to PERNETTE.*)

PERNET. Ah ! (staring.)

COUNTESS. (aside, R. C.) Good heavens ! should de Barville—

COUNT. Will you be gone, I say.

PERNET. (aside) Oh ! my poor mistress !

(exit PERNETTE, C.)

BOQUIL. (L.) Allow me to retire.

COUNT. (C.) By no means, I need a witness.

COUNTESS. (R.) A witness, sir ?

COUNT. Yes, madame, for I hold the proof I have so long sought for.

COUNTESS. Sought for ?

COUNT. We shall now ascertain the real motive of these early expeditions to the furthest quarters of the city—these rendezvous under the humblest roofs.

COUNTESS. Rendezvous ! Count ! I conjure you, hear me.

COUNT. No, madame, it is for you to listen, at present. The contents of this letter—(breaks the seal.)

COUNTESS. Hold, sir—read it not—I implore you, before a stranger.

COUNT. Listen, I say.

COUNTESS. (aside) Marcel ! you have destroyed me !

COUNT. (reading) “ Madame, I have executed your commission, and regret to say that your fears were too well founded. The Count D'Arental did reside in Paris some years ago, under the name of Henri de Lobrihais.” What's this ? “ I enclose you, from Monsieur Fauvel, a list of the Count's debts still unpaid, and the money requisite to settle the account of the upholsterer, Moreau.”

BOQUIL. How ! nothing more !

COUNT. Nothing, but the signature.

BOQUIL. And the money !

COUNTESS. I breathe again.

BOQUIL. Why my dear Count, it is to pay your debts, that the Countess, and Monsieur de Barville—

COUNT. (looking at the COUNTESS with ill-restrained anger and vexation) It would appear so.

BOQUIL. Appear so— morbleu !—here are the proofs, three notes of five thousand francs each, drawn for the very purpose ; and you to suspect, and I almost to believe —Oh, madam, how can we sufficiently apologise—a wife who pays her husband's debts ! Count, you must go down on your knees !

COUNT. The Countess D'Arental will perhaps first favour

me with the reason being so alarmed at the contents of this letter being read before a stranger.

COUNTESS. (*with quiet dignity*) Does not the Count himself regret now that it was read?

BOQUIL. I should think he did indeed, for though I can scarcely be called a stranger—still, such a list of unpaid debts is not encouraging to a friend who has advanced money.

COUNT. (*tearing up the letter furiously*) The cards are against me this time!

COUNTESS. Monsieur de Comte, what has passed may perhaps entitle me to ask a favour at your hands. As my intentions have been accidentally revealed to you, may I beg you to execute the remaining portion of them, by discharging the debt so long due to Monsieur Moreau.

COUNT. I should be sorry, madame, to deprive Monsieur de Barville of the pleasure of completing his mission, though I do not exactly see the necessity for your delegation of the office to any one.

COUNTESS. The necessity arises from my determination to leave Paris to-morrow morning!

BOQUIL. Leave Paris?

COUNT. Indeed!

COUNTESS. I do not complain of your suspicions, sir, but I owe it to my own honour and peace of mind, to avoid the scenes and society which may expose me to them. I therefore intend passing some months at my estate near Cherbourg.

COUNT. But Madame—

COUNTESS. And as I may not have the honour of seeing Monsieur le Comte again, previous to my departure, he will permit me to take this opportunity of bidding him adieu. (*curtseys with dignity to the COUNT and exit R. I E.*)

COUNT. Foiled completely!

BOQUIL. (*aside*) And she leaves Paris to-morrow, and me just where I was.

COUNT. Instead of a proof against her—to be myself humiliated!

BOQUIL. Well, my dear friend—at least you have a compensation to the amount of fifteen thousand francs.

COUNT. Pshaw, what's that to me, compared—

BOQUIL. Oh, if it's nothing to you—it's a good deal to me. I'll take them on account of the two hundred thousand you owe me.

COUNT. I dare say you will, but whilst I keep the in-

terest paid, my dear friend, there is no occasion, you know. Oh, well thought of, we are to sup together tonight, remember, at the Tapis Franc, the Silver Salmon.

BOQUIL. That horrible cut-throat place that you are determined to visit!

COUNT. My dear fellow, everybody goes. Since the publication of "The Mysteries of Paris"—it's the tavern, à la mode—the favourite lounge of the *beau monde*—of the *haute noblesse*. Not to have supped at a Tapis Franc is to lose caste—you meet there the best, bad company in Paris.

BOQUIL. But is there no danger amongst such a set of ruffians—housebreakers—coiners—murderers?

COUNT. Not unless you meddle with them, or choose to announce yourself as the rich Monsieur Boquillard, banker and stock-jobber.

BOQUIL. Not for the world! We shall be disguised?

COUNT. Oh! *en blouse*, of course—like Prince Rodolphe.

Enter GERMAIN with a case, c.

GERMAIN. The jeweller, sir, wishes to know your pleasure about the bracelets?

COUNT. (*at table*) The bracelets! an excellent idea—tell him I'll take the bracelets—and pay ready money for them! (*taking the box and handing him two of the notes*) There are ten thousand francs—see the rascal gives you a proper receipt.

(*exit GERMAIN, c.*)

BOQUIL. What, with the money given you to—

COUNT. (*r. c.*) To pay my debts—there's one you see discharged as soon as contracted. Impossible to be more punctual, and my little German danseuse will be enraptured! don't you think she ought, Boquillard?

(*opening the case and waving the bracelets before his eyes.*)

BOQUIL. You're too bad, upon my word you're too bad.

(*noise without, c.*)

COUNT. What uproar is that?

SERVANT. (*without*) You can't go in.

CLAUDE. (*without c.*) I will go in. I know he is there—and see him I must!

COUNT. Halo! who dares—

Enter CLAUDE, c., followed by SERVANT.

SERV. This young man, sir, has forced his way in.

COUNT. Are you mad—that you have presumed to enter my house!

CLAUDE. You are then Count D'Arental?

COUNT. As you shall find to your cost, sirrah.

CLAUDE. Pardon me, sir, I own I am to blame for having caused this disturbance, but I have sought you so long—

COUNT. Sought me fellow! for what?

CLAUDE. My business is of a private nature. (*looking at Boquillard.*)

BOQUILL. (R.) Oh certainly—Count your most obedient—

COUNT. (R.) Stay where you are man, do you suppose I should grant a private audience to a person of this description. (*to Claude*) Speak out, sir, I'm rather curious to know what has procured me the honour of this visit?

CLAUDE. (L.) Then sir, as you desire it, my business is to request you will immediately discharge this account due to Pierre Moreau, upholsterer, for furnishing a house in the Bois de Boulogne, by your orders, in the name of Henri de Lobrihais.

COUNT. (*aside*) Ah!

CLAUDE. Your change of name, sir, has hitherto prevented your being traced.

BOQUILL. (*aside, R.*) The very debt the countess was anxious about.

COUNT. And what evidence have you, pray, of this debt being due by me?

CLAUDE. Your dishonoured bills for the amount—you will not deny your own handwriting, I presume, sir?

COUNT. My bills; unfortunately I have been so careless in these matters; documents of that description have got into the hands of all sorts of rogues, and this upholsterer is one, I suppose, who —

CLAUDE. Count! Pierre Moreau is my father!

COUNT. It's quite possible he may be a rogue for all that.

CLAUDE. (*aside*) Let me be patient! (*aloud*) Do you deny the debt?

COUNT. I wait for you to prove it!

CLAUDE. I have all the papers necessary, your letters ordering the furniture—your acknowledgement of the receipt of the account, your excuses for non-payment—and your offer to give these very bills which you have dishonoured!

COUNT. If you choose to leave them—I will look them over.

CLAUDE. No—and I do not leave the house without the money.

COUNT. Upon my honour!

CLAUDE. Count D'Arental hear me, I beseech you—my father, who was ruined by your flight, is now in prison, he will die there if this debt is not paid—for six years it has been due, for six years has he struggled—

BOQUIL. Six years—I beg your pardon! are you correct in that statement? (*crosses to c.*)

CLAUDE. There is the date sir—satisfy yourself.

BOQUIL. Quite correct, full six years—my dear sir, you have no claim on the Count at all.

COUNT. Ah! (*at table R.*)

CLAUDE. No claim?

BOQUIL. Certainly not, look at the Code, Article 2272, you will find the law is clear upon the point; there is a limitation. These bills are mere waste paper, my good friend—I repeat, you have no claim on the Count at all.

COUNT. And he has ventured to make this uproar.

CLAUDE. Is it possible! but even then—you do not mean to say that the Count—a nobleman, will avail himself—

COUNT. Avail myself!

CLAUDE. Count D'Arental, I ask you, will you deny your debt?

COUNT. There is no occasion.

BOQUIL. But you cannot recover. (*crossing behind to R.*)

CLAUDE. But sir—

COUNT. You hear, young man, I am engaged—I really cannot be troubled.

CLAUDE. Not troubled! Count D'Arental I do not quit this house without the money.

COUNT. Do you threaten, sirrah?

CLAUDE. I do, for prayers I see were hopeless—tamper not with the despair of a son, who has lost the last blessing of a mother in pursuing a fraudulent debtor! who has found that debtor, and sees him skulk behind the shield of the law to plunder with impunity.

COUNT. This is too much. Germain! Philippe!

Enter GERMAIN and SERVANT, followed by GRABOULOT, c. Out with that fellow.

COUNT. (L. C.) Let them try it!

GRABOU. Claude! are you mad? It is Graboulot. Come.

COUNT. Leave me! unhand me!

GRABOU. (L., aside to CLAUDE) Follow me! the Count shall pay you to-night.

COUNT. What do you mean.

GRABOU. (aside) What I say, you shall have your money to-night.

CLAUDE. To-night?

GRABOU. (to COUNT) I'll manage him, he's a little —
(pointing to his head. Music—CLAUDE, bewildered and exhausted, is reluctantly led from the apartment by GRABOULOT, who keeps bowing to the COUNT, BOQUILLARD, and the SERVANT.)

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*Interior of a Tapis Franc, "The Silver Salmon."* On right hand the counter with door behind it, on left the entrance from the street, at the back of the stage an opening into another room, furnished as the front one is, with tables and chairs, at which the company are seated, drinking and gambling. MADAME ANGO, the landlady, is behind the counter, R. Waiters in attendance, RIGOULARD is seated at one of the front tables, L.

1st MAN. Another bottle here, Madame Ango!

MAD. A. Here you have it! (giving bottle to waiter who takes it to the party, through c. opening.

RIGOU. A glass of absinthe, Madame Ango!

MAD. A. Quick with it! (gives it to waiter as before, L.

2nd MAN. (from the back of stage) Hollo! here! somebody!

WAITER. Coming! coming!

Enter PYRENÉ L. 1 E. crosses to R.

PYRENÉ. (R. to himself) Now where's Graboulot? (looking about.)

RIGOU. (L. seeing him) Pyrené, my boy, how are you?

PYRENÉ. Rigoulard! why I heard you'd been sent to Toulon—at the expense of Government!

RIGOU. Hush! so I was—but I didn't stop you see—they didn't take care enough of me—and as they'd so many to keep—I thought even my board and lodging might be of consequence to the country—I can't bear being a burden on anybody.

PYRENÉ. (R.) No nor seeing anybody carrying anything themselves which you can relieve 'em of, though its not heavier than a pocket-handkerchief.

RIGOU. (L.) No merit of mine—my dear fellow—I was

brought up to it from a child—and how has the world used you?—what line are you in at present?

PYRENÉ. Faith anything that comes handiest. I did a great deal of business in the railways some years ago—but that's all over now, I've a great fancy now to be treasurer to a savings bank, or a charitable institution, but then there are the plaguy securities!

RIGOU. Oh you've such deuced high notions—like Lari-gole. By the bye, he's in the next room, come and talk to him—he may have something on the anvil.

PYRENÉ. I was to meet Graboulot here—but he'll find us, I dare say—so come along.

(*exit PYRENÉ c. and RIGOLARD, into inner room.*

Enter GRABOULOT and CLAUDE, l. l e.

CLAUDE. Where have you brought me—what place is this?

GRABOU. What place—why a place to eat and drink in.

CLAUDE. But I don't want to eat or drink!

GRABOU. But I do—and hang me if I trudge another foot without it—I don't think I could, and I don't know what your legs are made of, if they don't want rest at any rate.

CLAUDE. And to what purpose have we walked Paris from end to end—simply to hear the same story from every mouth, that such is the law, and that the Count is no longer liable; that he may laugh at our despair, and defy the sword of Justice. (*flings himself on a bench, l.*

GRABOU. Justice! ah she travels too quickly for poor folks to catch her—you've no chance if you don't keep a carriage.

CLAUDE. What then is to be done?

GRABOU. Ah that's what we must consider about, and my wits will be all the brighter for a little refreshment, (*calling to waiter*) An omelette and a bottle of Macon! (*waiter brings wine—aside*) He's in a capital mood to be worked—strong, active, as brave as a lion—and not known to the police. (*aloud*) Come, Claude, a glass of wine, to cheer your spirits—it's my treat.

CLAUDE. No—no—

GRABOU. But I insist! you don't mean to affront me I hope, after the service I rendered to you!

CLAUDE. What service?

GRABOU. What service! you're a grateful young man truly, why where do you suppose you'd have been by this

time if I hadn't coaxed you out of the Count's house—eh! Were you not just on the point of committing an assault, perhaps murder—under a nobleman's roof?

CLAUDE. (*shuddering*) Murder!

GRABOU. Yes, murder. If you hadn't killed anybody, it would have been much the same thing: if you had escaped the guillotine, you'd have been sure of the galleys.

CLAUDE. Well, I thank you—I was mad.

GRABOU. Well then, be in your senses now—and drink good wine when it's offered you. (*fills the glasses*, CLAUDE takes his, and GRABOULOT touches with him) Your health Claude, and your father's.

CLAUDE. My father's! oh when I think of him!

GRABOU. Drink, and then think how you can help him.

CLAUDE. (*desperately*) If drinking could do that—

GRABOU. Try—(*fills his glass again*) Here's better luck to you.

CLAUDE. But you—you were to tell me—you promised me if I would follow you, I should have the money to-night.

GRABOU. Ah, well, I did—but you wouldn't take my advice; so it's no use talking.

CLAUDE. Nay, tell me—let me hear—any means, so they are but honest.

GRABOU. Honest! ah, there it is. It depends so much upon what a man thinks is honest. Honesty, you see, is so much a matter of opinion. It's like a shot silk, looks of a different colour according to the light it's held in. Is the Count's conduct honest towards you?

CLAUDE. Is there an honourable man will say so?

GRABOU. O bless you, many—very honourable—very respectable men—as they think themselves—or the world esteems them. Men who pay everything they can be made to pay punctually—keep a banker's book, go to church, and subscribe to a public charity. It's all well enough to be honest if you're rich—you can afford it, and it saves trouble—but if you havn't a sou to bless yourself with, will honesty get you one, or keep you out of jail? you know it won't. There's your father—an honest creature never lived—and he'll die in jail, most likely.

CLAUDE. Distraction!

GRABOU. It's a hard case, but it's true—you heard him say so to-day, when you went to see him—he told you it would kill him.

CLAUDE. Graboulot! you torture me!

GRABOU. And yet you would let him die sooner than turn the tables on this swindling Count, and by one bold stroke save your father, and be rich and independent yourself.

CLAUDE. Speak—how is this to be done?

GRABOU. (*filling glasses*) I'll tell you. Your health, Claude! (*drawing closer*) When the law won't protect us, why should we respect the law—eh? If justice is denied to us, let us do justice to ourselves!

CLAUDE. But how?

GRABOU. (*in a lower tone*) In the house of the man who owes you fifteen thousand francs, there are diamonds and other valuables, worth ten times that sum.

CLAUDE. Well?

GRABOU. Well—as he won't pay you in coin, why shouldn't you pay yourself in jewellery, or whatever you can lay hands on.

CLAUDE, Rob him!

GRABOU. Exchange is no robbery—but suppose it were—has he not robbed you, aye, and perhaps murdered your father?

CLAUDE. Graboulot!

GRABOU. If you are so very particular—you need keep only as much as will cover the debts, I'll take the rest on my conscience.

CLAUDE. No, no—impossible, sooner would my father be in his grave, than saved by such means. Sooner would I see him there than use them. (*rising.*)

GRABOU. But harkye?

CLAUDE. No—I will hear no more—I will starve—die—but not steal!

GRABOU. Where are you going?

CLAUDE. To my father—to tell him there is no hope.

GRABOU. Nonsense! (*detaining him—crosses to L.*)

Enter PYRENÉ, C.

PYRENÉ. (R.) Graboulot, who do you think are in the further room?

GRABOU. (C.) Not the police?

PYRENÉ. No, no—Boquillard, the banker.

GRABOU. A banker! Sapristi!

PYRENÉ. And Fanchette's new adorer, who danced with her at the ball last night.

GRABOU. Count D'Arental!

CLAUDE. (L.) Ha! here—in this house! are you sure of it?

PYRENÉ. Larigole knows them both well, he was a clerk, you know in Boquillard's office, and used to see the Count daily.

CLAUDE. 'Tis Fate has sent him! (*moving towards inner room.*)-

PYRENÉ. What are you going to do?

CLAUDE. You shall see.

GRABOU. (*aside to PYRENÉ*) Let him alone, he'll get into a scrape, and then — (*the COUNT and BOQUILLARD appear at the back, disguised, followed by RIGOULARD.*)

PYRENÉ. (*R. aside*) Here they come!

BOQUIL. (*R. aside to COUNT, R. c.*) I tell you they have noticed us, let us go.

COUNT. (*R. c.*) Well, as you will—I have seen enough. (*they approach.*

CLAUDE. (*L. c. advancing*) You do not pass!

COUNT. What do you mean?

CLAUDE. You are Count D'Arental!

COUNT. (*recognising him and aside*) My visitor this morning—an unlucky recontre.

CLAUDE. Denial is useless—we do not part this time without a settlement. This is not the Rue de Varennes—you have no laced menials here to thrust me from your doors—here I have not only right on my side, but might—those around us are of a class which you despise—and who return your contempt with hatred—deadly—implacable—I am poor as they are—desperate as they are—do not force me to call on them for justice, or vengeance!

BOQUIL. (*aside to COUNT*) Pay him for goodness sake! or promise him anything!

COUNT. Stand back fool!

CLAUDE. Friends—fellow citizens! (*1st and 2nd MAN with others steal down slowly to L.*) Here is a nobleman amongst us—a Count who has ruined an honest tradesman, he has come here to stare at us as at wild beasts. Come—look upon him—you will see none so false, or so pitiless!

1ST MAN. A Count?

2ND MAN. They are spies!

RIGOU. They have watches and gold chains.

1ST MAN. What's o'clock by your watch sir? (*advances on COUNT, he steps back and draws a brace of pistols, which he presents at the nearest.*)

COUNT. Gently, gentlemen—or there may be an accident—

GRABOU. (*retreating*) Pistols!

COUNT. (*continues*) Which I should be sorry for—because I am sure you are brave men, and I am willing that you should decide between your friend here and myself—because you are sensible men, and above the petty prejudices of society. I am sure there's not one amongst you who would be fool enough to pay his debts if he could avoid it!

ALL. No—no—certainly not!

COUNT. Then why should I be expected to pay mine—and if I did, what would you be the better for it?

CLAUDE. (R.) This jesting is out of place Count, and—

COUNT. (*interrupting him and raising his voice*) There is but one debt my friends, which I acknowledge—and that is due to this worthy company—I owe my footing—and am ready to pay it! Waiter, a hamper of champagne for these gentlemen! (*giving money.*)

ALL. Champagne!

CLAUDE. But will you suffer—

BOQUIL. And waiter, as much punch as they can swim in! (*giving money.*)

ALL. Bravo! bravo!

COUNT. (*tossing his purse amongst them*) And the rest to pay the fees of the court.

BOQUIL. (*following his example*) Mine too! mine too! (*they scramble for the money.*)

COUNT. (*quickly to BOQUILLARD*) Now to the door!

CLAUDE. (R. *intercepting them*) Nay, you escape me not! (*GRABOULOT and PYRENÉ seize and drag him back, whilst the COUNT and BOQUILLARD pass out L.*)

CLAUDE. (*struggling with them*) Unhand me—let me go!

GRABOU. Be advised—be revenged! he defies you—laughs at you—to-morrow it may be too late.

CLAUDE. (*desperately*) I will do it to-night. (*Music.—GRABOULOT enters into eager conversation with CLAUDE.* *Exeunt c. d.*)

SCENE SECOND.—*An apartment in the hotel D'Arental.*
(*Same as second scene of First Act.*)

Enter the COUNTESS and PERNETTE, c. d.

COUNTESS. That poor man has not been here again?

PERNET. No madame—what an honest creature—but how very ugly, whilst so many handsome fellows are shocking rogues. What a pity good looks and good behaviour can't

always go together, as in the case of Monsieur de Barville.

COUNTESS. (R.) Monsieur de Barville is a favourite of yours, Pernette.

PERNET. (L.) He is a favourite with everybody who knows him, madame—but with me more especially, because he is devoted to you.

COUNTESS. My good girl, you know I have forbidden such observations.

PERNET. Well, madame I know, but I cannot help it—I have heard the whole story from Monsieur de Barville, how you were engaged—and how he generously gave you up to the Count, who threatened that if you did not marry him he would reveal some horrible family secret.

COUNTESS. He had none to reveal. The sacrifice of my happiness was made to save a mother's honour—too late I found that honour was untarnished—beyond the power of malice to assail—the mysterious letter, which the count had become possessed of—was written by her brother, a political exile, in a feigned hand, and under an assumed name.

PERNET. And you were married before you could prove that! Well, of all the base and cruel tricks—

COUNTESS. Don't misunderstand me, Pernette—the Count believed what he asserted. He was not guilty of so base an act, as his knowledge of the truth would have made it. His crime is limited to his ungenerous use of the power he imagined he possessed. He and de Barville had been enemies from boyhood, and by this act the Count gratified his hatred, at the same time that he retrieved his shattered fortunes.

PERNET. My poor lady!

COUNTESS. Leave me, Pernette—leave me. (*crosses to L.*)

PERNET. Are you not going to bed, madame?

COUNTESS. Yes, yes—but I shall not need you, it is late, and you must be stirring early to-morrow—good night.

PERNET. Good night, madame.

COUNTESS (*throwing open window*) Air—air—I shall suffocate! (*after a pause, bursting into tears*) Oh, I had need be alone! Even before that affectionate girl I dare not thus relieve my bursting heart! in the silence and solitude of night, only can I venture to weep, the loss of that happiness I have sacrificed in vain! had the Count loved me—had he had but the sole excuse of passion for his conduct! or had my wealth been all his object, and he had frankly owned as much, how joyfully would I have flung it at his

feet ! Relinquished all but thee ! but thee Marcel ! (covers her face with her hands, and sinks on a seat in the balcony. Music—the door c. opens slowly, and CLAUDE enters cautiously with a dark lanthorn, the music continues en sourdine, through the dialogue.)

CLAUDE. A light ! (shuts his lanthorn quickly, and conceals himself) Some one must be still up ? (the COUNTESS advances from balcony) A lady ! the Countess, no doubt ! (COUNTESS sighs heavily, takes the light and exits into room R.) Gone ! shall I wait—no, I dare not pause, my head feels on fire, my limbs shake, now—now—before they fail me ! this must be the door ! (exit into room, L.)

COUNTESS re-appearing R., puts candle on R. table.

COUNTESS. I surely heard a low whistle in the garden. It sounded like a signal—can it be ? oh, no—Marcel would never risk my displeasure by such a step—unless some weighty reason —

Re-enter CLAUDE, hastily from room, L. with Golden Heart.

COUNTESS. A man !

CLAUDE. Silence ! as you value your life !

COUNTESS. Help ! help ! (going to c. d., is stopped by CLAUDE.)

CLAUDE. For mercy's sake ! upon my knees I implore you—the least alarm may destroy us both !

COUNTESS. Who are you ?

CLAUDE. The son of Catherine Moreau !

COUNTESS. (R.) The son—your name is Claude, then !

CLAUDE. (L.) It is—and this cross was sent you from my mother, whose last hours you comforted—whose death-bed you prayed beside ! oh, for her sake, forgive ! forgive me—I knew not who you were.

COUNTESS. Not know ! your business here then at this hour ?

CLAUDE. I came to rob you !

COUNTESS. Wretched young man ! begone—before you are seen by others !

CLAUDE. No, madame—not till you know the misery that drove me to this step. Oh, it is one alone who has writhed under a wrong, for which the law provides no remedy, who can conceive what I have suffered—how I have been tempted ! When the weak struggle with the strong for life, they grasp the weapon nearest to their hand, they pause not to ask if the blow is foul or fair that saves them.

COUNTESS. What do you mean—what wrong ?

CLAUDE. The Count D'Arental owes my father fifteen thousand francs !

COUNTESS. Hah ! go on !

CLAUDE. The payment of half the sum would have opened the doors of the prison, to which my father was dragg'd from a dying wife.

COUNTESS. He could not refuse to pay the whole !

CLAUDE. He drove me from his presence, with insult and contempt—he is no longer liable by law, and he defies me !

COUNTESS. When—where was this ?

CLAUDE. This morning, in this house—and again within these two hours at a tavern.

COUNTESS. Impossible !

CLAUDE. O would to heaven it were so—for I had then been innocent, even in thought. But from that moment I breathed but for revenge—I listened to the fiend who bade me plunder those who had plundered me—I heard of jewels that far out-valued the debt I claimed, I came to seize them—and found this heart. Oh, at its sight, my mother rose before me ! her voice cried to me from her new made grave. “ Forbear ! ”

COUNTESS. (*aside*) I cannot doubt—his agony is too real. Oh, D'Arental ! are you so dead to shame ? (*aloud*) Why came you not to me at once—your father's friend Graboulot, knew who I was.

CLAUDE. Graboulot ?

COUNTESS. Yes—I know not by what means, but shortly after I gave him the ten Napoleons for your father, he sent this heart to me by a poor honest man.

CLAUDE. Ten Napoleons ! You gave to Graboulot, ten Napoleons for my father !

COUNTESS. Is he not trustworthy ?

CLAUDE. The villain ! trustworthy ! he my father's friend ! (*a whistle without, L.*) Hark ! heard you that ?

COUNTESS. Yes, and once before !

CLAUDE. It is he—Graboulot—the tempter who urged me to this deed ! he is impatient for the booty !

COUNTESS. Merciful powers, what is to be done ? if I alarm the household, you are in danger—fly first, yourself ! (*GRABOULOT appears at the window.*)

GRABOU. Hist—Claude—the diamonds—quick !

CLAUDE. (*seizing him*) Villain !

GRABOU. Are you mad ? the diamonds I say, there are lights stirring in the house. (*sees ; he COUNTESS*) The Countess ! oh ! is it so ? (*draws a knife*) Hands off—or—

nay then—if you will have it. (*stabs him—the Countess shrieks, and flies to ring bell—they struggle, CLAUDE gets possession of the knife, which he flings from him.*)

COUNTESS. Help! help! (*going towards C. D. GRABOULOT breaks from CLAUDE, and rushes to the window, followed by him.*)

CLAUDE. (*returning from window*) He has escaped me!

Enter SERVANTS with lights, c., and PERNETTE, c. door.

PERNETTE. There's one, seize him!

COUNTESS. (c.) No—no—he came to warn and defend me. I know him, he is the son of Madame Moreau.

PERNETTE. (r.) Ah—and in gratitude for your kindness, madame—

COUNTESS. Yes—yes—but they have hurt him, send for assistance—look to his wound!

CLAUDE. (l.) It is but a scratch, madame!

COUNTESS. I trust so! Claude, from this moment you are one of my household!

CLAUDE. Ah, madame! (*aside to her*) And what security have you that I may not abuse this noble confidence?

COUNTESS. (*showing the golden heart*) The bequest of your mother. (*CLAUDE falls on his knees.*)

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.—*The garden of the marine villa of the Countess, at Cherbourg. Steps in c. Garden gate, l. 3 E. Entrance to chateau, l. 4 E. PERNETTE, with a telescope, is looking at a vessel in the offing up steps, l.; CLAUDE, r., in a shooting dress, is seated on the steps of the terrace, examining the lock of his gun.*

PERNETTE. Claude, Claude! I do believe it's coming into the port!

CLAUDE. (r.) It seems to be making for it at present!

PERNETTE. And it really is Monsieur de Barville's ship!

CLAUDE. So they told me on the pier this morning; the Minerva of thirty guns, she's ordered to the Mediterranean.

PERNETTE. If he knows the countess is here, he'll be

sure to come ashore—if it's only for an hour, oh, I wish he was going to stay here for the season, instead of that troublesome Monsieur Boquillard, who has taken a house here, and comes every day with his stupid flute, worrying my lady to play duets with him, I would never be at home to him, if I were the Countess.

CLAUDE. He is an intimate friend of the Count's, and should my lady offend him, might be mischievous; there is no danger in his visits, but there might be some were they forbidden!

PERNETTE. Ah, well, I suppose if she did not admit Monsieur Boquillard, she couldn't receive poor dear Monsieur de Barville if he came, and that would be a pity! what will my lady say when she returns from her drive, and hears that the Minerva's in port?

CLAUDE. Did she leave any orders for me when she went out?

PERNETTE. Orders, no; my lady says she never can have any orders to give you, for you anticipate all her wishes.

CLAUDE. Can any devotion repay the debt I owe our beloved mistress! has she not saved my poor old father from dying in prison—re-established his credit—and secured him in comfort for the remainder of his days.

PERNETTE. And that, too, after the Count had spent all the money she gave him to pay your father!

CLAUDE. And what has she not done for me? snatched me from perdition, given me a new heart. Before I knew her I fancied all who were above me were my enemies, that the rich trampled on the poor, who were bound to hate them! she has taught me the folly—the danger of such delusions! Now, thank heaven, I have ceased to envy—I have ceased to hate—I have room but for one feeling in this breast, Pernette—and that is gratitude!

PERNETTE. You're a good fellow, Claude, and I like you almost as much as I do poor dear Monsieur de Barville.

CLAUDE. Who's this coming?

PERNETTE. Oh! plague take him, Boquillard—I'm glad my lady is really not at home. (*CLAUDE retires through garden gate.*)

Enter BOQUILLARD, L. 2 E.

BOQUILLARD. Out—gone out for a drive, how unfortunate! I had made up my mind to speak this morning—boldly—hazard everything! (*aloud*) Ah, Pernette, my pretty Pernette, I've been broiled all the way up this hill for nothing:

the Countess is not at home, how very provoking—I wanted to see her particularly, when do you think she'll be back?

PERNETTE. (L.) Oh, not for ever so long—perhaps not till dinner time—perhaps not then.

BOQUIL. Not return to dinner—bless me—I thought she never dined out—but she must be home this evening—she won't sleep out?

PERNETTE. Of course she won't.

BOQUIL. Then I'll call again in the evening.

PERNETTE. You won't see her then—my lady never receives anybody in the evening, she reads or works here on the terrace till it's dark, and then goes to her dressing-room till bed-time.

BOQUIL. Ah, reads or works here on the terrace does she; and always alone?

PERNETTE. Quite alone—I never go near her myself. Her orders are, she is not to be approached by anybody. (*aside*) He won't come after that, I should think.

BOQUIL. Indeed—oh, very well, then I must call again to-morrow. good morning, Pernette—my compliments, and I'll call to-morrow. I can go out through this gate, can't I?

PERNETTE. Oh yes, any way. (*aside*) So you do go before my lady comes home. (*exit PERNETTE, into chateau, L. 4 E.*

BOQUIL. Gone—capital! an idea has just occurred to me—from what that pert minx says, I shall be certain to find the Countess alone on the terrace here, this evening—I've a great mind to play a bold game—the Count is in Paris, and if my German agent has been as good as his word, by this time in prison, and there's nothing to fear from his presence. De Barville, her old lover, has got a ship, and gone to the Mediterranean—I am left alone in the field—and if I were to pop the key of that gate into my pocket as I go out—for by good luck some one has left it in the lock—I could steal in unseen by the servants—and catch the Countess all by herself. Oh! the opportunity is made for me, and this very evening I will fling myself at her feet—declare my passion and—Quick! quick! the key before anyone comes. (*he walks backwards towards the gate, R., watching to see if anyone observes him, and on turning sharply round to take the key, finds himself face to face with CLAUDE, who re-enters suddenly*) Ah! that young fellow! (*aloud*) My good friend you made me jump! where the devil did you spring from—I didn't see you?

CLAUDE. No, but I saw you.

BOQUIL. Ah—you—you saw me —

CLAUDE. Yes—and I think you saw that the key was left in this gate.

BOQUIL. The key, oh yes, I did, and so I was going out that way, through the shrubbery—one can go out that way, can't one?

CLAUDE. Yes, and come in that way; only people must come to me for the key. (*locks gate, and puts key in his pocket.*)

BOQUIL. Ah! you keep the key, do you? Oh exactly, of course—quite right, it wouldn't do to make a public thoroughfare of it, for —

CLAUDE. For any scoundrel to walk in.

BOQUIL. Hem! (*aside*) Egad the fellow said that as if—no, he never could have the impudence—oh, I see, he wants to be bribed of course! (*aloud*) Very proper precaution, my good friend—against the intrusion of strangers—but—I suppose—if a friend of the family wished to save himself a long walk, up the high road, you'd have no objection to leave the gate unlocked—upon a certain condition?

CLAUDE. (R.) What condition?

BOQUIL. (*taking a note out of his pocket-book*) Such as this, for instance.

CLAUDE. A bank note! (*taking it.*)

BOQUIL. (*aside*) He's taken it—I was sure he would—it's the quietest way after all! (*turns and sees CLAUDE crumpling up note, which he puts into the muzzle of his gun, and prepares to ram down*) Holloah, what the deuce are you about?

CLAUDE. (*coolly*) Using the paper you gave me.

BOQUIL. For wadding—a note for a hundred francs!

CLAUDE. (*in the same tone*) Only a hundred! I thought it was for a thousand!

BOQUIL. A thousand francs—and you'd have done the same, if it had been?

CLAUDE. Precisely.

BOQUIL. My good fellow, you can't be in your senses. Are you aware that there are five napoleons lost, by what you've done?

CLAUDE. Not lost—I shall return them with the rest of the charge.

BOQUIL. (*stepping back*) Return them! Whom to?

CLAUDE. (*sternly*) To the first person who attempts to

pass this gate without the permission of the Countess. To any impertinent coxcomb who would intrude on the privacy of a lady, or blockhead, who believes that money can buy everybody.

BOQUIL. Eh!

CLAUDE. (*politely*) If you know any such—warn him off these premises—for I assure you I'll shoot him like a dog!

(turns on his heel and saunters up the terrace, R.)

BOQUIL. (*retreating to the front of the stage*) He would—I really believe he's just the fellow that would! The sanguinary ruffian; I suspect now it's because I didn't give him enough. However, I won't try *him* again—he don't deserve it! I'll act on my first impulse—this note which I had written to the Countess beseeching her to grant me a private interview, in the most irresistible language!—she shall find it here on her return. (*going*) Let me see—ah! I know where I'll put it. (*exit Boquillard hastily into chateau, L. U. E.*)

Enter COUNTESS with FAUVEL, R. U. E. down c. steps.

COUNTESS. (R.) My good Monsieur Fauvel, I should be delighted to see you, did I not fear that you must have some time very serious reasons for taking this journey so suddenly.

FAUVEL. (L.) It is an important one, madame, as you rightly suppose—I should have written to apprise you of my coming, but there was no time to lose.

COUNTESS. Your manner alarms me. What is the matter?

FAUVEL. The Count is utterly ruined.

COUNTESS. Alas! your intelligence pains more than it surprises me.

FAUVEL. Judgments have been obtained against him to an enormous amount by some German bill broker, who has by some means become—or for some purpose I suspect, been made—his principal creditor. The Mansion in the Rue de Varennes, with all its furniture, the Count's carriages, horses—everything in short is seized, and an order has been obtained for the sequestration also of this chateau, which you may hourly expect to see enforced!

COUNTESS. But this is my own property—*independent* of the Count, as you are well aware.

FAUVEL. No doubt, and there will be no difficulty in proving it; but in the mean time you might be subjected

to some annoyance, and I thought it advisable I should be on the spot.

COUNTESS. Thanks, my ever kind friend, but what will become of the Count. He is my husband—and if you think there are means in my power—

FAUVEL. None that, as your trustee, I will consent to your using, except on a condition which I hope I shall be empowered by you to propose to him?

COUNTESS. What condition?

Enter BOUILARD L. U. E. from chateau, crossing to R.

FAUVEL. We are interrupted!

COUNTESS. (c.) Monsieur Boquillard! Pray excuse me, I am engaged at present. Monsieur Fauvel is here from Paris, on particular business.

BOUIL. (R.) Monsieur Fauvel! a thousand pardons!
(going.)

FAUVEL. (L.) Stay Monsieur Boquillard—with your leave madame—this gentleman may inform us, Monsieur Boquillard had, I believe, some claims on the Count?

Enter PERNETTE on steps, L. beckons CLAUDE on R., gives him a letter.

BOUIL. Me—no—oh dear no—not now—I had, but the bills have got into other hands—which I am glad of—for I could not have pursued an old friend—I hope nothing has happened?

CLAUDE. (coming down R. between COUNTESS and BOUILARD) A note, madame.

COUNTESS. From whom?

CLAUDE. (looking at BOUILARD) From Monsieur Boquillard, I believe: at least Pernette saw him place it in your work-box.

BOUIL. (aside) S'death it's my note—confound him—before Fauvel too.

COUNTESS. (c.) Monsieur Boquillard!

BOUIL. (R.) Oh—it's of no consequence, as I have the pleasure of seeing you—there's no occasion—only—as you were not at home, I just scribbled a line.

COUNTESS. Have the kindness to read it, Monsieur Fauvel?

BOUIL. Nay, madame—I beg—it's a little matter of business—that—

COUNTESS. I have no secrets from Monsieur Fauvel, and cannot allow any person to believe that I have any secrets.

with Monsieur Boquillard. Read if you please sir, aloud.
(to FAUVEL.)

The COUNT appears on the terrace, c. from R., unseen by those on the stage.

FAUVEL. (*reading*) "Madame, although you persist in appearing blind to the ardent passion of one who lives but in your sight, whose heart is solely and unalterably yours, he hopes to convince you of his devotion, if you will favor him with a private interview this evening, as he has some facts to communicate of the utmost importance to your personal interest. He will await your signal at the garden door, at nine o'clock."

COUNTESS. (c.) Monsieur Boquillard, I have suffered with resignation your attentions, whilst they were simply ridiculous, but as you have mistaken contempt for encouragement, and ventured to insult me, I am relieved from the further endurance of their infliction. (*tears the letter to pieces. The COUNT advances laughing heartily, all turn at the sound.*)

ALL. The Count!

(*exit CLAUDE, R.*)

COUNT. (l. c.) I should apologise for this intrusion, if I did not really think the presence of the husband was wanting, to complete the picture!

COUNTESS. (r. c.) You have heard then, sir?

COUNT. Every word, madame.

BOQUIL. (*aside*) And that scoundrel who assured me he was safe in prison.

COUNT. And as I find my absence was calculated upon, for the attack by one friend, I suspect it might also have furnished an admirable excuse for the defence by another.

COUNTESS. I do not understand you, sir.

COUNT. The Minerva is in the harbour, and I am sure her gallant commander would gladly have been my substitute on this occasion.

COUNTESS. Monsieur de Barville at Cherbourg?

COUNT. I am delighted, madame, to be the first to communicate to you that agreeable intelligence. (*crosses to R.*) Fortunately, however, my dear Boquillard, you have to do with an easy tempered husband, instead of a passionate admirer, and I have no doubt we can arrange this little affair in the most amicable manner possible.

BOQUIL. (R.) Count D'Arental, I beg to observe —

COUNT. One moment, my dear friend—madame—(to COUNTESS)—I am sure you feel that in your presence—any explanation —

COUNTESS. (c.) I trust Count D'Arental will not give so much consequence to the impertinence of this person as—

COUNT. As to the respect of another—assuredly not, madame, for I hold a lady to be less compromised by certain pursuers than by certain protectors.

COUNTESS. (*with dignity*) Your arm, Monsieur Fauvel.

(*exit FAUVEL and COUNTESS into chateau, L. U. E.*

COUNT. And now my dear Boquillard, that we are alone, you will acknowledge I was the last person on earth you expected to see here.

BOQUIL. Well, perhaps, considering that you and the Countess —

COUNT. (L. c.) Nay, nay, not for so common a reason. You can find a better, if you think a minute. Oh, come—don't affect to be a greater blockhead than you are, own honestly, that you firmly believed me safe under lock and key in Paris?

BOQUIL. (R. c. aside) The deuce—does he suspect —

COUNT. Caged in St. Pelagie, at the suit of a creditor, whose name I had never heard of, but who must be an intimate friend of yours—judging from appearances.

BOQUIL. Appearances, my dear Count, are —

COUNT. Very deceitful—a great truth, of which you are a brilliant example, for your real object in employing an agent to buy up all my liabilities was none other than to cancel them all, out of love for the wife, as much as friendship to the husband—and it was to assure the Countess of this fact, that you requested a private interview with her.

BOQUIL. No, no, permit me just to —

COUNT. Hah! have a care, my dear fellow—don't let your modesty put such an extinguisher on your merit, as to leave me nothing to see but the dark side of your character. Come, a truce to trifling, I have escaped your myrmidons for the present, secure me from their pursuit, and give me time to turn myself about, or answer to me on the spot for your design upon the Countess.

BOQUIL. But my dear Count, how can I secure you ?

COUNT. By becoming responsible for me to yourself, my dear Boquillard—you must be satisfied with your own security—as you have kindly bought up all my debts, there's no danger of another creditor stepping in before you. You see I know all—so no shuffling. Come into the house and write as I shall dictate, or come out in the park, and toss for the first shot. (*producing pistols.*)

BOQUIL. And suppose I refuse to do either one or the other?

COUNT. Well, in that case, my dear friend, as I have no fancy to go to prison for the rest of my days, and shall have nothing on earth to live upon—I have determined to blow out my brains with this pistol:—as soon as I have blown out yours with the other.

BOQUIL. (*jumping back*) Eh, nonsense, don't be foolish, you're joking—

COUNT. (*drily*) Am I? (*cocking the pistol.*)

BOQUIL. Hold—hold! If I must be either robbed or murdered, I infinitely prefer the former!

COUNT. I thought you would—you justify my opinion of you. What are three or four hundred thousand francs to the great banker Boquillard, when a friend's happiness is at stake, or his own existence endangered? precede me, my dear friend, into the chateau. (BOQUILLARD crosses in front to L.) You know the ways of this house better than I do—and don't attempt to give me the slip—for these pistols have the most delicate hair triggers, and go off with the least touch I assure you.

(exit BOQUILLARD, followed by the COUNT into chateau, L. U. E.

SCENE SECOND.—*An apartment in the chateau. Doors R. and L., and folding doors c. A table with writing materials and two chairs, brought on.*

Enter COUNTESS and FAUVEL, R. 2 E.

FAUVEL. (L.) You have heard my proposition, madame—have I your permission to name it to the Count?

COUNTESS. (R.) Oh, without delay—but he will not consent.

FAUVEL. What should deter him?

COUNTESS. His hatred of de Barville, who he knows will instantly claim the fulfilment of our old engagement—

FAUVEL. That is the very object of our negociation; we do not attempt to disguise it—we should not offer such a price for less happiness. The Count's liabilities exceed three hundred thousand francs; it is a surrender of more than half your remaining property.

COUNTESS. I should have my freedom cheaply purchased by the surrender of all—but I repeat, the prospect of my becoming the wife of de Barville will outweigh all other considerations.

FAUVEL. We can but try it. His condition is so des-

perate, he may make a virtue of the necessity. I will seek him instantly. *(exit FAUVEL, c. d.)*

COUNTESS. O, Marcel, I tremble to indulge in a hope, the destruction of which would renew the pangs of our first separation. Pangs which time and resolution have deadened to the sense, but are still terrible to the recollection —

Enter CLAUDE from L. door.

Who's there?

CLAUDE. It is Claude, madame.

COUNTESS. Claude, my good youth—I have to thank you for your conduct this day, in destroying every chance of misinterpretation, from the impertinence of Monsieur Boquillard. The sudden and most unexpected appearance of the Count, prevented the immediate expression of my gratitude.

CLAUDE. Gratitude, madame, to me! but I must not waste time in words—Monsieur de Barville is here.

COUNTESS. In this house, and at such a moment! Beseech him to depart instantly.

CLAUDE. He would have done so the moment I told him the Count had arrived, but hearing footsteps, we entered this gallery to let them pass, and the door was almost immediately locked on the outside.

COUNTESS. Heavens! it must have been the Count himself, he knows there is no other issue but through these apartments.

MARCEL appears at L. door.

MARCEL. Henriette!

COUNTESS. Marcel! what have you done?

CLAUDE. Silence! Follow me, quickly—we may yet—*(opening centre door, and shutting it as suddenly)* The Count!

COUNTESS. I am lost.

CLAUDE. (L.) Not while I live! back! *(to MARCEL, who retires L. door)* and you, madame—be firm, be calm. *(the COUNT enters quickly c. d., casts a hasty glance round the room, then looks at the COUNTESS and CLAUDE.)*

COUNT. (c.) Your pardon madame, for entering so abruptly. What is your business here? *(to CLAUDE.)*

CLAUDE. I am in the service of the Countess, sir.

COUNT. I have no doubt you are, but that is no answer to my question. How came you in this apartment? by the Countess's order, or—

CLAUDE. No, sir ; I was passing through it with the Countess's permission, having been locked into the gallery by some person, who I suppose did not know any one was there.

COUNT. You ! (*aside*) Could I be mistaken ? No, hate is too keen-sighted. (*aloud*) Leave the room.

(*exit CLAUDE c. d.—the COUNT walks directly across the stage, and locks the L. door.*)

COUNTESS. What may this mean, sir ?

COUNT. Is any one within hearing ?

COUNTESS. Not that I am aware of.

COUNT. Then we may talk freely. (*crosses to R., places a chair for COUNTESS, and seats himself*) Monsieur Fauvel has offered me in your name three hundred and sixty thousand francs, provided I will agree to the dissolution of our marriage, on our mutual plea, according to the law. He has of course acted by your instructions ?

COUNTESS. (*L. of table*) He has.

COUNT. (*R. of table*) It is a tempting offer, madame, and I might have been disposed to listen to it, had not circumstances reversed our position, and enabled the husband to dictate terms instead of the wife.

COUNTESS. I am at a loss, sir, to imagine—

COUNT. De Barville is here. (*pointing to door L.*)

COUNTESS. (*aside*) Ah !

COUNT. Denial is useless ; the man I most abhor on earth is there—concealed in the gallery leading to your apartments ; it is my turn at length, madam to triumph ! The frown of insulted virtue, the air of saint like resignation—the affectation of moral superiority, under which I have chafed for years, can no longer serve to deceive, or to humiliate me ; it is for me to exact, and you to obey. (*writes.*)

COUNTESS. What must I do ?

COUNT. Sign this acknowledgement that Marcel de Barville came hither by assignation from you.

COUNTESS. (*rising*) I will not sign a falsehood ! A fatal accident has placed my reputation at your mercy. I must submit to be unjustly accused, but I will not be the assassin of my own honour !

COUNT. Have a care, madame ! Your lawyer has opened the volume of the Code, to show me an article which might render my consent to our separation unnecessary ; but there is another article in those pages, which authorizes

the husband to slay the paramour of his wife, if found secreted in her apartments !

COUNTESS. (*sinking on chair*) Ah ! (*clasping her hands in agony*) Mercy—if you are a man ! Think but a moment, how I was entrapped—what I have endured—let the misery of a woman who never wronged you, satisfy your vengeance—you have struck his heart, through mine, too fatally already—redden not your hands with his innocent blood.

COUNT. Sign this paper.

COUNTESS. (*aside*) Marcel ! It is to save thy life ! (*faintly to COUNT*) Give me the pen. (*she is about to sign, CLAUDE opens the c. door.*)

CLAUDE. (*announcing*) Monsieur de Barville. (COUNTESS drops the pen.)

COUNT. (*starting up*) De Barville —

CLAUDE. Requests permission to pay his respects to the Countess !

COUNT. Where is he ?

CLAUDE. In the anti-chamber.

COUNT. Impossible !

Enter MARCEL, c. d., down L.

COUNT. (R., aside) Defeated ! (*with concentrated rage*) But he shall not escape me ! (*exit CLAUDE, c.*

MARCEL. (L.) I trust, madame, you will excuse this unceremonious visit—but my time is limited at Cherbourg, and I have barely sufficient to bid you farewell. I could not, however hear you were in this neighbourhood, and debar myself a privilege Monsieur le Comte will not begrudge me. (*bowing to the COUNT.*)

COUNT. (*crosses to R. c.*) Monsieur de Barville has little reason to complain of his time being limited, considering the extraordinary power he possesses of locomotion. Your evolutions, sir, are of so rapid a description, we might almost fancy you were ubiquitous. You would scarcely believe it, but at the very moment you entered that door, I could have sworn you were in that gallery.

MARCEL. Count D'Arental will acknowledge he was mistaken.

COUNT. Completely ! and it is rather provoking—for I had a wager with the Countess.

COUNTESS. Sir ! (*at table R.*)

COUNT. Oh, fear nothing, madame, I am a fair player ; when I have lost a game, I acknowledge myself beaten—

and as a proof I am ready to subscribe to the proposition of Monsieur Fauvel.

COUNTESS. Is it possible?

CLAUDE appears at the door, c.

COUNT. He is in the library, and shall witness our joint signatures to the agreement he has proposed, if Monsieur de Barville will excuse our absence for a few moments.

MARCEL. Sir, it is for me to retire.

COUNT. By no means—let me request you to stay—if your duty will permit you. (*aside to him*) I give you the choice of place and weapons.

MARCEL. So entreated—I cannot refuse.

COUNTESS. (*aside*) He whispered to him! I tremble —

COUNT. Come, madame, we shall see Monsieur de Barville again.

MARCEL. You will find me here, sir.

(*exit COUNT and COUNTESS, c. d.*)

CLAUDE. (L. *advancing*) Monsieur de Barville, the Count has challenged you?

MARCEL. (R.) Pshaw—you fancy —

CLAUDE. I am sure of it.

MARCEL. Well, why should I conceal anything from you, my brave young friend—to whom I am indebted for more than my life, it is so—and I have long felt it must come to this—but for her entreaties, the provocation had not been left to him—the knowledge of her misery has made life a burden to me.

CLAUDE. But if you survive—the woman whose husband you have slain can never bear your name?

MARCEL. No—but she will be delivered from insult and persecution.

CLAUDE. Did the Count name the spot?

MARCEL. No, he gave me the choice of place and weapons.

CLAUDE. Behind the Park Wall—here is the key of the gate leading from the garden.

MARCEL. Be it so.

CLAUDE. Had you not better avoid the Countess? should she suspect.

MARCEL. True—but I promised the Count to remain here.

CLAUDE. I will inform him, and bring him after you—haste as the Countess may return—the door is now unlocked at the further end. (*exit MARCEL, door L.*)

CLAUDE. (*alone*) And now Claude, remember—the future happiness of your benefactress—the life and honour

of the man she loves are staked upon the cast. Mother, I go to pay thy debt and mine !

Enter the COUNT, c. d.

COUNT. Where is Monsieur de Barville ?

CLAUDE. He desired me to tell you, sir, that you would find him at the foot of the Black Rock.

COUNT. The Black Rock—I know no such place ?

CLAUDE. It is on the beach, sir—I will show you the way.

COUNT. You shall carry the weapons.

(*exit COUNT and CLAUDE, c.*

SCENE THIRD.—*Rocks on the sea shore. Music.*

Enter the COUNT and CLAUDE, l. the latter carrying two swords and a brace of pistols.

CLAUDE. This is called the Black Rock, sir.

COUNT. But I do not see De Barville ?

CLAUDE. I have brought you a short cut down the hill. He has probably taken the road round the point. I may perhaps have time to say two words to Count d'Arental before he comes.

COUNT. Two words to me ?

CLAUDE. Have you forgotten sir, a young man who some three months ago presented himself in the Rue-de-Varrennes to claim a debt due to his father.

COUNT. Ah ! I thought your face was familiar to me. You are that impudent fellow ! Of course your insolence to me was a sufficient recommendation to your mistress.

CLAUDE. I am he, sir—Claude Moreau, whom your insults and injustice drove to the brink of a precipice, from which that angel, the Countess d'Arental snatched me—I have been a silent witness of the misery you have caused her—of the bitter tears you have made her shed. The son of the man you ruined and Madame Henriette saved—is here to avenge the injuries of both.

COUNT. Ruffian ! and I am unarmed.

CLAUDE. O, mistake me not, I am no assassin—here are weapons. Take the choice you offered to Monsieur de Barville. He will not be here to satisfy your vengeance. I have directed him to another place. You must be content with a meaner antagonist.

COUNT. Audacious villain—a duel with you !

CLAUDE. You could stoop to plunder and insult me—it is

I who now descend to you—the chances are in your favour, you are practised in the use of weapons—choose! (*offers him a sword and a pistol*).

COUNT. (L.) I do. (*takes the pistol quickly and presents it at CLAUDE, who strikes up his arm as he fires.*)

CLAUDE. (R.) Who is the assassin now? Coward! Pray to heaven that he has saved you that crime, for one of us leaves not the beach alive. (*Music—flings him the other sword—the Count snatches it up furiously, they attack each other, and exeunt fighting, R.—MARCEL appears amongst the rocks from L. U. E.*)

MARCEL. I heard a shot—loud voices and the clash of swords—

Re-enter CLAUDE, R.

MARCEL. Claude! Where is the Count?

CLAUDE. Yonder.

MARCEL. Dead—and you— (*catching CLAUDE, who is about to fall.*)

CLAUDE. (*faintly*) Dying I hope. (*falls.*)

Enter FAUVEL, followed by COUNTESS, L. 3 E.

COUNTESS. Marcel alive, and the Count—(*FAUVEL, who has hastily crossed the stage and gone out R., returns and makes a sign to COUNTESS, whom he prevents advancing.*)

COUNTESS. (*shuddering*) Oh, Marcel! your fatal act has severed us for ever!

CLAUDE. (*to COUNTESS*) Not his! Not his! (*turning to DE BARVILLE*) Monsieur de Barville—when you are happy, remember Claude. (*takes the golden heart from his bosom—kisses it and dies.*) *Tableau.*

CURTAIN.

LOVE IN HUMBLE LIFE.

A Drama

IN ONE ACT

~~Adapted~~ FROM SCRIBE AND DUPIN'S "MICHAEL ET CHRISTINE."

BY

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE,

AUTHOR OF

"*The Lancers*," "*Charles the Second*," "*Ali Pacha*," "*Brutus*,"
etc., etc.

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LOVE IN HUMBLE LIFE.

First performed at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane,
On Thursday, February 14th, 1822.

Characters.

RONSLAUS.....	Mr. COOPER.
CARLITZ.....	Mr. KNIGHT.
BRANDT	Mr. WILMOTT.
CHRISTINE	Miss S. BOOTH.

Costumes.

RONSLAUS.—Blue coat, with white facings, white epaulets and cross belts; white breeches, with long gaiters; and bear skin hat.

CARLITZ.—Brown round jacket, velvetine breeches; high boots; and glazed hat.

BRANDT.—Blouse, breeches, stockings, and red cap.

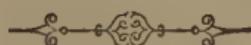
CHRISTINE.—Black boddice; white full habit shirt, short sleeves; silk apron; and frill petticoat.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. Right.	R. C. Right Centre.	C. Centre.	L. C. Left Centre.	L. Left
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There is no charge for the performance of this Drama.

LOVE IN HUMBLE LIFE.



SCENE.—*A Rustic Inn, r., with the sign of “The Rising Sun,” “Good Entertainment for Man and Horse,” written under it; a wooden table and two chairs, r. c., a round table, and a shrubbery encircling a green bank, l.; in the distance, mountains, &c. &c. A march is heard as the curtain draws up, and SOLDIERS are seen passing down the mountains.*

BRANDT comes out of the inn, and at the same moment RONSLAUS enters through the middle gate, a knapsack at his back, and a musket on his shoulder.

RONS. (speaking at the back) March on to the village, comrades! I shall halt there; I have an acquaintance in these quarters. (comes down to BRANDT) Where's the landlord, waiter? why don't he run out to catch customers as every good landlord is in duty bound? eh, lad! how dare he send such a ninny as you to represent his dignity!

BRANDT. There's no landlord, sir, and mistress is busy with a party.

RONS. So much the better for her. Attention! Bring me a good breakfast—two bottles of the best wine; and send me your mistress for company; I have something to say to her.

BRANDT. I beg your honour's pardon; but, perhaps mistress would like first to know your honour's name.

RONS. Ronslaus, the soldier.

BRANDT. No more, your honour?

RONS. What the devil more would you have?—a soldier and a countryman should be a passport anywhere. Quick step! Forward! March! (exit BRANDT into the inn, r.) No barmaid? No! My heart beats. Ay, ten chances to one but poor little Christine's gone!—at any rate, the landlady can give me some clue. Ouf! tolerable marching

this!—two leagues before breakfast over the mountains; but we've no right to complain. The enemy we pursue keep ahead of us for all that; and though we gave 'em now and then a few shots by way of "How are you today?" the unmannerly knaves wouldn't so much as turn to say, "Very well, I thank you." (*takes off his knapsack, and sets it on table, l.*) For the first time in my life, my luggage seems heavy—those villainous bank-notes, no doubt: such things never before straggled into my knapsack. Poor Colonel! I see him yet, stretched wounded upon the field of battle. "Ronslaus," exclaimed he. "I have long been alone in the world I'm now quitting, and I mustn't make the foe my heir; take this pocket-book! Zounds! these bits of paper are not what I stand in need of—but cartridges, boy, cartridges!" From that hour I've never fired a cartridge at the enemy, but I told 'em, "Here, you scoundrels, here's a billet-doux from my poor dead Colonel." Well, well, though the weight of cash is rather new to me, yet I get on under it more gaily than ever; for I now meet the unfortunate with a different feeling from what I used to have, conscious that I possess not only a sword for their protection, but a purse for their miseries.

Enter CHRISTINE from the inn, speaking as she enters.

CHRIS. Ronslaus, did he say? Ronslaus, the soldier? Bless my heart!—Where? where?

RONS. Ay, come at last!—'twas almost time. (*turns*) I say, land—*(starting)* Christine!

CHRIS. (*running to him*) Oh, Ronslaus! how glad I am to see you!

RONS. (*faltering*) Christine! (*turns aside*) Zounds! wha ails my eyes? (*aloud*) Christine! (*aside*) Where's my voice? I can't—I can't. (*runs up, and shakes hands with her*) How are you, Christine?

CHRIS. When they told me your regiment was coming across the country, I said to myself, "I'm sure we shall see him, or have a letter, at least, I'm sure."—I hope you mean to stop awhile?

RONS. Two hours, at most—only to take breath. Then buckle on your knapsacks, shoulder your muskets, and away! We soldiers are obliged to forget our friendship,

at the roll of the drum, and to force as much love as we can into the little time we get between marches. Then comes the rub-a-dub-dub ! Good-bye to love !—farewell to friendship !—and off we go.

CHRIS. Don't your wound trouble you in these forced marches ?

RONS. Not in the least, pet. You took too good care to cure it for me. I should have been obliged to quit the post but for you, Christine ; and when I remember how, for one whole month——

CHRIS. Nonsense ! nonsense ! No more of that. Your being here at that time saved us from many a trouble. But for you, our house might have been burnt down ; and I, who was then only barmaid, perhaps, should not now have been mistress.

RONS. Hey ! What ? *You* mistress, Christine ! *You* ?

CHRIS. Oh, it's a story worth hearing. I'll tell you all about it. The inn, the garden, the farm, all belong to me. You can't think how happy it makes me to receive you in *my* house, Ronslaus. Will you take a turn round *my* grounds, Ronslaus ? But first you must taste *my* wine. (*calling*) The wine, Brandt—the wine !

RONS. That I will, lassie ! but while I drink, you must talk. Tell me the whole affair. One never hears so well as over a bottle.

Enter BRANDT with a bottle and tumbler glass, which he puts on the table, and exits. RONSLAUS pours out a cup of wine.

CHRIS. You know how unhappy I was—a poor orphan, and obliged to be dependent on the old landlady, Madam Donderspank, that cross, ill-tempered——

RONS. (*drinks, then sets down the glass*) She that gave such infernal bad measure ? I always hated that woman.

CHRIS. Well, about four months after you went away, a soldier returning home on leave of absence, called here and took me aside. "Miss," says he, "I have two thousand crowns to give you from a friend, who only prays that you may be happy—farewell." He was gone before I had time to speak.

RONS. Right! right! (*exultingly*) I knew that hussar was an honest dog !

CHRIS. Hey! What hussar? Who told you his uniform?

RONS. (*embarrassed*) Didn't you yourself?

CHRIS. Not I. I said a soldier, not hussar. I see now—I see you know more of this than I do. Ronslaus, who is my benefactor? You hesitate. Now I know who it is. There's nobody but you who could have done so generous an action.

RONS. I, indeed! I! Pshaw, child, pshaw!

CHRIS. Ronslaus, I have not been ashamed to accept your services, and yet you are ashamed to own you have bestowed them.

RONS. No, girl, I glory in it—I glory in it; but 'tisn't I, 'tis my Colonel! His pocket-book, which he gave me when dying, contained four thousand crowns, which I determined to divide thus:—two thousand for you, and two thousand for my father. Half to him who gave me life, the other half to her who preserved it. That was no more than just, you know. I charged one of my comrades with your share, and the other half I have lately been with myself; but my father—a veteran—an invalid—

CHRIS. Well—

RONS. Had no longer need of it. He had left the service—he had gone there (*pointing upwards*) to receive his pay. (*wipes his eyes, pauses a moment, goes to the table again—drinks—makes a sign as if toasting the memory of his father—then returns*) Come! now you've finished your story, I'll finish your bottle. This is as it should be. You deserve to be happy.

CHRIS. (*sighing*) Happy!

RONS. Yes, and you must be; (*timidly and fidgeting*) for—he—on whom—you may—deign to—bestow your hand—cannot help making such an—angel—(*seems greatly embarrassed, approaches her as if to take her hand once or twice, then recedes—aside*) Zounds, Ronslaus! courage, old boy! Don't stand shilly-shally—(*rallying—aloud*) Hear me, Miss Christine. For one whole year you have been my file leader, and you were always by my side, whether stretched on the cold sod after a hard march, or in the midst of whizzing bullets for the hot fire of the enemy. I have money that I don't know what to do with; I've a heart which has not been given, and a hand which was never raised unworthily:—All are at

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your service, and here I offer them. (*with forced resolution*)
Will you have me?

CHRIS. Mr.—Mr. Rouslaus—Can it be—that—

RONS. Will you marry me? Out with it. I've only two hours allowed, and there's no time to lose.

(*all this is given awkwardly, with great fidgetiness, and a sort of sheepish manner, seen through the abruptness*)

CHRIS. I don't know how to express my gratitude. But I—what you propose is—impossible—I—one—one ought, at least—you know—one should have time—to—to—love.

RONS. Hey? What? don't you love me, then?

CHRIS. Why—why—

RONS. Do you love me? Yes, or no?

CHRIS. Pray—in mercy—Mr.—

RONS. “‘Mr.—Mr.’—Come, I hate beating about “the bush.” It's a plain question. Answer in one word,—yes, or no.

CHRIS. Well, then—n—n—no!

RONS. No? not love me?—me! I love you—with all my heart and soul, I do; and yet you treat me harder than ever German corporal treated a recruit!

CHRIS. I feel what you have done for me deeply—yes, deeply! I shall never forget it, never! But I am not worthy of your kindness, and you must let me give it all back.

RONS. Give it all back! Hang it! There was only that stroke wanting: This girl will make me die of a broken heart!

CHRIS. Nay, pray—pray, only hear!

RONS. (*pacing violently*) I'll hear nothing.

CHRIS. Ronlaus!—Ronlaus!

RONS. Nothing!

CHRIS. Dear Ronlaus!

RONS. (R.) Hey! Go on, Christine, go on.

CHRIS. If it should happen that I am not mistress of my choice—if, before I ever saw you, it should so chance that I loved another?

RONS. Another? True—true—I never thought of that!

Ay—well—so—you loved another?

CHRIS. Suppose, I tell you, suppose it were so! what would you say?

RONS. What would I say? I'd say—let him take care of himself—let him keep out of my way. If I should once get hold of him—

CHRIS. What would you do to him?

RONS. Kill him.

CHRIS. And why would you kill him?

RONS. For having the impudence to love you. (*crosses, L.*)

CHRIS. And if he did not love me.

RONS. Not love you! Who can help loving you? I should be glad to catch the scoundrel that did not love you.

CHRIS. And if you did, you'd kill him too, would you not?

RONS. Why—no, no—I—But come—this attachment—Now be frank—tell me—I'm not angry—tell me.

CHRIS. Three years ago, I left in my native place a cousin who had been my companion from infancy. In parting he plighted his faith to me, and I believed him, for we believe readily what we wish. I have not heard from him since. He did not love me, though he said so—but I loved him, though I said nothing.

RONS. What! you never told him—

CHRIS. Never. I was too poor, and so was he, to think of marrying. But when, thanks to your bounty, I had enough to live on of my own, I wrote to him to come and share it with me, and to make haste—to make haste and marry me.

RONS. And he—

CHRIS. He never came. And yet he got the letter—Oh! I'm sure he got the letter:—that was the time I bought the inn.

RONS. Now you see you've nothing to expect from him, what are you waiting for in order to be happy?

CHRIS. Alas, I only wait to feel that I no longer love him.

RONS. Christine, you are an honest girl.—You would not deceive me. I see, I see it's all over. (*clapping his hand on his heart*) You have it there, girl, there—and what's once there sticks fast—fast—fast.

CHRIS. (*sighs*) Ay!

RONS. Right! right—I'll come this way a few months

hence, I—(*going to take his cap, stops short, and returns*) Only promise me, Christine, that if you can forget your cousin, you'll think of me.

CHRIS. Oh! with all my heart, I promise.

RONS. Good. One day you'll be Mrs. Ronslaus.

(*laughing and racket of many voices heard within, R., calling, "Waiter! landlady! Ha, ha, ha, ha!" &c.*)

CHRIS. They're calling. I must run. You're at home here. Remember, you're quite at home.

Exit CHRISTINE into the Inn.

RONS. (*looking after her*) Would to heaven I were indeed at home!

Enter CARLITZ whistling lazily over the mountains, with a bundle across his shoulder, at the end of a stick, from L. U. E.—RONSLAUS still gazing after CHRISTINE—CARLITZ heedlessly runs against him.

CARL. Beg pardon, Mr.—, for coming upon you so; but if you can only tell me the nearest road to the next town, you'll oblige me very much, Mr. Soldier.

RONS. (*turning*) Hallo! I know that voice! Bless my heart! 'tis poor Carlitz! Don't you remember me, lad? Don't you remember me a month ago at the farm in the forest, thirty leagues off? (*holding out his hand to him*)

CARL. (*shaking hands awkwardly*) Ah! yes, yes. You belong to that regiment that drove off the enemy the day of the battle near our farm. Ay, a hot day's work. I fought, too, that day with a pitchfork; and when the General saw me, he laughed, and named me "soldier" on the field; but nothing came of the nomination; for, like many a brave fellow, I had only a smile for my service, and then was straight forgotten. (*puts down his bundle and stick by the side of the L. table*)

RONS. So it seems you've left the farm?

CARL. Yes, Mr. Soldier; I am no longer a ploughjogger; I'm an officer.

RONS. An officer.

CARL. Civil, Mr. Soldier—a civil officer. I've a place under government. I got it by patronage. 'Twas Pete Linski, town-clerk, that got me named horse-post for two leagues round our village.

RONS. Yes, one would take you for a post.

CARL. Horse, if you please—horse-post!—that is, till I lost my horse; for last night a party of the enemy's troops fell in with me, or fell out with me, I should say—for, after parading me a few leagues blindfold, they set me down in the middle of the wood, gave me a cuff by the side of the head, and rode off with my horse and bags, leaving me nothing but what you see; so I've been trudging it on foot ever since, not knowing where I was, more than the child unborn.

RONS. Then you've had no breakfast?

CARL. Not a morsel. This is the first house I've come to; and one's feelings, on encountering a tavern sign, depend very much upon the state of one's pocket, you know. I daren't go in, so I've only ventured here to ask—

RONS. What, lad! hungry and tired, too! Here, (*taking him to the table, L.*) here you shall eat, drink, and be joyful! Don't be afraid. I pay all.

CARL. What, you? No! You don't say so? You pay all?

RONS. That seems to astonish you.

CARL. Not at all. 'Twould astonish me a great deal more to pay for it myself. But I don't like you should spend your money for me, though.

RONS. Come, no flinching. I'm at home here. Hallo? waiter! But they're all busy. I'll go myself. One's always quicker served to help one's self. Rest yourself there—you need rest—I'll come back presently—rest, rest.

Exit RONSLAUS into the house, R.

CARL. I wasn't over and above pleased to meet this soldier; for he's a devil of a fellow—as surly as a pioneer—and he uses his sabre with as little ceremony as I use my spurs; but he's a good fellow at heart, for he stands treat, and I couldn't have kept up any longer. (*casts himself at full length on the green bank, L.*) One finds friends where one least expects. Just as we fancy it's all over with us, something pops up unlooked for, to show that Providence never forgets us so long as we don't forget ourselves. When I'm rich, I'll make it up to this soldier—and I shall be rich—ay, ay, I shall work my way in the world, I am sure I shall. Peter Linski was in the right. It's foolish

to get married; for then all great projects stop—one comes to a dead stand—and yet something makes me so uncomfortable—something weighs, weighs whenever I think of her:—nonsense! I can't help it, though. My heart's as heavy as my eyes! I should like to see her again. Ay, that I should—I should—I—I— (sleeps)

Enter CHRISTINE and BRANDT, r., with plates, table cloth, &c.

CHRIS. Come, lay the cloth there. Be brisk, be brisk! Mind that nothing's wanting. See that all's in order—all the best. (*laying the cloth on the table, r. c.*)

Exit BRANDT, r.

CARL. (*dreaming*) Poor dear Christine!—poor Chris—Chris—

CHRIS. Who calls? (*turns and sees CARLITZ*) Gracious heavens! 'tis he!—'tis Carlitz!

Runs up to him, but checks herself, seeing RONSLAUS enter from the inn, r., with a bottle in each hand.

RONS. Victory! I've taken the wine cellar by storm! What a glorious army, all arranged in battle order! But 'tis no trifle can make me fall back. I've made daylight shine through the ranks. There!

(*puts the bottles on the table, r. c.—CHRISTINE'S eyes are riveted on CARLITZ—RONSLAUS goes to her, c., and takes her hand*)

What's the matter, Christine? Your hand trembles.

CHRIS. (*her eyes on CARLITZ*) N—n—nothing, n—n—nothing.

RONS. Nothing?—'tis something, I'm sure. It's what I was saying to you just now, isn't it, Christine? Ah! so much the better—that's a good sign; ay, ay, I'm glad to see that. Come, you shall sit down there and keep us company.

CHRIS. No, no, no—oh, no! I'm wanted within. The waiter will stay with you, and I—while you're at table I'll be in and out, to see there's nothing forgot.

Exit CHRISTINE, r., still looking as she goes at CARLITZ.

RONS. As you please. (*goes and slaps CARLITZ on the shoulder*) Comrade, to your post!

CARL. (*starting up and falls on his knees*) I've nothing more, soldiers!—you've got all I had. (*rubbing his eyes*)

HEY? (*looking around, recovers, and then bursts into a laugh*) Ha, ha, ha! Well, if I didn't think I was caught by the enemy again.

RONS. No, not the enemy, but the best friend in the world to a hungry traveller. A breakfast for a General.

CARL. (*sighing*) Ah! what a pity!

RONS. What's a pity?

CARL. Just as you waked me, I was deputy-postmaster of the village, and from my house window I saw myself riding in a one-horse chaise to a smoking dinner at the justice's.

(*they sit at the table, R. C., RONSLAUS next the house, CARLITZ opposite*)

RONS. Your dreams end in smoke, do they? I'm for the solid. Come, set to. Now, I should sooner have thought that a young-looking lad like you would have dreamt of riding to see some village beauty—some fair sweetheart: I'm sure you have some one in a corner thereabouts. Fill, boy! (*CARLITZ pours water into his glass, which RONSLAUS observing fills it up with wine, then pours out his own wine, which CARLITZ is about to mix with water*) What are you at? No water for me.

CHRISTINE returns with a bottle and plates, and sets them on the table, L.; she remains on, her eyes riveted on CARLITZ, and from time to time recedes or advances as the conversation more or less excites her interest.

Drink my toast. Here's to the girl of my heart. (*drinks*)

CARL. Here's to the girl of my heart. (*drinks*) That's all right. (*eating*) But then you see, Mr. Soldier, in my situation one ought never to dream of marrying.

CHRIS. (*apart*) Indeed!

CARL. I'm not exactly my own master. True, there was somebody of our parts that I did promise to marry.

RONS. You did promise? And why the devil didn't you keep your promise?

CARL. Oh, family reasons—(*still eating*) family reasons.

RONS. That's another matter—that's no business of mine. Your health, Mr. Post-horse.

CARL. I tell you I'm not a horse, I'm a post—any fool can see that. (*offering the water again, which the other repels*) I couldn't have a nicer girl; because, though 'tis

a long time since I saw her, yet she was so gentle—so pretty. I did love her so! but just as I was making up my mind, I thought how I should manage to get on in the world. Then I thought what a fine thing it was to be a man of consequence; and these ideas, you know, drive out the others.

RONS. A promise to a woman is like a promise to a Colonel, and ought to be held sacred. Though fortune disappoint or exceed our hopes, 'tis all one. Everything else may change, but plighted vows never.—Your honour once given, you have no right to flinch.

CHRIS. (*aside*) Honest, honest heart!

CARL. But then, Mr. Soldier, if it should so happen that I should not, by keeping my promise, make her happy?

RONS. That alters the case. Then you should tell her so at once, and not keep the poor girl in the fidgets. You should write the truth to her thus. (*takes his knife, and seems to write with the point of it on the plate, as he repeats slowly*) "Miss—I take up my pen for to make it known unto you, that I don't love you any more, and so you have no need to wait any longer, and you are free to marry anybody else as soon as you like. This from your loving husband that *was to be*, Carlitz."—That's the way delicate and feeling people do when they've had a good education.

CARL. Very well; but then I'll never write that to her.

RONS. You won't? (*sternly*) What! you won't?

CARL. I didn't say I wouldn't write—no, I will write;—but then I'll phrase in another sort of way—I'm willing to tell her, "Miss, I don't love you any more"—but then I can't say, "Miss, you may love somebody else." She's a treasure, I know; and though I'm content not to take the treasure to myself, I shouldn't like another man to have her.

RONS. What the devil do you mean by that? Do you want to make a fool of the girl? Write, I tell you! Waiter!

Enter BRANDT from the Inn, R.

Pens, ink, and paper!

BRANDT. You'll find 'em all in the room at the side there, where mistress makes out her bills.

Exit BRANDT, R.

CARL. (*rises*) I will write, as you insist upon it; for, after the breakfast you have given me, Mr. Soldier, 'twould be ungrateful not to oblige you; but, then, I'll turn it my own way.

RON. Turn it as you please, but write.

CARL. I'll go and write directly. You shall see.

RON. Come—a drop of brandy first, to settle your breakfast. There's nothing so good for the stomach as an honourable action and a glass of brandy.

(RONSLAUS *pours out, and drinks—CARLITZ seems absorbed, walks about, and says*)

CARL. Yes,—yes. You shall find I'm worthy to drink with you—yes—I will write.

RON. Then why the devil don't you?

CARL. Yes, I will—I will.

(RONSLAUS *pushes him into the Inn, R. CHRISTINE bursts into tears*)

RON. These young chaps! it's so hard to bring 'em to their senses! Perhaps the poor girl is fretting like Christine. (*turns and sees her*) Zounds, Christine! what's all this?

CHRIS. (L. C.) Don't mind me; don't mind me—it's over, it's over. (*aside*) I'll have firmness: I'll have courage. (*aloud*) Ronslaus, do you love me?

RON. Do I love you?—By the great cannons, I love you more than fighting.

CHRIS. Well, then—I—I should so like to be revenged on him! Ronslaus, I almost *think* I love you. But I—I won't answer for it, Ronslaus—I won't answer for it.—

RON. No matter. The first plunge is all!

CHRIS. Awhile ago you offered me your hand—

RON. Which you now accept?

CHRIS. No, no; not instantly, because you—you are going away, you know. But never, never, without your leave, shall it be given to another: I promise—never without your leave! In a month, or when you come back—then—not—not just now—I—I—I'll marry you, Ronslaus.

RON. You promise?

CHRIS. Yes, I promise—on one condition.

RON. Nonsense! always making conditions! Well, speak—what conditions?

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CHRIS. T'at from this moment you *call* yourself my husband.

RONS. Eh!

CHRIS. Yes. Never speak of me but as your wife.

RONS. For what reason?

CHRIS. I can't tell—I—Oh, you are welcome to refuse. Is it so hard for you to consent to let me wear your name?

RONS. Hard? No, Christine! But when I would give my life for you, it seems too little merely to give you my name! However, have your own way. 'Tis yours! Though but an humble name, it is at least a pure one, and that is an advantage which many a one much better born can't bring with him to the altar.

CARL. (*heard without, r.*) I've done it.

CHRIS. (*aside*) So! here he comes.

Enter CARLITZ, with the letter.

CARL. I've done it, Mr. Soldier, and I'm sure 'twill please you a great deal better than your own. You'll be astonished at me, that you will, when you read it. (*sees CHRISTINE*) What—what—Christine! Eh! ha, ha, ha! Christine!

CHRIS. (*feigning astonishment*) Why, Lord! if that isn't Carlitz!

RONS. (c.) And how came you to know him, eh?

CHRIS. He's a relation of mine that I've not seen this long, long while. Well now, who would have thought of seeing you here, Carlitz?

CARL. (*aside, r.*) She's prettier than ever! (*puts up the letter*) How queer I do feel!

CHRIS. My heart beats so, I can hardly—(*aloud*) You can't think how pleased we are both—both—to see you, Carlitz.

CARL. Both? what does she mean by "both?"

RONS. Ay, lad, both! for my wife's relations are always welcome to her husband.

CARL. (*aside*) Wife! husband!

CHRIS. What's the matter, Carlitz? you seem dull! What! nothing to say, after three years' absence? How does all go on in our village? Do your affairs prosper? Your sweethearts in the village, how are they all, eh?

CARL. (*sulkily*) All goes on well enough—well enough, miss.

RONS. Miss! You don't call my wife a miss?

CARL. Beg pardon, madam. (*aside*) Zounds! that word kills my heart. (*staggers against the table, R.*)

CHRIS. What ails you, Carlitz? ain't you well?

(*crosses to him*)

CARL. No; it's n—nothing! I'm only a little somehow—

CHRIS. Won't you take something?

RONS. He? why he's just done breakfast: he didn't eat as if he was on the sick list—he's well enough; he'll walk it off in a minute, and get on his road jollily. Come, stir, lad, and you'll not want the doctor.

CHRIS. What! don't you mean to stop with us a few days?

RONS. Not he, now he's a great man.

CARL. Ay, ay, 'twere better I should be off. Christine, I should only wish to say a word or two about family affairs before I go.

RONS. (*sitting down, R.*) Well, lad, talk away. No ceremony: we'll hear you.

CARL. Yes: but then—

CHRIS. Perhaps he would rather it should only be between us alone.

RONS. (*aside to her*) I'd rather stay.

CHRIS. (*aside*) Yes, but I wouldn't like he should go and say I had a husband that wasn't accommodating.

RONS. (*aside*) Oh, for that—so then, husbands must—

CHRIS. Yes.

RONS. (*aside*) Oh! (*rises and bows*) Since I am in that regiment, I must mind the countersigns. I'm off.

(RONSLAUS goes to the door—CARLITZ, who has been standing, R., with his back to CHRISTINE, turns, ill-humouredly, and exclaims with emphasis)

CARL. As you were married, miss, for what reason—

(RONSLAUS starts, returns, looks at him, walks to CHRISTINE, L., and says low)

RONS. I leave you without fear, Christine, because I have your promise you'll be mine, or you'll be no other man's without my leave; so I'm easy. For a moment then, adieu.

Looks sternly at CARLITZ again, and then exit to house.

CHRIS. We're by ourselves now. Well, Carlitz, and these family affairs you had to speak about.

CARL. There's no family affairs. I only wanted to make you my compliments on your constancy, and didn't dare before him.

CHRIS. What do you mean by my constancy? Was I bound to stay single all my lifetime, because it pleased my gentleman not to answer my letter?

CARL. Who could have guessed you'd have been in such a hurry? and you must have been in a devilish hurry to have taken such a fellow for a husband.

CHRIS. And pray, sir, what is there about him so bad?

CARL. You needn't bawl so. Everybody knows what soldiers are; and this fellow is a jealous dog, and a brute into the bargain.

CHRIS. Brute or no brute, he loves me; and he is right, for I return it, and heartily too—heartily: yes, Mr. Carlitz, I love him, I adore him, and I'm never happy without him. So, sir, there. (*crosses to r.*)

CARL. Wow, wow, wow! It's all very well—exceedingly well! I'm sure nobody prevents you. I wouldn't keep you away from him; no, no, not I. Don't fancy I'm jealous: I might have cared, indeed, if it had been any decent, well-mannered man; but (*with a vexed laugh*) for such a spitfire—ha, ha!—a fellow that drinks and smokes! a fellow that I'm sure will make you miserable. Ha, ha, ha! that's all right—that's as it should be!—yes, miserable! that's what will please me! Then—then, at least, I shall—I shall—ha, ha, ha!—I shall be revenged!—

CHRIS. Revenged?

CARL. I shall be revenged!

CHRIS. What, Carlitz?—revenged? What harm did I ever do you? Is it my fault that you refused me?—you, to whom as soon as I got a little fortune I offered my heart and hand—you? “We shan't be just at first very rich,” said I to myself; “but then we'll work hard, and be very saving; and Carlitz, who always had lofty notions, will be pleased to find himself master of the head inn of the province—and he'll think how much better it is to command in his own house, than to be commanded in another man's. We'll work hard all day, and have little parties of our friends in the evening, and perhaps see our

dear little ones frolicking about us, and hear the neighbours, as we pass along to church in our best clothes on Sunday, saying to one another with a smile—‘There goes honest Carlitz and his happy wife, Christine.’” This, Carlitz, is the plan of happiness I had formed for you, and it is for this, Carlitz, that you now wish to be revenged.

CARL. Oh! (*thumping his hand on the table, r.*) What a poor unhappy devil I am! What I’ve lost!—oh, what I’ve lost! But perhaps you couldn’t wait any longer. Oh, I hate him more than ever, for having robbed me of the treasure of such a heart as yours.

CHRIS. Didn’t you refuse it?—only a moment ago, didn’t you write to refuse it? That very letter—

CARL. That letter!—what of that letter? Come now, if you knew all—if you could guess my—my—secret—

CHRIS. Hey! what! a secret! Have you a secret?

CARL. Yes; but I mustn’t tell it to you—you’re married.

CHRIS. Come now, there’s only one proof you can give me, that your vows were ever sincere. Tell me the secret.

CARL. Take—read—read! My secret is in that letter; and when you’ve read it, I go—I leave you; I’ll walk to the world’s end. (*gives the letter*)

CHRIS. (*reading*) “Loving miss, I look high in the world, but I’m no rascal. An honest chap I’ve just been talking to hath proven unto me, that if I don’t love you any more, I’m in duty bound to say so: accordingly, I take up my pen for to tell you that—” Well, the next lines are scratched out.

CARL. (*sobbing*) Read on—read on.

CHRIS. Ah! “To tell you that (*rapidly*) I love you as much as ever; and that I couldn’t write the other word for the soul of me, because I feel now ’twould be a horrid lie.” (*she stops and sobs*)

CARL. (*sobbing*) Read on—read on.

CHRIS. (*reading*) “Yes, my loving cousin, it is Peter Linski and his bad counsels that have turned me out of the straight road, by promising to make me a great man; but I never stopped loving you, and I always will love you, and I’ll marry you as soon as you like.—Your loving cousin, and expected husband that is to be—Carlitz.”

CARL. (*takes up his hat, &c.*) Good-bye, good-bye.

CHRIS. What! won’t you stop here?

CARL. (*stopping short*) How can you have the heart to keep me by you here, after what you've read? You see, Mrs. Ronslaus, I love you yet—you see that. Good bye, cousin, good bye!

(*going towards the house, meets RONSLAUS, who turns him back—CHRISTINE goes into the house*)

RONS. Where the devil are you going to, comrade?

CARL. Can't you see?—I'm going—I'm going.

RONS. It seems you can't see, lad! Where are your eyes?—Your road's that way! (*points off, c.*)

CARL. Right, right. There's something in my eyes that—(*aside*) She's there no longer! I shall never see her again!

RONS. So, lad, you've said "good bye," and had your parting kiss.

CARL. No—no.—That—I forgot that. (*offers to go to house*)

RONS. It's all one—I'll take it for you. There's your path. (*pointing to the centre gate*) It's a fine road. Pleasant journey: good-bye, kinsman; good-bye. What! not gone yet?

CARL. Ay—ay—I was (*loitering up, then turns*) thinking. Ah, yes—(*runs back*) that drop of brandy you spoke of. You forgot that.

RONS. Zounds! what a memory you have! Very well: come, here's a merry trudge to you.

(CARLITZ puts his bundle, &c., on the table, R., and then sits down in the chair, L.)

Oh, there's no need of making a dead set-to. Up, up; drink it standing: 'twill go down the faster. (*fills two glasses, and drinks one*) Well—is it good?

CARL. (*without drinking, claps down the glass, and dashes himself back again into the chair*) I can't stand it!

RONS. You can't? I'd stand a bottle of such. So! you've had the farewell cup, and now—

CARL. Ay, ay. (*takes up his things, rises, crosses, loiteringly; turns and looks a moment; then runs down eagerly to RONSLAUS, R.*) But, before I go, I have a favour to ask!

RONS. What does all this mean? He seems devilish loath to go. (*loud and coarsely*) Well! out with it! I hear you.

CARL. Why—'tis—you see—I was thinking—

RONS. You talk as slow as you drink!—Quick time!
Forward!

CARL. (*very quick*) Well! I say, if you'd only have the kindness only just to give me a place in the inn, only as a waiter, you'd be satisfied with me—I know you'd be satisfied: and I only ask my living and my lodging—that's all; and I'll serve you without any wages—without any wages.

RONS. (*gloomily*) Indeed! we'll think of that—we'll see—we'll see—ay, you *shall* come, on *trial*; and though you offer to come without wages—(*clapping him on the shoulder*, CARLITZ trembles) you *shall* have wages—do you hear?—you *shall* have wages, I *promise* you.

CARL. Thank ye, Mr. Soldier, thank ye; but you say that with such a tone! I'm sure I wouldn't put you out of the way, not I, to give me wages. And if the plan don't happen, Mr. Soldier, to suit you—

RONS. It suits me well enough—well enough: but I must first see if it suits my wife.

(*going, R.—CARLITZ runs up after him*)

CARL. Oh, yes—yes—if that's all, 'twill suit her, I know—I know 'twill suit her.

RONS. (*turns abruptly*) How do you know that?

CARL. Oh, she—she herself—she said she'd—like—that I'd—stop.

RONS. She?—she'd like? (*follows him violently to corner, L.*) Can Christine mean to play upon me—to deceive me? Fire and thunder! Impossible! Impossible! and as for him! (*looks at him, wrathfully—CARLITZ casts down his eyes sheepishly*) I'll see my wife, and come to an understanding with her. Meantime, you may stop, on one condition—

CARL. (*eagerly*) Well?

RONS. Never to speak one word to Christine: do you hear?

CARL. (*receding and trembling*) Oh yes, I hear.

RONS. And if you should chance to catch any whipper-snapper fluttering about her, and trying to get a word with her, you must tell me; and I'll soon teach the butterfly what my sabre's made of. You can take a hint!

Exit RONSLAUS into house.

CARL. You can take a hint. "A hint's as good as a kick," says the old proverb : with him, it's a word and a blow—and the blow first. (CHRISTINE peeps in, R.)

CHRIS. No, Ronslaus is not there. (comes down) Ah, Carlitz not gone? (CARLITZ makes a sign) What's the matter—dumb? Is the man crazy? (CARLITZ goes and takes a napkin, and makes signs that he is to be a waiter) No! What? to stay here as—Well, now! And your high notions—your plans of greatness?

CARL. Hang it, I can't keep in any longer. He's—he'll never find out. Yes, Christine, I've given up greatness, and here I'll stick. But then, Christine, sure you'll not be angry if I ask one favour—it's the last.

CHRIS. What favour?

CARL. Only one kiss—one kiss, to say "It's all over, Carlitz!"

CHRIS. A kiss! What would Ronslaus say?

CARL. Zounds! what do I care? The rascal! What, Christine, is there no way—none—no way that can be hit on lawfully to let me love you?

CHRIS. Why, yes, there may be one.

CARL. May there? Ha, ha, ha! What is it, Christine? Eh? What is it?

CHRIS. To get his leave.

CARL. (recoiling) His leave?

CHRIS. Yes, it depends entirely upon him; and if he gives you leave—but you must ask him *yourself*.

CARL. I ask! he'd murder me on the spot.

CHRIS. Then you don't love me well enough to ask?

CARL. Don't I? Indeed, whether I die by his rage or my own fretting, it amounts to the same thing at last: so I'll—I'll—

RONS. (without, violently) Christine! Christine!

CARL. Blessed Saint Diggory! Look! he's coming—now—now (rallying) I feel all my courage (relapsing, turns) going.

Enter RONSLAUS, R.

RONS. Christine, I say! Christine! So I've found you at last. But I didn't (*low to her*) expect to find you here with him. Can it be that you have secrets from me? By the great cannon! if I thought so, I'd—

CHRIS. You, Ronlaus? No! I longed more than ever to see you—for now—more than ever, I stand in need of all your kindness.

RONS. My kindness? Well, well; I was wrong to speak so harshly. (*aside*) Hang it! I always forget I'm only a husband on trial! (*aloud*) Forgive me, Christine; and as a pledge of peace—come, kiss and be friends.

(CHRISTINE, *hesitating, recoils towards CARLITZ, L., who elbows her forward impatient and terrified*)

CHRIS. What?

CARL. Don't hang back! Don't! he'll fly out again.

RONS. (*approaching to kiss her, sees the letter in her bosom, and starts*) Zounds! what letter's that?

CARL. (*shuddering*) O dear! O dear!

CHRIS. That! that's—a—love-letter!

RONS. A love-letter?

CHRIS. Yes, I've just received it; and, as I have no concealments from you, there—(*holding out the letter*) read it!

CARL. (*rapidly and frightened, aside to her, and pulling her by the gown*) What are you at? Don't let him see it! Don't let him?

RONS. (*taking it*) A love-letter! The devil! I was just talking of the profits of matrimony, and here they are!

CARL. He'll guess it! I! and then my game's up. O dear! O dear!

CHRIS. (*crosses to L. corner*) Now go and ask him: this is the happy moment. (*pushes him forward, so that he stumbles against RONSLAUS, who turns, eyes him furiously, and then reads on*)

CARL. (*aside, trembling*) Ay, mighty happy!

RONS. (*aside, his eyes riveted on the table*) Can it be? What, (*looks at him*) that booby! Can he be the cousin she was pining after? (*turns again to the letter*) Hang it! but there's real love here. That poor devil's as deeply struck as I am. (CHRISTINE pushes CARLITZ again)

CARL. (*stammering*) M—M—Mr. S—S—Soldier.

RONS. (*without turning*) Well! what do you want of me?

CARL. Mr. Soldier—I—don't know how to get about—to tell you—or rather, Mr. Soldier—to ask you—

RONS. Let's have it at once.

(listening, with his back turned towards him)

CARL. Well, then, Mr. Ronlaus, it's no fault of mine, you know—so, you know, you won't get in a—in a passion, Mr. Soldier : but it strikes me—I—I—I—love your wife.

RONS. (coldly) I know you do. What next?

CARL. (aside) Zounds! he don't take it so badly.

RONS. What next?

CARL. Then—then, Mr. Soldier, I only wanted to ask you, if it's all one to you—no, that's not what I mean—I mean it can't be all one to you, I know that very well; but for all that, if you would only be so good as to allow that in return your wife—

RONS. Well?

CARL. M—m—might love me.

RONS. (starting round with a violent gesture) Ha!

CARL. (terrified, drops on both knees, with his hands clasped) A little—only a little—no more. (RONLAUS turns back and becomes composed) Why!—why, bless my soul, he don't fly into a rage!

RONS. (very loud, without turning) Come here! (CARLITZ totters across to him—RONLAUS continues with strong but suppressed emotion) So, 'tis from me that you ask?

CARL. That's natural enough, ain't it? you being the party most interested.

RONS. And who was it that bade you ask me?

CARL. Hey! (aside to CHRISTINE) Must I tell?

CHRIS. (aside, nodding to him) Yes, yes.

CARL. Christine herself. She said it depended on you, and without your leave there was no way.

RONS. (to himself) Right. That's well—that's very well. (crosses over to CHRISTINE) So, (faltering) Christine, 'tis you.

CHRIS. Yes, 'tis I. But, remember, you have the right to refuse: my promise has been given—my word is sacred; and whatever you may command, I obey without a murmur.

RONS. Without a murmur! No, Christine, you are too tender for the school of anguish; but an old soldier is used to hard rubs, and knows how to suffer and be silent. (to CARLITZ, l.) You ask leave to love Christine: do you promise to make her happy?

CARL. (*aside*) What an odd question for a husband!
 (*aloud*) Faith, Mr. Soldier, I'll promise to do the best I can.

RONS. Still you have nothing, and Christine is rich.

CARL. Rich; ay, so she is—I never thought of that.

RONS. Then take this pocket book: go, offer it to Christine;—'tis yours. And now, Carlitz, (*agitated*) now you may marry her. (*crosses to L. corner*)

CARL. Marry your wife?

RONS. She is not my wife; that treasure heaven never meant for me. But of this, at least, I'm master; and in making it the source of happiness to the virtuous, I pay the noblest tribute to his memory who gave it. (*offers the pocket book*)

CHRIS. No, no; we won't take it—we can't take it, ca—
 we, Carlitz?

CARL. Never! you've already given me more than I dared hope for; and don't make me feel like a scoundrel, for imposing on his goodness that made a man of me.

RONS. Well, then, keep it for me in trust. Money never lodges well in a soldier's knapsack. When I shall be worn out in my country's service, perhaps you'll give me a snug corner at your fireside; and there, Christine, my last days will pass cheerily in teaching your children, as they climb about me, the lessons of my experience, and the stories of my battles. But if, as I feel most likely, I should soon be called up yonder to join my old colonel, then do you be my heirs. And, I only ask in return, that you never let the poor soldier leave your door unsuccoured but tell him, as he departs rejoicing on his way, "Take this for the sake of poor Ronlaus." (*roll of the drum heard*
Hark! my duty calls! The regiment is on the march! *the march is heard again, and the SOLDIERS appear as in the beginning—BRANDT comes on as the music strikes up and holds the knapsack ready for RONLAUS, who hurries on his accoutrements, then shakes hands with CARLITZ—kisses CHRISTINE's forehead, joins their hands*) Farewell! Bless you both! bless you both! (*pauses a moment, claps the butt of his gun, shoulders it, and hurries up the mountain whence he looks back at them once more, and salutes them with his hand to his cap*)

Curtain.

A D R E A M
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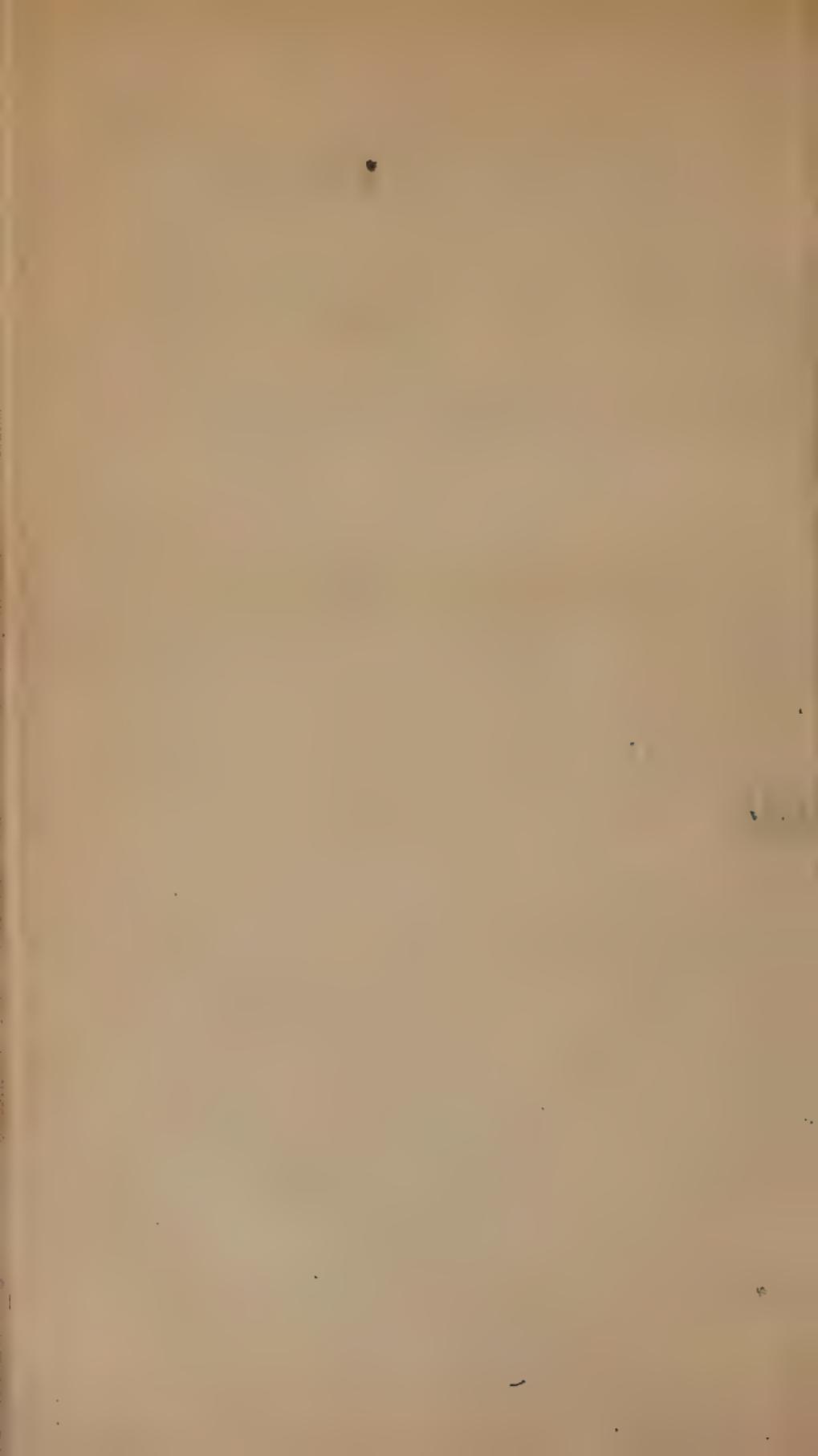
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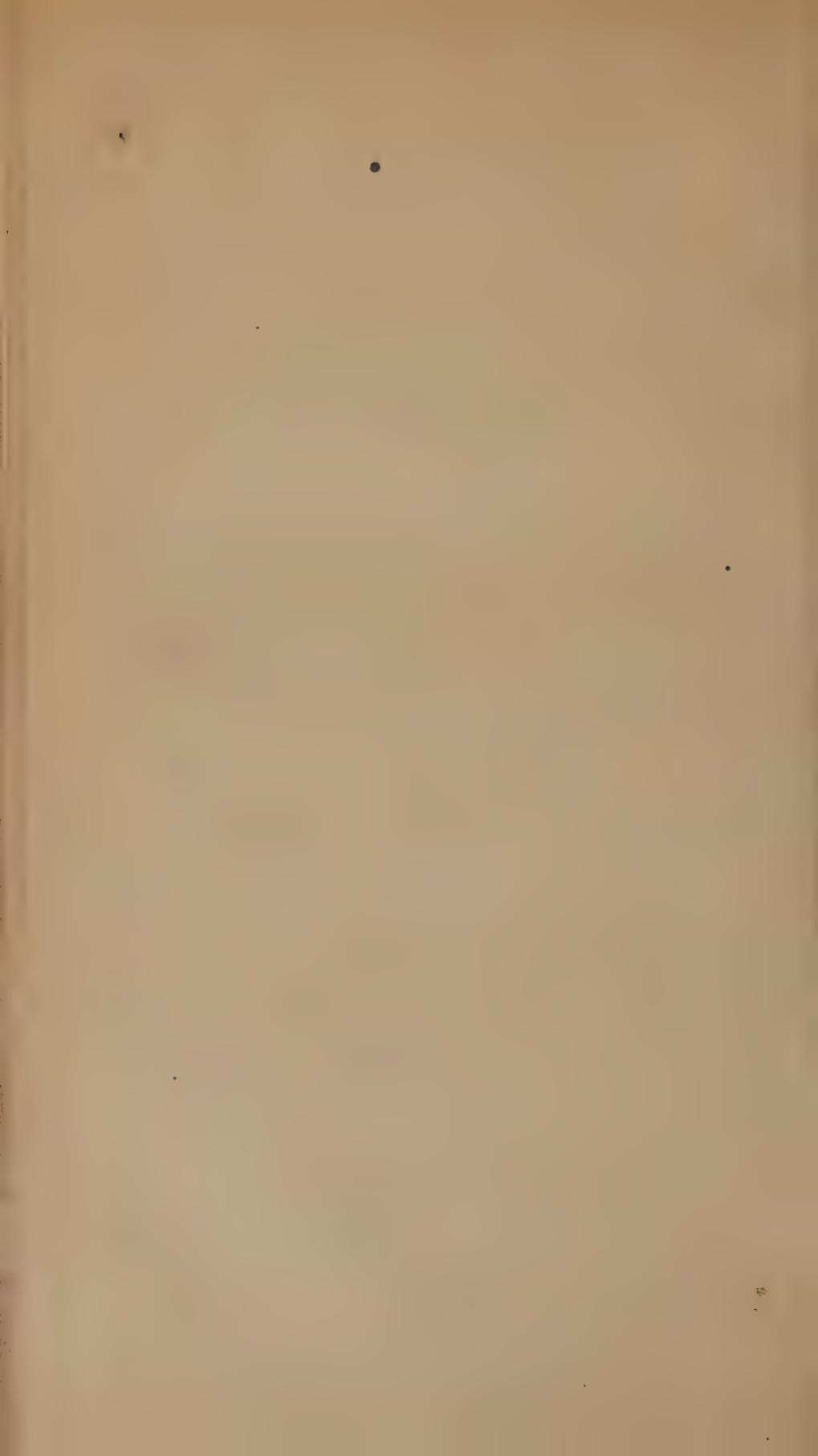


DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Captain Valentine Lovelock,	-	Mr JAMES Vining
Peregrine Mildmay,	-	Mr CHARLES MATHEWS
Mr Harbottle,	-	Mr FRANK MATTHEWS
Patrick,	-	Mr BROUGHAM
Honorina Walsingham,	-	Madame VESTRIS
Georgiana Walsingham,	-	Miss LEE
Watson,	-	Miss MURRAY

PERSONS IN THE DREAM.

Major General Sir Valentine Lovelock, K.C.B.	Mr JAMES Vining	
Dr. Mildmay, M.D.	Mr CHARLES MATHEWS	
Old Gentleman,	-	
Miss Honoria Walsingham,	-	Madame VESTRIS
Lady Lovelock,	-	Miss LEE
Mrs Admiral Seagreen,	-	
Old Lady,	-	



A DREAM OF THE FUTURE

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A Room in Captain Lovelock's House in Bath.

Lovelock, Peregrine, and Mr Harbottle discovered over their wine after dinner.

Servant enters with decanter of Port, and places it on Table.

Lov. [To *Ser.*] You are sure you have not shaken it?

Ser. No, sir.

Lov. Not sure, or not shaken it, which?

Ser. Not shaken it, sir.

Lov. It's lucky for you—if you had, I should have shaken you. [Exit Servant. Pushing wine across] Now Mr Harbottle, do me the favor to taste that—if you like it, there's more where it came from.

Har. [Helping himself] My good friend, if I should like it, I hope there'll be more where it came to, eh? what say you Master Peregrine?

Per. [Starting from a reverie] I beg your pardon, I was not exactly attending to what you said.

Har. Never mind [to *Lov.*] Upon my life that is a most delicious glass of wine.

Lov. I'm glad you like it sir; come, Peregrine, let us have the benefit of your conversation.

Per. Don't—leave me alone.

Har. Mind what he says Captain, and don't leave him alone.

Per. I'll give you a toast then, if you'll allow me.

Har. With all my heart; pass the wine.

Per. [rising] Your beautiful nieces sir; Hon—Hon—Hon. Miss Walsingham, and Miss Georgiana Walsingham.

Lov. [rising] Mr. Harbottle, your beautiful nieces Honoria and Georgiana.

Per. [aside] He bawls Honoria's name out as if he didn't care who heard him, and I have scarcely courage to pronounce it in a whisper to myself.

Har. Thank you lads, for the girls and myself, for I love them both.

Lov. And with reason sir.

Har. And you love one of them!

Lov. I sir!

Har. Yes. [to *Per.*] And you love the other!

Per. Discovered!

Har. To be sure you are! I live in rather a winey atmosphere I know, but I am used to it, and I can see clearly through what

people of less experience might consider a fog; as a proof of it—you are both of you invited to the same party that we are going to to-night, and you noble Captain have lugged me in here to dine with you, just for the chance of my proposing that we should call at my house for the girls, and all go together

Per. [aside] He has found it all out.

Har. The father of those girls—Richard Walsingham—who married my poor sister, was an excellent man, indeed he had but one fault, he wouldn't drink; however, I don't wish to be hard upon his memory for that, we all have our weaknesses.

Lov. Very true, sir [to *Per.*] Come drink your wine, man.

[*Per.* drinks]

Har. [to *Per.*] I'm glad to see you take a glass of wine at last, I began to fear you would die of spontaneous combustion.

Per. I was listening to you, sir!

Har. Oh, I was only going to say, that, Richard Walsingham having made his will when his daughters were very young, directed that they should forfeit their fortunes, which are considerable, if they married before the age of five-and-twenty without my consent; now, if you two can gain their consent—

[looks at his glass] *Per* and *Val.* show signs of uneasiness]

Lov. [Eagerly] You will give us yours, sir?

Har. [coolly] Pass the wine [They do so, he helps himself deliberately, drinks a part of the wine, smacks his lips, holds it up to the candle, & then proceeds] Yes, I will.

Lov. Sir! we are for ever indebted to your kindness

Har. Not at all, not at all, my principle is soon explained—I can tell it you in the drinking of a bottle of wine; it is to do as I like, and let others do as they like. Pass the wine.

[Knock] *Enter Servant*

Ser. Mr Harbottle's servant is below sir, with a message for him.

Lov. Tell him to come up. [*Exit Serv.*]

Har. The girls are getting impatient I suppose, ah! they do not sit over their wine as we do, poor things, and they're anxious to get to their dancing.

[knock]

Lov. Come in! [*Enter Patrick*]

Pat. [to *Har.*] The young ladies, sir, desire their love to you, and to say that it's almost ten o'clock; and, if you're not ready yet, will you go first and send the carriage back for them?

Lov. I suppose he means—

Har. I know what he means, but he really confuses the King's English to such an extent that it's enough to make one fancy one's self half tipsy to listen to him. [to *Pat.*] Have they ordered the carriage?

Pat. They have sir, and the horses are put to, but the coachman hasn't brought 'em out of the stable yet.

Har. Harnessed them, you mean, not put to.

Pat. That's it sir!

Har. Go back, and say—no stay, you'll only make some mistake; get my great coat and hat. [Exit Pat. L. H.]

Har. Now lads, I'll tell you what we'll do.

Lov. What sir?

Har. Pass the wine; we'll just buzz this bottle, and then we'll all start together.

Per. [Rising and aside] At last!

[Re-enter Pat. L. H. with coat and hat, he crosses to Har. to put them on; while he is occupied in doing so, Lov. rises and comes to Per.]

Lov. [aside to Per. c] Our fortunes are made!

Per. [L.] I fear that mine is further removed from me than ever.

Lov. Nonsense! there was nothing but old *Port Wine* here to fear, and he has consented before we even asked him.

Per. There's a more important consent than his to obtain.

Lov. Poh! that is easily done. What should make you doubt it?

Per. Her perfections, and my own demerits

Lov. Don't you be such a confounded noodle as to go and talk to a woman about your own demerits; she'll believe you. I shall pop the question to Georgiana; do you do the same to Honoria, and, within a week, we'll be the husbands of two girls with pretty faces and pretty fortunes too.

Per. I fear I shall never have courage.

Lov. Hush! *Port Wine* approaches.

Har. [overhearing in part] More port wine do you say? no, no more; stay, [going to table] I don't mind if I do finish with one glass of sherry though, just before going out into the air. [helps himself and drinks] Now.

Lov. Well my dear sir, shall we go? [rings bell]

Har. If you please; though I can't say I enjoy moving so soon after dinner. [Enter Servant, L.H.] Patrick, go you first and open the street door.

Pat. Is it the door of this house you mean sir, or the door of your own?

Har. How can you open my street door sir, when you'll be outside of it?

Pat. Sure I can ring the bell, sir.

[Exit, L.H.]

[Exeunt Lovelock and Mildmay.]

Har. [to serv.] Now, do you remain here and put away your master's wine, and mind, if you drink a drop of it, he'll be very angry with you; that is unless you like it, and then if you don't you're a fool. [Exeunt all but Servant—Scene closes]

SCENE 2.

Close Scene.—Mr. Harbottle's House.

Watson enters L. H. with shawls, boas, &c. on her arm, and is crossing the stage, when Patrick enters following.

Pat. Where are you going to so fast, Mrs. Watson? [She continues on without attending to him] won't you answer me Mrs. Watson? [she still keeps on] what, not a word to throw at a dog, pretty Mrs. Watson? [she stops and turns] [Aside] That's brought her round!

Wat. I wish, Mr. Patrick, you wouldn't always be running after me.

Pat. Why you wouldn't have me run before you, would you? bad luck to my manners!

Wat. What do you want with me?

Pat. I want to speak to you

Wat What do you want to say?

Pat. That's a secondary consideration—the first is the happiness of speaking to you at all.

Wat. Really, Mr. Patrick, your politeness—

Pat. [interrupting her] Can only be exceeded by my beauty; I know what you were going to say.

Wat If you know everything I'm going to say, we may spare ourselves the trouble of conversation.

Pat. Don't mention it, the trouble is a pleasure; where are you going with them things?

Wat. Where should I be going, except to the young ladies? you know they are engaged to a ball to-night, and, if their uncle doesn't come for them directly, they mean to go without him.

Pat. It's all right! Master'll be home in the drawing of a cork, and the young ladies won't be sorry for having waited a bit, for the Captain and Mr. Peregrine are going to go—that is—they're coming to go with him.

Wat. Bless me! you seem to think it a great catch for my young ladies to secure two gentlemen to go to a party with them; I'll be bound they'd find plenty of others to be civil to them.

Pat. Why, you *may* find a ten pound note as you go along the street, but it's best to have one of your own in a corner for fear you should'nt.

Wat. Well, I'm sure!

Pat. But come now, leave off speaking to me in this snappish sort of way. Do you think that our young mistress will consent to marry Mr. Peregrine Mildmay?

Wat. Well, do you know I don't think she will.

Pat. Why do you don't think she will?

Wat. Because—I don't know; but it seems to me that he's what I call too sheepish a lover; he sighs and stammers too much, and makes too much of her and too little of himself: now, Miss Walsingham knows well enough how pretty and clever she is without his telling her of it so often, and besides, I doubt if young ladies in general think any the better of men for holding themselves too cheap.

Pat. [significantly] That's your opinion, is it?

Wat. It is.

Pat. And do you think that Miss Georgiana will marry the Captain?

Wat. I have'nt a doubt of it!

Pat. And why?

Wat. I'll tell you; mind you, I don't think that she really likes him as much as Miss Walsingham likes Mr. Peregrine Mildmay, but la bless you! he's the man for the women—such a fine, dashing, off-hand way of talking about nothing at all! such a nice, bold, impudent, confident sort of manner! Then look at the way he dresses his hair—look at the cut of his coat—look at his patent leather boots. Oh dear! Oh dear! a mere clever respectful lover like Mr. Mildmay would never stand a chance with him.

Pat. I suppose not!

Wat. Oh no! and besides he's got a *janney-se-quaw* with him.

Pat. Who's that?

Wat. It isn't anybody in particular, but it is some French that the young ladies talk, and it means that he's everything he ought to be; and I wish I could say as much for you.

[*Exit R. H.*]

Pat. [*Looking after her*] And if I have'nt learnt *their* sentiments my darling, I've learnt *yours* any way; and so depend upon it the next time I make love to you, I'll forget that I'm an Irishman, and put my native modesty in my pocket.

[*Exit R. H.*]

SCENE 3.

Another Room in same.

A Table on which are books, portfolio of prints, &c.; chairs, and a mantle-piece with looking glass. Miss Walsingham is at the table looking over prints; Georgiana is sitting down and has a book in her hand—both are dressed for a party.

Miss W. How very tiresome it is of my uncle to keep us waiting so long

Geo. I should'nt mind it at another time, but when one's drest for a party, one can't settle to anything else.

Miss W. I wish your rakish military beau had not asked my uncle to dine with him, when he knew that he was engaged to take us to a party.

Geo. Oh dear! don't be in the least alarmed, *your* steady medical beau will have prevented any excess from being committed, I dare say.

Miss W. It's all very well, but Captain Lovelock is quite forward enough without the stimulus of an additional bottle of wine.

Geor. Whereas if Mr. Peregrine Mildmay should be tempted into indulging in an extra glass or two, it might have the desirable effect of making him somewhat less sheepish than he usually is.

Miss W. Come, come, Georgy, don't let us quarrel about two he-creatures; the best of the sex is not worth a second thought. Have you made up your mind about Valentine?

Geo. Almost.

Miss W. Do you mean to have him?

Geo. I think I shall.

Miss W. Then you're wrong.

Geo. Of course you'd say that.

Miss W. I say what I think.

Geo. Have you made up your mind about Peregrine?

Miss W. Almost.

Geo. Do you mean to have him?

Miss W. I think I shan't.

Geo. Then you're wrong.

Miss W. Of course you'd say that.

Geo. I say what I think.

Miss W. You may depend upon one thing, Georgy, if you marry that Valentine Lovelock you'll be sorry for it some day.

Geo. You may depend upon another—if you don't marry that Peregrine Mildmay, you'll be sorry for it a great many days.

Miss W. Well, we never agree upon this subject, you are always studying to please the men, while I never care a straw whether I please them or not, so that they please me.

[*Knock heard at Street door*]

Geo. There's my uncle at last.

Miss W. You may well say at last, one might as well not go at all as go at this time of night.

[*Enter Watson 1 E.*]

Wat. Jump up young ladies! here's both your beaux come with master to take you to the party.

[*Geogiana runs to the glass and arranges her hair.*]

Miss W. Both? Do you say both? [pushing her aside] Do get out of my way Watson, will you, [going to the glass, turn-

ing Geo. away from it and taking her place] Come, I think you have had quite enough of that. [arranges her hair]

Geo. [sneeringly] "While I never care a straw whether I please them or not, so that they please me!"

Miss W. One must put one's hair straight, you little goose.

[Enter Harbottle, followed by Lovelock and Mildmay.]

Har. [to them] Come in, come in. [to girls] Well girls, I hope we haven't kept you long; but you know I can't be comfortable without two or three glasses of wine after dinner, and my worthy host here was so persevering with his "pass the wine," that I could hardly get away as it was.

[*Lovelock goes to Georgiana, bows to her and shakes her hand: Mildmay, as if determined to follow his example, makes a sort of rush towards Honoria, stops within about a yard of her, puts his hand a little way out towards her, then draws it in again and puts it into his coat pocket as if to feel for his handkerchief; he bows to her, she smiles and curtseys]*

Miss W. I'm afraid sir, you were most to blame, that "pass the wine" sounds very like you!

Har. How dare you doubt your uncle's veracity, you little rascal!

Miss W. Do you know that it is nearly 11 o'clock sir? and that you are not dressed, and that in this quiet city of Bath, it will be time to leave the party as soon as we get there?

Har. Well, well, I'll soon be ready. [going] Boys, make yourselves agreeable while I'm gone.

Lov. We shall do our best, sir.

Har. [pausing and turning at wing] Will you have anything to drink before you go?

Per. Oh dear no sir!

Har. Well, just as you like.

[Exit]

Lov. Miss Walsingham, while we wait for your worthy uncle, allow me to offer you a chair. [takes up one, and as he passes Peregrine says aside to him] Get another for Georgina. [Peregrine takes up a chair and follows Valentine to R.H. corner, Valentine, turning and perceiving him, says, aside to him,] Not here, the other side of the room.

[*Peregrine crosses with chair, and places it on opposite side*]

Per. Miss Georgiana, will you allow me to offer you—

Geo. [advancing] Thank you. [he retreats and meets Valentine]

Val. [aside to him] Now, follow my example, and don't be afraid of a woman! [Valentine takes another chair, places it beside Georgiana and seats himself; Peregrine does the same by Honoria] Well Georgiana, what do you say to our coming round with your Uncle, on purpose to accompany you to the Ball?

Geo. I suppose I am to say it is very civil of you.

Per. [aside] I wish I could hear what he says, and yet, I should never have courage to say anything like it. [aloud] It was very kind of you Miss Walsingham, to allow us to come with your Uncle to go with you to-night.

Miss W. Kind of me? How could that be? I didn't know you were coming.

Per. [aside] How very unfortunate! I never can begin a conversation with her. [aloud] I beg your pardon, very true; but I mean if you had known, you would have allowed us, and that would have been very kind of you.

Miss W. Stay, let me see; "if I had, I should, and that would;" well, I suppose that is meant civilly, and so I'm much obliged to you.

Per. Oh! Miss Walsingham, if I could let you know *all* my opinion of you, you would be much more obliged to me—no, I don't mean that; of course you must be aware that I *couldn't* mean that.

Miss W. Would it not be as well if you were to say what you do mean?

Per. Ah, there's my difficulty; I only wish you were as awkward in speaking to me, as I am in speaking to you.

Miss W. Thank you; but if I were so, I fear we shouldn't get on at all.

Per. I have but one wish on earth.

Miss W. Then you are a very moderate person. What is it?

Per. To be permitted in some way to serve you.

Miss W. Then your wish shall be gratified.

Per. Do I live to hear you say so! What shall I do?

Miss W. [carelessly, and looking at her glove] Fetch me my scissors from that work-box, I want to separate my gloves

Per. [aside] Is that all? [rises and goes to work-box on table
[at back]

Geo. Now pray don't keep whispering so, it seems so odd.

Val. [loudly] My dear child! I don't want to whisper, I've no objection to proclaiming all I've got to say at the market cross

Geo. Hush! Now don't speak so loud.

Val. Well, there's no pleasing some people.

Miss W. [aside] What an impertinent man that is!

Val. [in a more moderate tone] If I knew the exact tone you fancy, why of course I should speak in it, because one always gives way when one's making love.

Geo. And never afterwards?

Val. Oh never, at least so you women are sure to say of us, and therefore I think it best to anticipate you.

Geo. Then what we say of you in that respect is not true?

Val. Why it is, and it is not; it's true as to fools—not true as to sensible men.

Miss W. To which of those regiments pray does Captain Lovelock belong?

Val. [rising] Most happy to serve under so able a general as Miss Walsingham in either. [bows and resumes his seat]

Miss W. [sneeringly] You're very polite I'm sure. [to Peregrine, rather impatiently] Can't you find those scissors?

Per. I have them now! [coming to her and bringing them] I could'nt get the drawer open.

Geo. It is only fools then who give way after marriage?

Val. Certainly; sensible men know better: but it is'nt worth while for us to argue that question because your fate is decided. You marry me.

Geo. Indeed! I'm sure I never said I would.

Val. No my dear child, no; but you meant it—you're very fond of me.

Geo. I must say that you have an unusual stock of confidence.

Val. That's why you're fond of me.

Geo. You are mistaken.

Val. No I'm not, all women like confident men.

Geo. Then I'm sure they ought to like you.

Val. There you're right, so they ought—you in particular.

Geo. Why so?

Val. Common gratitude; I love you to distraction—have I never told you so?

Geo. Pray let us change the conversation. [rises and retires up the stage followed by Valentine, who continues talking to her]

Per. I was saying just now, Miss Walsingham, that my most anxious wish was to be permitted in some way to serve you.

Miss W. Well, I sent you for my scissors all the way to that table, and very well you fetched them; I'm certain you were not gone above a quarter of an hour.

Per. You trifle with my sufferings.

Miss W. What sufferings have you but of your own creating? what in the world is the matter with the man? What do you want me to say, you dreadful fidget?

Per. I would have you say that you like me.

Miss W. Do you suppose that I would patiently endure so much of your troublesome company if I did not like you?

Per. Oh! abuse me if you will, but speak to me in that tone. [hesitatingly] I would have you go further and own that you love me.

Miss W. No, I thank you; love is a very soft word to hear, but a very hard one to say.

Per. Then my hopes have been raised to the skies but to be dashed to the earth! [In the earnest action which accompanies this, he strikes Miss Walsingham's gloves out of her hand]

Miss W. And now all you have to do is to raise them up again.

Per. I raise them up? No, no, you alone can do that.

Miss W. Do you think that I would stoop to do such a thing?

Per. Stoop, Miss Walsingham? Stoop? Oh! it's cruel of you to add insult to injury. When a man so far forgets himself—

Miss W. [interrupting] As to knock a lady's gloves out of her hand, [pointing to them] the least he can do is to raise them up again.

Per. [picking them up and giving them to her] I beg you ten thousand pardons. I am perfectly sensible that you have suffered rather than encouraged my humble addresses; still, you have suffered them, and for more than four years.

Miss W. Bless me, is it so long?

Per. It is; and since after all that time you can bring yourself to make me such an answer, my mind is made up; I don't go to the party, and so, Honoria—Madam I mean, farewell.

[Going]

Val. [aside to *Geo.*] She's tormenting that poor devil again, I'm sure

Miss W. [aside] I have gone a little too far, and there's that coxcomb observing us. I'll disappoint him at all events. [aloud and in a familiar tone] Peregrine!

Per. [aside and pausing] Shall I return?

Miss W. Come hither, I want to whisper to you.

Per. [aside] Who could resist that tone? [returns]

Miss W. [Speaking loudly, and with studied carelessness] It isn't worth your while to go alone, although as you say, it is so late; my uncle will be ready in a minute, and we may as well all go together. [In a lower tone and looking kindly at him] Get my shawl and put it on for me. [He goes for it to table and prepares to do so. Aside] I hope the Captain is better.

Val. [aside to *Geo.*] She has affronted him somehow, and now she is pretending to cover it up.

Geo. [aside to him] Well, never mind; let them manage their quarrels their own way.

Re-enter Harbottle—*Val.* and *Geo.* come forward.

Har. Now boys and girls, come along! We shall be latish for the quadrilles, which I suppose you'll be sorry for, but we shall be in time for supper, which I shan't be sorry for; not that I'm hungry, but I'm dreadfully thirsty.

Val. [approaching Harbottle] You must be, I'm sure sir, by this time.

Peregrine, who has put on Miss Walsingham's shawl, perceives Georgiana, whom Valentine has left, putting on her own; he crosses to her as Valentine approaches Miss Walsingham.

Per. Allow me. [to *Geo.* and assisting her]

Geo. Thank you.

Val. [aside to *Miss W.*] You have been at your old trick teasing poor Peregrine.

Miss W. It doesn't appear to me that that is any particular business of yours.

Val. Why yes it is, I hate to see a man made a fool of by a woman.

Miss W. Perhaps you prefer a man's being made a fool of by himself.

Val. I wish you were in love with me for a short time.

Miss W. You might employ your time better than in wishing an impossibility.

Val. I'd tame that wild spirit of yours.

Miss W. First catch your tiger, noble captain.

Enter Patrick, L.H.

Har. Is the carriage at the door?

Pat. Yes sir.

Har. Come then!

[*Exeunt all*]

SCENE 4.

Same as Scene 2.

Enter Patrick, L.H.

Pat. Now for a small taste of love making to Mrs. Watson, according to the improved leaf that I've taken out of her own book; and here she comes, no doubt accidentally on purpose, to give me a chance.

Enter Watson, R.H. she is crossing.

Wat. [Stopping on seeing Pat.] Dear me! who would have thought of seeing you here.

Pat. Mr. Patrick presents his compliments to Mrs. Watson, and requests the pleasure of her company to a conversation, for five minutes.

Wat. Nonsense! [Crosses and is going]

Pat. The favor of an answer is requested.

Wat. [turning and stopping] I'm engaged.

Pat. You're always engaging, I'll engage.

Wat. No, but really it's too late; I'm going to the young ladies' room to doze away till they come home, and you ought to go down stairs and go to bed.

Pat. The family's out; the cook's in the arms of murphy; I'm master of the house, and I'll take no denial.

Wat. Upon my word, sir, your tone is wonderfully altered on a sudden.

Pat. I know it; I'm grown impudent, and confident, and everything that young ladies likes in a man.

Wat. [aside] The wretch! if he isn't turning my own words against me! [aloud] I see what you're about sir, but you're mistaken if you fancy it will do with me, I can tell you.

Pat. Faith then I'm not, I'm right this time any way, for it was yourself that taught me.

Wat. What I said had nothing to do with myself, I was talking about young ladies, and I'm a servant.

Pat. Indeed then, there's no more difference between a young lady and a servant, than between a dinner napkin and a jack-towel ; the material is the same, only the quality of one is rather finer than the other.

Wat. Well, Mr. Quality, I wish you a good night. [*Going*]

Pat. Now, don't attempt to go, for I can't allow it.

Wat. What? you don't mean to say that you'll stop me by force?

Pat. Oh dear no, you'll stop yourself--by inclination.

Wat. Shall I? you shall see. [*going*]

Pat. Mrs. Watson!

Wat. [*Stopping and turning*] What do you say sir?

Pat. I don't attempt to stop you, you perceive; you can go if you like.

Wat. But suppose I don't like?

Pat. That's exactly what I did suppose.

Wat. What a provoking man you are!

Pat. [*going to her and taking her hand*] Oh, come, come, nonsense; I'm in love with you darling, and as Captain Lovelock would say to Miss Georgiana, "may the devil fly away with me if I don't believe that you're mighty fond of me!"

Wat. [*withdrawing her hand*] Oh, Indeed! Then sir, as Miss Walsingham would very justly observe to Mr. Mildmay, "be so good as to give us none of your assurance, 'cause I a'int a-going to stand it."

Pat. Sure then it would be more appropriate to your sex, if you was to take up the accommodating tone of Miss Georgiana.

Wat. When I see you as respectful as Mr. Mildmay, perhaps I may.

Pat. And what will you do in the meantime?

Wat. Listen to the first man that's civil to me.

Pat. You'd far better listen to the last man that's civil to you, and that's myself

Wat. I call you very rude.

Pat. And I'll come to you whatever you call me.

Wat. When I do call you, I dare say you will; at present you must go and so must I.

Pat. Not till you've answered me one question.

Wat. Be quick then.

Pat. I offer you my hand in matrimonial consanguinity, will you take it?

Wat. I can't give an answer now.

Pat. Upon my word you must.

Wat. To-morrow.

Pat. To night.

Wat. I hate you!

Pat. No you don't; any way my mind's made up and I'll know my fate to night, so come, yes or no?

Wat. I will not be ordered in this way.

Pat. Yes, or no?

Wat. I've a great mind to—

Pat. Yes, or no?

Wat. Yes! monster.

Pat. She's mine by the powers, and servant as I am I'll be somebody's master at last. *Is about to embrace her. Knock at street door.*

Exeunt Pat & Watson L.

SCENE 5.

The Dressing Room of the Misses Walsingham.

Fireplace in centre at back—fire a-light: two sofas, one placed slantingly on each side of the fire-place: chairs, dressing tables, &c.—Honoria and Georgiana discovered; Watson in attendance.

Miss W. What a miserable fire you keep, Watson.

Wat. [stirring fire] Well, I'm sure miss, I call this a capital one

Miss W. Do you? then I don't; if there's one thing more uncomfortable than another, I do think it is coming home from a party on a winter's night, and finding a bad fire in one's room.

Miss Walsingham and Georgiana go to fire, and sit, one on each side of it, with their feet on the fender; Watson moves about arranging things on dressing tables, &c.

Wat. Don't you think, miss, that a great deal depends upon the sort of humour you come home in?

Miss W. What do you mean, Mrs. Watty?

Wat. Oh, nothing particular miss, only if anybody was to ask me how my young ladies enjoyed their party last night, I should say not over much, I didn't think.

Miss W. Indeed!

Geo. Pray, why should you think that with regard to me?

Wat. Because miss, you seem as low-spirited as if somebody had asked you to marry him, and you had said yes by mistake when you meant no.

Geo. [starting] Watson!

Wat. [turning] Yes miss.

Geo. Nothing, never mind.

Miss W. And pray what makes you fancy that I didn't like my party?

Wat. Because miss, you seem as snappish and as vexed with yourself, as if you had said no to somebody, when you meant to say yes.

Miss W. [starting] Watson!

Wat. Yes, miss.

Miss W. [checking herself] Give me that bottle of salts. [Watson hands it to her.]

Wat. Shall I do your head, miss?

Miss W. No, leave it alone.

Wat. Shall I do your's miss?

Geo. No! don't tease me now, there's a good soul; suppose we do them ourselves Hony, and let her go to bed.

Miss W. So we will. Watson, yo may go

Wat. What time shall I call you in the morning?

Miss W. Not at all, we will ring when we want you.

Wat. Oh, but you do lie in bed so late always, when you tell me not to call you; you'd better say some time.

Miss W. You'd better go when you're desired, and do as you're told.

Wat. [going] Well, good night, miss.

Miss W. Good night, good night.

Wat. Good night, Miss Georgiana.

Geo. Good night, Watson.

Wat. [aside] This will be a one o'clock job to morrow, I'll lay a silver thimble. [Exit L. H.]

Miss W. Are you sleepy, Georgy?

Geo. Not the least.

Miss W. Lock that door, and then she can't come in in the morning, till we let her; [Geo. locks door] and now, let us sit on our sofas and have a little talk, I don't feel at all inclined to go to bed.

Geo. Nor I, [they put away their chairs and go to sofas close [to fire].

Miss W. If I must own the truth, I'm very uncomfortable to night.

Geo. I'm sorry you are, and I'm sorry I'm so like you.

Miss W. I'm afraid I have been very foolish.

Geo. I fear I have too.

Miss W. What, have you refused him?

Geo. Oh no, but I suspect I ought to have done so.

Miss W. To be sure you ought, I forgot whom I was talking about; I'm certain you never can be happy with him, and as for Peregrine—

Geo. Why you never mean to say you have refused him?

Miss W. Indeed, but I have though; now Georgy if you put your feet up you'll fall asleep. [puts her feet up on sofa]

Geo. No, I shant; put yours up too, it is so comfortable; come Hony pop 'em up, it rests one so after dancing,

Miss W. Well just for five minutes, [puts up her feet]

Geo. That's right, and now tell me all that Valentine—I mean Peregrine said to you.

Miss W. Well then, you must promise to tell me afterwards, all that has passed between the Captain and you

Geo. Yes, to be sure I will.

Miss W. Well you know, I had danced one quadrille with him.

Geo. Yes.

Miss W. And I had promised to dance another before we came away.

Geo. Yes.

Miss W. And that was to be the first after supper, [pauses] I say that was to be the first after supper.

Geo. Yes, I hear.

Miss W. Well, he was absent at the moment it began, and so I stood up with Colonel Middleton— [pauses] with Colonel Middleton— [pauses] You're going to sleep, Georgy.

Geo. Not I indeed! I hear every word you say.

Miss W. What did I say last?

Geo. The first after supper.

Miss W. There, I knew it! the last I said was Colonel Middleton.

Geo. Now go on, I meant Colonel Middleton.

Miss W. I may as well make a short story of it, for I see you can't keep awake; Peregrine came back—took violent offence—and a conversation ensued between us which has ended in his dismissal.

Geo. And now you're sorry for it?

Miss W. I am, I confess it to you.

Geo. Then, send for him to-morrow, and tell him so.

Miss W. Thank you; but right or wrong, I have rather too much pride for that.

Geo. I think your pride a mistaken one, and yet, I can't help wishing that I had a little more than I have.

Miss W. I have often told you that it would be better for you—
[yawns]

Geo. We find it easier to teach another than to learn ourselves; Captain Lovelock obtained from me to night, I scarcely know how, a more than half consent that I would become his wife; and I afterwards overheard, quite by accident, such a dreadful history of him, that it has made me wretched to think what I have done.
[Miss W. snores] There, who is asleep now, I should like to know.

Miss W. Not I! You said you were wretched to think what you had done—you must undo it.

Geo. But how?

Miss W. I don't know—somehow

Geo. He will be here to-morrow to claim a renewal of my promise, what can I tell him?

Miss W. [half asleep] Tell him—I only stood up with Captain Middleton, because—because—[snores]

Geo. Now, Hony! Hony! [she wakes] Don't go to sleep without telling me what I had better do.

Miss W. My dear child, I'm sure I would tell you in a minute if I knew; but I can no more help you out of your scrape, than you can help me out of mine. Suppose, Georgy, [louder] Georgy!

Geo. Yes.

Miss W. I say, suppose poor dear Peregrine should call for the last time to-morrow, shall I see him?

Geo. Certainly,

Miss W. And what shall I ask him?

Geo. [dropping asleep again] Ask him if all that dreadful history is true.

Miss W. [very sleepy] You're asleep again!

[Her wreath falls from her hand, her hand falls by her side

[Music]

END OF ACT 1.

Act 2.—Scene 1.—The Dream.

AFTER 40 YEARS.

A Party at Mrs Admiral Seagreen's Two or three Card Tables, at which persons are seated playing at whist; circular loo Table on R. at which are six or seven old Ladies and one old Gentleman playing; Music heard at a distance, and quadrilles seen going on in inner apartment.

Knock heard at street door, Mrs. Seagreen comes down R. C. to receive the guests; Servant enters and announces "Sir Valentine and Lady Lovelock!"

Enter Sir Valentine and Lady Lovelock.

Mrs S. [R.] My dear Lady Lovelock, how d'ye do? I'm quite delighted to see you! I heard you had a cold, and feared you would'n't come.

Lady L. [c.] I ought not to have come out my dear, I assure you, but I was weary of the dulness of home, and could not resist the temptation of so agreeable a change.

Mrs S. You're very good, and how is my friend the General?

Sir V. [L.] Bravely, bravely, charming widow; thank you, never better, never better.

Mrs S. Ah! you're more fortunate than poor Lady Lovelock.

Sir V. Poor Lady Lovelock, my dear madam, must not expect impossibilities; she had very good health when she was young, but who ever heard of a woman as old as she is being always well.

Mrs S. Oh! you rude creature.

Lady L. [affecting a laugh] Its only Sir Valentine's way my dear, he doesn't mean to be rude; (aside to him) however miserable you may make me at home, Sir Valentine, you might at least preserve appearances before the world.

Sir V. [aside to her] Don't worry me, there's a good woman.

Mrs S. Well if I were his wife, and he were to make such a speech about me, I don't know what I should'n't do to him, in the first place, I should—

Sir V. [interrupting] now don't invent new tortures for me, it's misery enough to know that you cannot be my wife.

Lady L. [with affected gaiety] And this he says before my face

Sir V. Before anybody's face.

Mrs S. Lady Lovelock, what say you; will you join the loo-table, or would you prefer playing a rubber of whist?

Lady L. [aside to her] Anything my dear, that will help me to forget my miseries.

Mrs S. Let me see, in the next room, I think we can make up a table, [going, with *Lady Lov.* on her arm] General, will you follow us; or had you rather not play cards?

Sir V. My dear lady, I never touch cards, I thank my stars I have not arrived at that stage yet; no, no, I hear music, and see dancing, and my soul's on fire for a lovely partner, and the light fantastic toe.

Passes the loo-table, in making his way towards the dancing room and disappears.

Old Gent. [at loo table] The old General's toe must be more fantastic than light, I should imagine. [ladies laugh.] [Knock.]

Mrs Seagreen comes down c.

Enter Servant, L. H.

Serv. Doctor Mildmay.

Mrs S. [R. aside] So, so, the rich Doctor! [Enter Dr. Mildmay L. H. elderly, fat, gouty, and leaning on a stick. They bow and curtsey] Dr. Mildmay, I am most happy to see you, it is indeed very kind of you, to join my little party at so short a notice.

Mild. [L.] Don't say a word about it ma'am, dont say a word about it, I am delighted to come, and as to short notice you could'nt very well ask me sooner than you did; for it was only the day before yesterday, that I had the pleasure of being introduced to you.

Mrs S. True, true, you have been resident in Bath but a short time I believe?

Mild. Three days ma'am only!

Mrs S. It is not your first vist to this City surely?

Mild. For many years, it is; I have avoided it because so many invalids come here, until I am obliged to seek it for the same reason.

Mrs S. What can we offer you in the way of amusement Doctor? do you play cards?

Mild. No, thank you, never! I find that the gout furnishes my temper with quite as much irritation as it requires, but don't let me keep you from your friends, I beg; I shall be amply amused in looking on at the card playing, besides, I shall soon find somebody I know to talk to, I dare say.

Mrs S. As you please!

[Bows to him and returns to inner appartement. Dr. Mildmay approaches a card table L. H. and looks on. A murmuring of disagreement proceeds from loo-table.]

Hon. [who has been sitting all the time at the table, and playing unperceived by the audience] I beg your pardon ma'am, no such

thing; you won one trick, I won two, that was my king of hearts.

A Lady. I know that ma'am, but I trumped it.

Hon. Trumped it ma'am, do you happen to know what were trumps?

Lady L. Certainly I do, clubs!

Hon. There's your mistake ma'am, they were spades."

Lady. Allow me to state ma'am that I never do make mistakes at cards.

Dealer. Dear me, this is very unfortunate, suppose you refer the dispute to the only gentleman at table.

Lady. I've no objection!

Hon. Nor I!

Gent. But permit me to say that I have; whichever way I decide I must displease somebody, and it's quite disagreeable enough to lose my money, (as I invariably do when I have the pleasure of playing with you ladies) without making matters worse.

Lady. I won't give up the point I declare.

Hon. No more will I, that I'm determined.

Gent. Suppose you cut for it, ladies?

Hon. [rising, coming forward and walking up and down in much excitement] I won't consent to any such thing.

Lady. And if that lady would, I would'nt.

Mild. [having observed the quarrel and coming to Hon.] I beg your pardon ma'am, as a stranger perhaps I ought not to interfere, but it is very painful to witness these things, and if I can be of the slightest use—

Hon. You're very kind sir, do you know the game well?

Mild. What game, madam?

Hon. Loo, sir!

Mild. No ma'am, I can not say I do, I never played it.

Hon. Than sir you can't be of the slightest use.

Mild. I'm sorry to hear it ma'am, but could'nt I fetch you some book that would assist you? Hoyle's games for instance?

Hon. Hoyle's games sir! I know the book by heart.

Mild. Is it possible, ma'am?

Hon. [to dealer] I must beg you to retain that pool for the present, and Mrs. Admiral Seagreen will be good enough to decide the point for us. [goes up c. and exit to inner room.

Mild. Do I live to hear a lady avow that she knows Hoyle's games by heart?

Enter R.H Mrs. Seagreen.

Mrs. S. [to Dr. Mild.] A report has reached me, Doctor Mildmay, that some unpleasantness has taken place at the loo-table; I hope it is not so?

Mild. [R] Something very like it I fear; the lady who sat at the corner is one of the principal parties concerned, and she is yonder seeking you now.

Mrs. S. Why that's Miss Walsingham! [going]

Mild. [struck with the name] I beg your parcon—one moment; I have a particular reason for asking, what name did you say?

Mrs. S. Miss Walsingham.

Mild. And her christian name is?

Mrs. S. Honoria.

Mild. Can it really be so? And have I been actually talking to her? And it is she who knows Hoyle's games by heart?

Mrs. S. You seem moved, my good sir; it would appear that Miss Walsingham and you have met before?

Mild. In former times, Ma'am, often.

[Honoria returns down c.

Hon. [to Mrs. S.] Oh, my dear! I have something to tell you which will astonish you.

Mrs. S. I think I can astonish you; you have been talking to an old friend without recognising him; allow me to re-introduce Miss Walsingham to Doctor Peregrine Mildmay. [They bow and curtsey profoundly. Aside to Honoria] I understand that the Doctor has lately had an immense fortune left him. [leaves them]

Hon. [timidly] It is long since we met, Doctor Mildmay.

Mild. Forty years ma'am, last christmas.

Hon. I scarcely saw you when we conversed just now, but now I look at you, I should have known you anywhere.

Mild. I'm surprised to hear you say so, and only sorry I can't return the compliment; I hadn't a guess of you.

Hon. Indeed! am I so very much altered, think you?

Mild. Sadly changed for the worse, ma'am.

Hon. There was a time when Peregrine Mildmay would have answered Honoria Walsingham with less abruptness.

Mild. When Honoria Walsingham could well afford to hear the truth, she slighted it, and called it gallantry; It has become less pleasing to her ear, and her new title for it is abruptness.

Hon. I was perhaps to blame, but girls you know will be girls, I will even confess—

Mild. Pray madam, spare yourself the humiliation of a confession.

Hon. Surely if I feel that I have been wrong, it is fit that I should own it, and ask for forgiveness?

Mild. Forty years ago madam, I loved you; forty years ago you slighted me; as I look on your face I remember both, and freely forgive you,

Hon. [aside] Is that meant for civility? I shall take it so! [aloud] you feel no anger against me then?

Mild. I feel nothing for you, but pity.

Hon. Pity! pity! [checking herself] why pity?

Mild. Because you wasted a youth of loveliness in giddiness, flirtation and inconstancy; and have thus brought upon yourself an old age of singleness, cards and irritation.

Hon. [aside] This is rather hard to hear, [aloud and playfully] "old age" Doctor Mildmay ? old age ? you have indeed forgotten your gallantry.

Mild. I made but a poor hand at gallantry when I was young, and now I have laid it aside for pursuits better adapted to my time of life.

Hon. There are some old friends of yours here, the Lovelocks, have you seen them ?

Mild. No, but I have heard they live very unhappily together.

Hon. It is poor Georgy's own fault I must say; had she listened to my advice she never would have married him.

Mild. Indeed ?

Hon. Yes ! and had I listened to her advice [pausing and looking at the Dr.]

Mild. I beg your pardon, you were saying something ?

Hon. I say had I listened to her advice [looking again at him].

Sir Valentine comes down stage, followed by Lady Lovelock.

Mild Why that must be Lovelock, his face is wrinkled and his form is shrunk ; but the air is still the same.

Sir V. I'll do no such thing !

Mild. And the manner !

Lady L. It's really very hard Sir Valentine, that you won't take me home; when I tell you, I have a bad head-ache.

Sir V. Poh ! poh ! head-ache ; you would have been well enough if you had not lost all your money at cards.

Lady L. And you would have been ready enough to go home, if there had been no nonsensical dancing going on.

Sir V. I came here for your amusement, I shall remain for my own

Hon. You might give way for once, when you hear her say she's ill ; Oh, I'm glad I'm not you wife.

Sir V. You can't be more glad than I am.

Mild. Why Valentine, you and that lady used to quarrel forty years ago, and it seems you have not given it up yet.

Sir V. What ! my old friend Peregrine Mildmay ? and grown so stout ?

Mild. What ! my old friend Valentine Lovelock, and grown so thin ?

Sir V. It's easy to account for both, you are single, I am married ; ah ! you had a lucky escape in those days.

Hon. Perhaps Dr. Mildmay did not think so.

Mild.. Indeed I did not—

Hon. [to Valentine] There sir, you hear ?

Mild. [continuing] At the time.

Val. [to Hon.] You didn't wait for the end of the sentence [to Mild.] now Honoria carried it off with a high hand at the time, but has been sorry for it ever since.

Hon. Valentine, you are the rudest brother-in-law in the

kingdom, I must throw myself on the protection of Dr. Mildmay.

Mild. Pardon me madam, I make it a rule never to interfere in family disputes.

Hon. But still, I really think that some explanation is due to you.

Mild. Nay madam, painful explanations are best avoided.

Hon. In such a place as this perhaps they are, but we shall have other opportunities; you will call on me to-morrow, and then I shall be able to satisfy your mind that—

Mild. I regret that I cannot have that honor, I have seen so little to satisfy my mind since I came hither, that I leave Bath at an early hour in the morning.

Hon. But not for long?

Mild. For ever!

Val. [to Hon.] It's of no use old lady, you can't hook your fish a second time.

Hon. That I should live to suffer such impertinence from one man, and such cold neglect from another, [to Val.] but it's all your fault sir, your bad example would contaminate the whole sex; I shall die of vexation—give me a chair [*Mildmay puts one*] I shall choke! I shall faint! [sinks into chair] I shall! oh! oh! oh!

[*faints.*]

Lady Lovelock, Valentine, Mrs. Seagreen and Mildmay form a Tableau in front; dancing is resumed at the back, and curtain closes.

ACT 3.—SCENE 1. Dressing Room as before.

Honorina and Georgiana discovered asleep on the Sofas, as left at the end of Act 1.

[Knocking at door, Geo. moves—knocking repeated, she gets up]

Geo. Who's that?

Wat. [without] Me, miss, do, pray, open the door.

Geo. [going and unlocking the door] Why, what in the world is the matter?

Wat. [entering hastily, and then stopping and looking alternately at Hon. and Geo.] Well, if I didn't think so! why you've never been to bed at all!

Geo. What's o'clock?

Wat. Why it's one o'clock to-morrow.

Geo. Nonsense, you don't mean that?

Wat. Look at the candles, it's a mercy you haven't both set the house on fire; your uncle's been enquiring for you like anything.

Geo. Go and tell him we shall soon be down, and mind, Watty, if you say one word about our having been asleep on the sofas all night—you'd better not, that's all.

Wat. You needn't be afraid of me, miss.

[*Exit*]

Geo. runs to Hon. who seems uneasy in her sleep, and puts his hand to her throat.

Geo. Hony! Hony! do wake!

Hon. [speaking in her sleep] I shall choke! I shall choke!

Geo. [shaking her] Honoria you frighten me! you must awake!

[Honoria gets quickly on her feet, stares about & rubs her eyes]

Hon. What's the matter Georgy? what have I been about?

Geo. Ah! it's a pretty business; we both fell asleep on the sofas this morning, instead of going to bed, and now it's one o'clock in the day.

Hon. How do you know?

Geo. Look at your watch, look at the candles—but you seem ill! your eyes are as red as fire! I do think you have been crying in your sleep.

Hon. I never had such horrid dreams in my life! I fancied I was crying, and fainting, and choking.

Geo. You said something about choking just before you woke, what was the cause of it?

Hon. I can't tell; I have a confused recollection of all sorts of miseries, and yet, I don't seem to remember the cause of them,

[Knock heard at street door]

Geo. Who can that be? Not people calling already, surely; and yet I don't know, I forgot how late it is.

Re-enter Watson.

Wat. Here's Mr. Mildmay and Captain Lovelock called, miss.

Hon. [suddenly recollecting herself] That's it! that's it! I remember it all. [Seems lost in thought]

Geo. [to Watson] Tell Patrick to say we are not up yet.

Hon. No, no, not on any account! go Watson, and say we shall be down in ten minutes. [Exit Watson.]

Geo. What is all this mystery about? you were never to see Peregrine again, and now you seem all impatience to meet him.

Hon. I am indeed.

Geo. And why?

Hon. Before I tell you why, you must make me a promise.

Geo. What is it?

Hon. That nothing shall ever induce you to marry Captain Lovelock.

Geo. And before you tell me why? this is strange indeed.

Hon. Do you doubt my affection for you as a sister?

Geo. Indeed I don't.

Hon. I know you havn't any real regard for him, and I have long been convinced that he seeks you only for your fortune.

Geo. I fear there is too much truth in that.

Hon. Promise me then.

Geo. I do, and now your reason.

Hon. I have had a dream.

Geo. A dream child! of what?

Hon. A dream of the future.

Geo. Now really, Honoria.

Hon. Well, laugh at me if you will; but it has made an impression on me, which nothing can efface.

Geo. Then it must be something out of the common way, do pray let me hear it.

Hon. You shall.

SONG.

Recitation to music, the Orchestra repeating (with mutes on the violins) whatever quadrille, waltz, or polka &c. had been previously played in the Dream scene,

Now pay attention sister dear,
Your fate may hang on what you hear.

I dream't that you and Captain V.
As well as I and poor dear P.
All met together at a ball,
But not like that last night, at all;
For forty live-long years had shed,
Their cruel influence o'er my head,
And made me old and coarse and fat,
And grey, and ugly, and all that.
This figure, too, once neat and clean,
Was quite a figure to be seen;
And mov'd, Oh! worst of all disasters,
Just like a round of beef on castors.
No pastime which I loved of yore,
Now seemed to please me as before;
The mazy dance, the music's strain,
Put forth their once-lov'd charms in vain.
To all such pleasures I was blind,
For cards engross'd my sordid mind;
But still the worst is to be told,
A man approached me, stout and old,
Twas Mildmay's self I could not doubt.
And (judge my horror) he'd the gout!
Yet, strange are dreams, for finding he
No longer would make love to me,
I laid aside all notions prim,
And (*figurez vous*) made love to him.
But here, the feelings of the flirt,
Were doomed to be still further hurt;
For he who once liv'd on my smiles.
Now laugh'd at me and all my wiles.
The rest, by his example tainted,
Laugh'd too, until I scream'd and fainted.

Geo. Do you mean then to marry Peregrine?

Hon. If he can forgive my flightiness.

Geo. Then you are indeed changed from the proud creature you once were.

Hon. I am.

Geo. Well, I would'nt be so much moved by a dream.

Hon. You would, if it concerned you personally.

Geo. You're quite mistaken.

Hon. [carelessly] Part of my dream was about you.

Geo. [eagerly] Indeed! was I grown old too?

Hon. Yes, and very ugly.

Geo. Is it possible?

Hon. You were married to Captain Lovelock, who had become a general officer and wore a ribbon.

Geo. That's all very well.

Hon. He had become a shrivelled old beau.

Geo. That's horrid.

Hon. With a wig of one and twenty, upon a face of nearly seventy.

Geo. Worse and worse.

Hon. He was running, or rather toddling after every woman he saw.

Geo. Now was he really?

Hon. And when you were ill and wanted to go home, he positively refused to let you.

Geo. The monster! my dear don't say another word; I'll send him about his business this very day, this very hour. [Exeunt to inner room.]

SCENE TWO.

Close Scene—Same as Scene 2, Act 1.

Enter Patrick L. H. preceding Lovelock and Mildmay, Lovelock has hold of Mildmay's arm and almost drags him on.

Pat. If you'll be kind enough gentlemen, to wait in this room for a few minutes; I'll enquire are the young ladies at home to you? [looking at them and then aside] those two horses don't seem to go well together in harness. [Exit Patrick R. H.]

Lov. [R.] You're too ridiculous, you're as much afraid of this girl, as a lamb would be of a she wolf.

Per. Why insist on my seeing her? its only distressing my feelings still further—she has given me up.

Lov. I have known people recover, after the Doctor had given them up.

Per. This jesting is unseemly, I am wretched.

Lov. I have'nt the slightest objection to that.

Per. You're very kind.

Lov. Now do hear me out, I have no objection to your being wretched if you don't let her perceive it.

Per. But I will; it's the only way to make her feel.

Lov. You really are deplorably ignorant! women are romantic creatures, and in cases of this sort, all they require is a scene; where the man shows too much feeling, they will be stony hearted, if only for the sake of contrast; but if he is cool, provokingly cool, they are sure to be all tears and sensibility.

Per. To have loved her with so much sincerity, and to be thus cast off at last.

Lov. And serve you quite right; it's really silly enough to love

any woman for such a *very* long time ; but to let her know it, is absolute madness,

Per. Do you not love Georgiana ?

Lov. Oh yes, I love her. [with great indifference]

Per. Ardently ?

Lov. Well, I think I may say ardently.

Per. I shouldn't imagine it from your tone of voice.

Lov. Ah ! that's because I have acquired a self-command, in which you are sadly, sadly deficient.

Per. And when you are married to her, shall you not be faithful ?

Lov. What do you mean by faithful—I shall be very civil.

Per. And I suppose you will also be very civil to other women ?

Lov. Of course.

Per. More so perhaps than to your wife ?

Lov. Naturally.

Per. These are not my notions.

Lov. No, if they were you would have met with better treatment ; sincerity is an excellent thing among men, but take my word for it, it is wasted upon women ; they love a "truant creature" it is so delightful to win him back again.

Per. If your sentiments were generally known, I suspect you would not prosper quite so well with the ladies as you do.

Lov. You're quite mistaken, it's poor devils like you whom they punish.

Enter Harbottle R. H. *with hat and stick as if going out.*

Har. Good morning to you boys, good morning ; I have not been told you were here, but perhaps your visit is not to me ?

[crosses to c.]

Lov. To tell you the truth, sir, it is not.

Har. And to tell you the truth, sir, I am not sorry for it ; for I was just going out, and now I shall go, and leave you without ceremony.

Per. I'll go with you, sir, if you'll allow me that pleasure,

Lov. [pulling him back] Indeed you shan't

Har. Well, you may do just as you like ; I'm going to an auction room, to taste some port wine, that is said to be first-rate.

Per. I would rather go with you.

Har. What ! is there anything the matter between you and Honoria ?

Lov. A little bit of a nonsensical quarrel at the party last night, and he is silly enough to believe that she has given him up.

Har. Dear ! dear ! I hope not. [to Per.] I consider you to be an excellent young man, and I have looked forward with great pleasure to the prospect of your becoming my nephew,

Per. Sir, you are very kind ; now if you would only be so obliging, as to say as much as that to Miss Walsingham, one word from you perhaps—

Har. My good friend, one word from me would make her do just as she pleases ; no, no, whatever I may wish, I must leave

you to fight your own battles. I have made the girls mistresses of their own persons and their own fortunes ; they behave uncommonly well to me upon all other points and perhaps its partly owing to my never teasing them upon that—[crossing] now, good morning to you, for the present, you attend to your women ; I shall go and see after my wine. If you have quarrelled, I dare say you'll find the way to make it up ; tell the girls to order up the luncheon, and I'll be back presently.

[Exit Harbottle L. H.]

Lov. Now mark in him an illustration of my constant argument. The bottle is *his* mistress, he's as devoted to her as you are to your's, and she'll shorten his life in return for his constancy,

SCENE LAST,

Enter Mildmay and Lovelock

Lov. Now Mildmay, dont be such a timid hare ; do come and take your ground in the middle of the room like a man.

Per. Stand by me then, for you have urged me to the step, and you must support me through it. [comes to him]

Lov. Never fear, put a good face on the matter, and you shall see my system fairly put to the proof

Per. I doubt it's efficacy.

Lov. Then watch and be convinced ! they approach—Honoria of course all dignified coldness to you, Georgiana all impassioned eagerness to me,

Enter Honoria followed by Georgiana—Honoria holds both her hands towards Mildmay and exclaims tenderly “Peregrine.” Georgiana meeting Lovelock’s eyes shrinks back & gets behind Honoria, a pause of astonishment on the part of the men.

Lov. [aside] Here's some mistake.

Hon. Do you refuse my hand, Peregrine ?

Per. [rushing towards her and taking her hand] refuse it ? I'm all amazement at your kindness !

Lov. And so am I !

Hon. I have that to say to Mr Mildmay, by which Captain Lovelock, with the opinion he has of women, will be yet more amazed.

Lov. Don't trouble yourself, I beg I may'nt intrude.

Hon. You were witness, last night, to certain behaviour of mine towards one who deserved better from me ; I am ashamed of that behaviour, and I choose that you should hear me tell him so

Per. Honoria, this condescension—

Lov. May be very delightful to you, but it does'nt interest me.

Hon. [to Per.] I have seen my folly, can you forgive me ? *

Per. Forgive you ? You have made me the happiest—the proudest of men !

Lov. I wish you joy of a marriage, which promises to be beautifully dull and domestic ; Georgiana and I shall escape such a marriage as that, at all events.

Hon. There you are right ; my sister and I have been carefully

considering the offer you have made her, and, in consideration of information which she received last night at a certain party, she declines the honor of your further addresses.

Lov. What information? It's false! I'll shoot the party—

Per. [to Hon.] What does this mean?

Hon. Be patient

Lov. [to Geo.] Georgiana, speak for yourself; why permit your sister to use me thus barbarously?

Geo. I regret to say, I feel it right to confirm all she has said.

Lov. This is quite absurd! Of what am I accused?

Hon. Of being at this moment in almost daily correspondence with another young lady in London.

Lov. [aside] Confound it! How did they find that out? [aloud] Well, I never heard such a thing! Why there isn't the slightest particle of truth in it.

Geo. It is useless to deny it.

Lov. I declare to you, upon my honor—

Hon. [crossing, and aside to him] Hold sir! You once proposed to abandon my sister for me, and upon my repulsing you with indignation, you whined, and won from me a promise of secrecy; you are about to pledge your honor to an untruth, thinking it, I presume, quite fair to do so—to a woman; now, sir, finish that sentence, and I break my promise of secrecy.

Lov. [aside to Hon.] Well, I'm not going to finish the sentence [Hon. returns to Geo.] [aside] I must try the pathetic. Well, Georgiana, if it is to be so, I presume you will not let me leave you, without saying "farewell."

Geo. [leaving Hon. and approaching him] Indeed, Captain Lovelock, I shall always wish you well.

Lov. [in an under tone to her] Come, come, take courage and say you will be mine; I can't believe but that you love me.

Geo. 'Tis useless to urge me; I have given my word and I must keep it.

Lov. [aside] Now for a touch that no woman can resist, I'll return the locket with her hair. [aloud] Very well, Georgiana, very well; use me as you please, listen to others, and be deaf to me; may you never know what it is to want the devotion of a fond and trusting heart, so shall you never suffer for your fickleness towards the most sincere and the most constant of his much abused sex—there, madam, I return you the locket, which I have till this moment worn next my heart. [hands her locket, which,

during the speech, he has broken from a ribbon by which it was suspended round his neck; Hon. and Per. have approached them during the time.]

Geo. [looks at the locket, exclaims] Ah! [and starts, then holds it towards him] Look here sir, look here! light hair! light hair [Lovelock starts and shrinks from it, Honoria and Peregrine both point to locket and form tableau.]

Lov. [aside] Confusion! It's all over now, I have given her

the wrong socket, [auoud & confused] Georgia, Miss Walsingham, Mr Mildmay—Mr Mildmay, Miss Walsingham, Georgiana—[aside] damnation! [rushes off, and as he goes out, runs against Harcourt, who is coming in]

Har. [astonished] That's what I call a bumper at parting.

Per. Excuse him sir, he's confused, I'll explain all to you by and bye,

Enter Patrick.

Har. Just as you like—what! have you two combatants made it up?

Hon. Yes sir, for life.

Har. That's right, I'm glad to hear it. [looking at Geo.] But I thought that two weddings were to be settled in the family to day.

Geo. Only one, sir.

Pat. I beg your honor's pardon, but if you're in want of another couple, I beg to present myself.

Har. How can you be a couple, you silly fellow?

Enter Watson.

Pat. With the assistance of Mrs. Watson, sir.

Har. What! do you want to marry this Irishman?

Wat. He wants to marry me, sir.

Pat. Oh come, none of that, you know you promised to marry me last night, and if you break your word, I'll have you indicted for bigamy.

Geo. Well, Honoria, I may congratulate you at all events.

Hon. Rather let us congratulate each other, for there is, perhaps, more good fortune in escaping a bad husband, than even in obtaining a good one.

Har. What's all this about? Was it you that sent the Captain off in such a hurry?

Geo. A painful discovery, sir, compelled me to do so.

Pat. [aside to Watson] She seems to have dropped him like a hot potatoe.

Har. Well, well, I don't wish to pry into your secrets; you do just as you like. As far as I could judge of him, I thought him a good sort of fellow enough; a leetle slow in passing the bottle, perhaps, but that was all.

Per. But tell me Honoria, what is it that since last night has brought about this happy change in you?

Hon. You'll smile at me.

Per. 'Twill be the smile of joy.

Hon. Well then 'twas a dream,

Per. A dream?

Hon. Yes, a dream of the future.

Per. Repeat it.

Hon. Not to night, but if you think it will give satisfaction to our friends, I shall have much pleasure in repeating it—on a future occasion.

THE
SPITALFIELDS
WEAVER:

A Comic Drama,

IN ONE ACT.

Adapted from the French.

BY

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

AUTHOR OF

THE CULPRIT, THE SWISS COTTAGE, PERFECTION, THE PROOF OF
THE PUDDING, TOM NODDY'S SECRET, BARRACK ROOM,
COMFORTABLE SERVICE, THE DAUGHTER, FORTY AND
FIFTY, A GENTLEMAN IN DIFFICULTIES, HOW *do*
YOU *MANAGE?* ONE HOUR, MR. GREENFINCH,
BRITISH LEGION, YOU CAN'T MARRY YOUR
GRANDMOTHER, MY LITTLE ADOPTED,
ETC., ETC., ETC.

LONDON:

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38, EAST 14TH STREET.

SPITALFIELDS WEAVER.

First performed at the St. James' Theatre, (under the management of Mr. Braham), Feb. 19, 1838.

CHARACTERS.

COSTUMES.

BROWN.—A fashionable evening dress.

SIMMONS.—An eccentric light blue swallow tailed coat, rose-coloured silk waistcoat, pink silk stock, short white trousers, long white straps, black silk stockings, pumps, horsehair hat.

DARVILLE.—An evening dress in the extreme of the fashion.

DAWSON.—Evening suit of black.

ADELLE.—**1st dress:** A dinner dress of purple velvet.
2nd dress: A ball dress of white lace over white satin.

Time of Representation, forty-five minutes.

SPITALFIELDS WEAVER.

SCENE.—*A handsome drawing-room—a sofa to the L.—in front, a round table with an easy chair by it, and china on it, at second wing—to the R. another table, and at second wing, a window.*

Enter DARVILLE and ADELLE, L.

ADEL. I have already told you, my dear cousin, that my husband will be delighted to see you.

DARV. Your husband! well, of course, I ought to be delighted; but, I beg your pardon, do not misinterpret what I say, when I express my surprise at his *being* your husband!

ADEL. Surprise! why be surprised!—he is young, good-looking, high-spirited, and—and—

DARV. Gentlemanlike?

ADEL. Mr. Darville, I will not allow myself to be affronted with you. If you knew my husband better you would no longer be surprised at my loving him.

DARV. He was—a—hem—a workman—I believe—a—a Spitalfields weaver, originally?

ADEL. My mother's brother, my own uncle, Mr. Perkins, was also a manufacturer.

DARV. Ay, and this was his head workman.

ADEL. It is true; and, so well did he do his duty, that, when my uncle died, being unhappily at variance with his only brother, he left the whole of his wealth to the man who had so long conducted his establishment.

DARV. Ay, cutting off your father, and all the rest of his relations, and enriching a man who was —

ADEL. Stop, let me finish the sentence—who had been faithful to him for ten years. When the manufactory was once in danger from fire, Brown, at the risk of his own life, saved it. To him my poor uncle owed much of his success.

DARV. And to him your rich uncle left all his property!

ADEL. As soon as Brown was aware of his good fortune, he offered to give me a share of it.

DARV. Very right and proper. No objection to your taking the *money*—only the incumbrance in the shape of the man.

ADEL. I could not accept such a gift; I knew my father's pride would reject it, and he who offered it was mortified. I never shall forget his embarrassment, nor the true feeling with which he urged me to accept the income he had offered.

DARV. And you still refused!

ADEL. I did; and then he said, "Miss Adelle, you are affronted at such an offer from a poor fellow like me; not poor in worldly wealth, but poor in education, refinement—all, all, that you require in a friend; but listen, Miss Adelle; you are poor—nay, do not turn away—you are rich in beauty, honour, talents, virtue—you love your father? Well, then, there is one way to render his old age comfortable. I'll cherish him—I'll love him dearly as ever son loved father. Be my wife—forgive me for this abruptness, think of what I have been, and do not blame my rough manner. Nothing but my strange and unexpected situation could have made me thus presumptuous."

DARV. Ah! the fellow spoke well—and so you married him? How a smooth tongue may win a woman!

ADEL. I did, and I love him, as he deserves my love. He indulges me in everything, and shall I murmur because now and then his words and manner betray his origin? No, rather will I praise him for the degree of refinement he has attained, and do my best to render him —

DARV. One of us?

ADEL. I did not say *that*—but come, my good cousin, I wish you to appreciate my husband, and therefore I have given you this story of our wooing. But our friends are assembled: come, and be assured that you will learn to like him,

(*Exeunt DARVILLE and ADELLE, R.*

Enter DAWSON and two SERVANTS in dress livery, c.

DAWSON. Very right—all quite proper, you may now return to the dining-room, and mind you bring coffee when I order it. (*Exeunt SERVANTS, c.*) Well, I declare I don't think it is so difficult as I expected to be major domo of such an establishment as this. The marriage was unequal certainly, and matters might not be expected to go on smoothly; but what could the young lady do or say when Brown said to her, "I have money—you have none—marry me—or starve?" A pretty speech that, I think! and so she chose to marry a weaver who had spent most of his days in Spitalfields! He has been married six months now, and all goes on smoothly. To be sure poor Brown never seems quite at his ease; no wonder, poor fellow, a Spitalfields weaver to have a fashionable wife, carriages, horses, and servants, and to give grand dinners and balls! here he comes.

Enter BROWN, c., handsomely dressed—a napkin in his button-hole, cuffs of coat turned up.

BROWN. (*c. not seeing DAWSON*) Oh, dear me, what a dreadful place is this fashionable world!

DAWSON. (*aside*) He seems out of sorts!

BROWN. I might well attract attention. (*seeing DAWSON*) Oh, are you there?

DAWSON. Yes, sir, I was seeing to the arrangement of the drawing-room before the ladies come to take coffee.

BROWN. Very well, leave me for the present.

DAWSON. I will go to attend your guests in the dining-room—here comes Mrs. Brown.

BROWN. My wife!

Enter ADELLE, l.—and exit DAWSON, c.

ADELLE. (*r.*) Harry, why did you leave the dining-room so suddenly, I fear you are ill, I was quite distressed.

BROWN. Oh, nothing dearest Adelle, nothing is the matter, but, I had eat enough, that was all, one can't sit, sit, sit there for ever!

ADELLE. My dear Harry, at your own table! to leave your guests, I'm quite surprised, for you really have improved wonderfully, and profit so much by the little lessons you condescend to take of me.

BROWN. Oh, Adelle, how kind of you to say so. But I

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know I make terrible mistakes : don't suppose I'm fool enough to believe that I acquit myself properly ; I know they laugh at me, and I'm miserable.

ADEL. Never mind, only study a little longer, and you'll be quite *au fait*.

BROWN. How can I ever be *au fait*, when I don't know the meaning of the word ? It won't do, I never shall be a *real* gentleman.

ADEL. Oh, yes ; a little patience, and you will overcome all your difficulties, why you ~~are~~ so improved already, I should scarcely know you !

BROWN. No, no ; the truth will out ; I'm a Spitalfield's weaver, nothing more ; and what I do quite out of kindness, and good nature, is called by your friends coarse and vulgar !

ADEL. Do not say so.

BROWN. Yes, I know it, and I cannot help it ; for I see already that good manners exist in such little things, that try as I may, one word or look upsets all my finery.

ADEL. But all will come right by and bye, and you will enjoy yourself as much as I do.

BROWN. Do you really think so ?

ADEL. Indeed I do ; try to learn it, and you will find it easy, nothing more easy.

BROWN. Oh, ~~yes~~ ; I found it much more easy to love *you*, but there was no trying there, it came naturally.

ADEL. There now ! what a compliment ! say that in a drawing-room, and all the ladies will admire you !

BROWN. Oh, no ! I want no one to admire me, but you ; but I saw them laughing at me at dinner ; your cousin, Darville for instance, I asked him to take wine.

ADEL. Well ! quite right.

BROWN. Yes ; and then I helped him and myself, and why did they laugh ? I'm sure I filled both the glasses full up to the brim, and was obliged to take a sup out of mine before I could raise it to my lips ! That must have been right at my own house.

ADEL. Quite wrong, that was it ; you should never fill glasses during dinner.

BROWN. Well, all I know is, they all seem mighty glad to get it, so I thought I'd fill up whenever their glasses came in my way ; then the lady next me wanted her plate changed, and I got up and changed it myself ; civil you know, and no fuss.

ADEL. Quite wrong again ; that is what the servants attend for.

BROWN. Well, granted ; but surely 'twas only excess of politeness to do it myself ; and I should have thought excess of politeness must be gentlemanlike.

ADEL. Oh, not in these days, I fear ! Harry, if mere kindness and goodness made the gentleman, you would be the prince of gentlemen, but you see there are little forms that must be attended to ; for instance, you—(don't be angry,) you take up a large knife, and cut your bread, you should break it ; and then you eat peas with your knifc.

BROWN. Oh, dear me ! these are sins, are they ?

ADEL. Then, when you sat down to dinner, you turned up your cuffs.

BROWN. (*turning them down*) Why, it's a pity to spoil one's cuffs. But I forgot I could afford to buy new coats. Why don't you make me a little sign when you see me about to do anything wrong ?

ADEL. Why I have often, and always do when I see any thing very *outré*.

BROWN. Which *tray*, Adellé ?

ADEL. Oh, you don't understand me.

BROWN. No, indeed dearest ; and I know I am a horrid vulgar brute, which would not sigify if it did not annoy you.

ADEL. Why if I am content with you, is not that all you want ? Will not my approbation satisfy you ?

BROWN. That satisfy me ! why what else in the world do I care about.

ADEL. But our absence will seem so strange, let us go back.

BROWN. Oh, very well ; if you desire it, I *must* go back.

ADEL. No, no ; if it annoys you, stay here, and I will say you are indisposed, good bye. (*she gives her hand to BROWN, who kisses it.*) (Exit ADELLE, C. to R.

BROWN. She is a dear, dear little woman ! and what trouble I give her, I would not have her guess, for the world, that this sort of life bores me, and that I was happier before we met ! Oh, dear, dear, how *very* happy I thought we should be. I looked forward to a rural life, and domestic evenings, with a nice patient never-crying self-amusing baby ! Heigho ! she loves high life, and that's a cut above me. What fun I used to have with Simmons and the other workmen on highdays and holidays. Greenwich fair ! go by the railroad, that was delightful ! there we used to go with ten shillings among six of us, that was something like, such jokes, and Simmons at the head. Oh,

Simmons was such a rare chap, ten times pleasanter than those fine people who are now drinking claret in my dining-room. (*a bustle without, L.*) What noise is that?

SIMMONS. (*without, L.*) Let me in, you fellows; let me in, I say, I will see Brown.

SERVANT. (*without, L.*) My master is not visible.

Enter SIMMONS and SERVANT, L.

SIM. Not visible—why, you scamp, there he is as large as life to the naked eye.

BROWN. Come in Simmons. (*to SERVANT*) Let in this gentleman at whatever time he calls. (*Exit SERVANT, L.*

SIM. Gentleman! Thank ye, Brown, I owe you one. Gentleman! there's good luck of a Monday.

BROWN. I'm delighted to see you, I was just thinking of you.

SIM. No, were you, though? Well, I'm glad of that, for 'twas a plaguey hard matter to get at you. There was a fellow asleep in the hall, in a sort of cab without wheels, and some other dandy chaps said you were at dinner, at this hour, I thought I knew you better than *that*; thinks I to myself, if Brown is eating, he's not such a fool as not to know his supper from his dinner.

BROWN. I'm so glad you are come.

SIM. Well, that's sociable, and shows your money has not turned your head. But I've something to tell you. 'Pon my life, my blood boils, some of those liverymen in your hall, hang me if they were not imitating you, and making jokes about you as I came in.

BROWN. What did they say?

SIM. Oh bother, never mind; I upset one, or I wouldn't have told you: he won't forget it 'this week or the next; but come, we'll talk of something else, how's Mrs. Brown, hey? and her father? is he bobbish? I should like to go and have a chat with him, and ask him how the world wags?

BROWN. (*laughing*) Why, don't you know that my father-in-law has got tired of us, and is gone back into the country.

SIM. Don't wonder at it; sick of your gingerbread frippery, hey?

BROWN. Yes; and I would gladly have gone, too; but my wife proposed we should postpone our departure ~~until~~ after the birthday.

SIM. (*imitating*) "Postpone our departure," that's not the way you used to talk!

BROWN. (*laughing*) What you laughing at me, too! everybody laughs at me—my guests at my coarseness, and you at my finery!

SIM. Not a bit of it; I know one must have fine talk for fine places. But, I say, Brown, don't you remark how smart I am?—come in all my new clothes—bought this light-blue coat off a wooden man at a shop-door in Fleet-street. I thought the man and the coat were all one concern—but no such thing; they took it off him, and put it on me, and my hat, too, not a beaver, no, no, nor gossamer, nor Spitalfields silk, but something newer still, spider's web, weighs one ounce. I would not come to you out of the fashion, no, no; so, when you've parties, I'll come—yes, yes, don't think I'll cut you, though you are a gentleman

BROWN. There's a good fellow; and now, you know, you have no occasion to work; I'll give you —

SIM. Don't offer me money, I warn you of that; no, no, when we're out on a lark, if you wish to treat me, well and good, but no money giving.

BROWN. And why not?

SIM. Because I always wish to have a right to tell you the plain truth.

BROWN. You're right, (*takes his hand*) but can I do nothing for you?

SIM. Well, well; I'll tell you what, Brown, you've had a grand set-out to-day, I know; and I saw lots of coffee going into your big dining-room below: now, I'm not proud; and, with all the pleasure in life, I'll go and take a basin of it, with the quality.

BROWN. Oh? take care what you're about, have coffee here.

SIM. No, no; lord bless you, I can work my way with fine people, never you fear.

BROWN. Oh! but we can have it here; the ladies are now taking coffee in the little drawing-room next to this; they have left the gentlemen some time, and they will all be coming here soon. Oh! here they are, and the gentlemen also.

Enter ADELLE and two LADIES; DARVILLE and two GENTLEMEN, c. from R.

DARV. (*L. aside*) I wish I could slip this note into Adelle's

hand, but I cannot catch her eye; I cannot even speak to her privately.

SIM. (*advancing to ADELLE*) Mrs. Brown, your good man told me you were well, and I'm sure you're the very picture of health. (*bows very low to everybody*) Your servant, gentlemen; your servant, ladies. (*aside to BROWN*) You see I can come a little ease and elegance when I like it. Law, bless you! I've often taken home silks to quality ladies, and so I've learnt the knack.

BROWN. (*aside*) My dear Simmons, for my sake don't bow like that.

SIM. Like what—would you have me courtesy?

BROWN. Pray, pray be quiet.

ADEL. (*to SIMMONS*) We are very glad to see you; will you take coffee?

SIM. Indeed I will, not a little cup if you please, I like a good drink, and then I say, Brown, a leetle glass of Hollands afterwards, hey? you know my way, or no ye no, or mountain dew, that's your sort.

BROWN. (*aside*) Hush! pray be quiet. (*BROWN and SIMMONS sit down at little table, R., ADELLE on the sofa, L.—the LADIES and GENTLEMEN sit. DARVILLE walks about. DAWSON enters occasionally as if superintending SERVANTS.*)

SIM. (*taking coffee from tray*) Hem, stingy little cup after all! (*looks up at the SERVANT who hands it to him*) Ho! he, you're there are you? the chap I knocked over half an hour ago in the hall, let me catch you doing that again—what I saw you doing—never mind—you know—and now off with you. (*he and BROWN converse together.*)

DARV. (*goes up to DAWSON who is in waiting as a groom of the chambers*) Pray can you tell me who that fellow is?

DAWSON. Oh yes, his name is Simmons, a weaver.

DARV. Oh, I didn't know he kept up any acquaintance with such people now. (*goes to BROWN*) How are you, Brown? you left the dining-room suddenly: not seriously ill, I hope?

BROWN. Ill! I ill? (*ADELLE makes a sign*) Oh yes—nothing particular—it was a—a—sort of —

ADEL. My husband is subject to those attacks.

SIM. Oh, you've got sick qualms with your money! I say waiter, waiter, sugar here. (*SERVANT hands sugar, GUESTS laugh.*)

SIM. I say, Brown, all right you see, use the tongs—never do to help myself with my fingers.

DARV. (*to ADELLE*) Ha! ha! is he not delicious this Simmons man?

ADEL. (*trying not to laugh*) My dear cousin, pray do not make me laugh.

SIM. (*to BROWN*) What are they giggling at?

DARV. I wish we could put him in a glass case.

SIM. (*to BROWN*) That cousin of yours turns up his nose at me, I shall never cotton to him.

BROWN. (*aside to SIMMONS*) Oh no, he's not thinking of us, he is talking to my wife.

SIM. (*aside to BROWN*) He seems rather *too* sweet on your wife, I think.

BROWN. (*aside to SIMMONS*) You are not in earnest! (*they whisper.*)

DARV. (*to ADELLE*) You must have engaged this man for the night to entertain us; I never was so amused in my life, where does he hang out?

SIM. (*aside to BROWN*) He will turn up his nose at me, that cousin of yours, I can't stand it.

BROWN. Nonsense! finish your coffee—take no notice.

ADEL. (*rises and goes to BROWN*) Where shall we go to-night, Harry?

BROWN. (*rises*) Oh, I shall stay at home, I am glad to see my old friend Simmons, and shall enjoy his society.

SIM. (*rises*) That's right, stay at home with me.

DARV. (L.) What! not go to the ball to-night?

BROWN. (R. C.) If you wish to go, Adelle, don't mind me.

DARV. (*aside*) Just as I could wish, she will go alone.

ADEL. (*to BROWN*) No, no, I won't go without you, but perhaps you wish me to go?

BROWN. I do indeed, I have much to say to Simmons.

DARV. Will you allow me to attend you, my dear cousin?

ADEL. Thank you; well, as my husband wishes me to go, certainly.

SIM. (*to BROWN*) Why, you'll never let her go with that fellow?

BROWN. (*aside to SIMMONS*) Oh, yes; I shall stay with you, and she cannot go alone.

SIM. (*aside, goes up*) Well, when children are too young to go alone, we always think it fit they should be well looked after! What a world this is!

ADEL. (*to LADIES*) I will go for my shawl: and will join you in the little drawing-room. (*to DARVILLE*) We shall be ready in about half an hour.

DARV. I have a word to say to my servant, and will return for you. (*Exit ADELLE, R., DARVILLE, L.; LADIES and GENTLEMEN, at c.; BROWN and SIMMONS remain.*

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SIM. I say, Brown, is it good manners to laugh in a person's face, hey?

BROWN. Why do you ask?

SIM. Because all them people turned me into ridicule, and I rather think you came in for you share too. And another thing, too, that Darville chap, he's a good-looking fellow, and if I were you —

BROWN. Well?

SIM. Which I thank my stars I'm not.

BROWN. Go on.

SIM. I'd not let him trot about with my wife.

BROWN. Oh, nonsense! he is merely polite and agreeable, and is a good companion for his cousin; you're aware of the cousinship?

SIM. Cousinship—pooh! that ship's a privateer; just fancy, off they go to the ball; people ask who that pretty woman is? and then, who is the dashing chap with her? Oh, says somebody, "That's her cousin." (*imitating*) "You're aware of the cousinship?" take my word for it he'll sink that ship, as soon as he can launch himself as a lover, that's the pleasure boat for him.

BROWN. But Adelle is so good.

SIM. I know that; but such a friend as that Darville is very bad for both of you.

BROWN. There may be some truth in what you say, but how can I forbid my wife to see her own relations.

SIM. Well, I've said my say; go your own way, you are rich, and it seems, care for nothing.

BROWN. I beg your pardon, I have much to annoy me: this being a fine gentleman is to me slavery. I used to be open and frank, and people liked me all the better! but now I'm obliged to bow and smile at some I would gladly turn out of my house.

SIM. Why you do look rather in limbo in those fine clothes, I must say. Now, do tell me, is all that the fashion? them shoes, like Brummagem japanned candlesticks; dear me, and that coat—uncommon tight! The waistcoat's a natty concern enough; you must have made several such in your time; but that black thing round your neck must be very awkward; when I made that sort of silk I always thought 'twas for women's gowns!

Enter SERVANT, C., to remove coffee.

BROWN. Well, well; no more of this, they must be all

gone to the ball now, we'll have a glass of wine together quietly. Bring some wine here—some Madeira.

(Exit SERVANT, c.)

SIM. Yes, yes, Madeira; none of your nasty, sour, chatty margy, nor your *lay fitts*. (SERVANT brings wine, they sit.)

(Exit SERVANT, c.)

BROWN. Heigho! now let us forget fine people, and fine ways, and that trumpery cousin; but you must have been joking about him!

SIM. Not a bit of it, I was in earnest, downright.

BROWN. In earnest!

SIM. Well; now the truth will out, when I heard the men servants quizzing you, I saw a little smart maid there too, and she turned you into greater fun than they did. "Law!" said she, "how can missus think of master when she has her dashing cousin in love with her!"

BROWN. Indeed! confound it all, I wish I were back in my workshop. And now I think of it, I do remember one or two little things—looks—whispers; what a fool I have been! but I will keep strict watch now, and I'll begin with this ball. What do you want?

Enter DAWSON, l., with a bouquet in his hand.

DAWSON. The carriage is at the door, sir.

BROWN. Who ordered the carriage?

DAWSON. I did; Mr. Darville told me it was to be got ready directly, as he was coming back to fetch Mrs. Brown.

BROWN. And what are you going to do with those flowers?

DAWSON. Mr. Darville told me to give it to Mrs. Brown before she went out.

SIM. (aside) Oh, oh.

BROWN. (snatches bouquet) I will give it to her myself.

DAWSON. (aside to SIMMONS) Dear me, is anything the matter?

SIM. (aside) Oh, humph, nothing particular; something has disagreed with him, I suppose; he doesn't seem much to relish that garden stuff. (pointing to bouquet)

BROWN. (aside) Now, I can't understand this: she has plenty of flowers; yet when he comes I dare say she will thank him with one of her sweet smiles. Why, what paper is this? (takes a letter from the bouquet, and sinks on the sofa.)

DAWSON. (x's) You are very pale, sir. Are you ill?

SIM. Upon my life, Brown, you look blue! what is it

BROWN. (*hiding the letter*) Oh, nothing. (*to DAWSON*) Do as you were desired, take the flowers to Mrs. Brown.

DAWSON. Oh, certainly; but you've disturbed them sadly. (*aside*) Is he annoyed at a handsome fellow sending his wife a bouquet? Poor man, he'll get used to that in time.

(*Exit R.*) BROWN. Simmons, I am now miserable indeed; what do you think I found in this bouquet?

SIM. An earwig!

BROWN. This letter, a letter for Adelle; she has deceived me!

SIM. Now hold your tongue, and don't accuse your wife until you know she's a baggage. Have you read it?

BROWN. I will—I tremble so. Oh, I cannot read it; I will not open a letter directed to my wife. (*he throws down the letter.*)

SIM. (*takes it up*) Then I'll read for you. (*opens it and reads*) "My pretty cousin," there, it does come from the dandy sure enough; (*reads*) "My love for you overcomes my discretion, and I can no longer resist telling you how dear you are to me. I know that for your father's sake you have sacrificed yourself to one who is incapable of appreciating you." There's a long word. (*reads*) "I know that in society you must blush for him."

BROWN. Blush for me! Oh, misery!

SIM. If she don't take care, she'll have plenty to blush about without blushing for you. (*reads*) "Listen to him who adores you, and if his suit be not rejected, wear this bouquet for his sake. Your devoted Frederick."

BROWN. Devoted, he is devoted, he shall not escape my fury. (*X's to R.*)

SIM. Be quiet, Brown.

BROWN. Blush for me! Is it possible that I shall live to blush for her? (*X's to L.*)

SIM. No, no; don't you see from this letter, that as yet she knows nothing about it.

BROWN. Oh, could I believe that!

SIM. Yes, yes; I'm sure of it. And now when this young blackguard comes, just take him by the collar of the coat and put him outside the door.

BROWN. Not I, treat him quietly! pooh, the door indeed! I'll throw him out of the window; I'll thrash him as long as I can stand over him.

SIM. Oh, dear, that won't do between gentlemen. Law, I've heard their queer ways; when two real gentlemen

quarrel, one of them gets a secondary gentleman to call upon t'other, and then they arrange it together just as if it was a dinner-party ; and then they go in coaches, each with his friend, and stand opposite to each other, all by rule and measurement, as if they were going to cut off so many yards of silk, and then, bang, bang, they fire at one another, and then the two friends say, "that's quite enough ;" and then the two fighters make low bows to one another, and shake hands and grin ; and then they get into their coaches again, and all go home to breakfast.

BROWN. Oh ! Simmons, don't talk to me ; I am distracted.

Enter SERVANT, L.

SERV. Mr. Darville.

(*Exit L.*)

BROWN. Here again ! the scoundrel ! I'll—

SIM. Hush ! be calm, Brown ; whatever you do, be quiet now.

Enter DARVILLE, L.

BROWN. (*to SIMMONS*) I will, I will. (*to DARVILLE*) Ah ! cousin, is it you

DARV. I fear I am rather late, but it was not my fault.

BROWN. Oh ! pray don't apologize—to me, too, of all people in the world ; it is my duty to wait for you, and to feel honoured by the visits of such a friend, dear Cousin Darville.

SIM. (*aside*) Hang it ! he'll see through all that palaver ! the way you say it, it's worse than abuse ; be quiet.

DARV. (*aside*) I don't understand Brown's manner. (*aloud*) The carriage is at the door, is Adelle ready ?

BROWN. Oh ! yes, the carriage is ready. (*aside*) I wish it were the hangman's cart. (*aloud*) Adelle will not be long. Dawson has taken the bouquet to her, dear Cousin Darville.

DARV. Is anything the matter ? you speak in a queer way to-night, dear Brown.

BROWN. You think so, do you, dear Darville.

SIM. (*aside*) Don't forget yourself, Brown.

DARV. You were busy, I've deranged you.

SIM. Why, yes ; Brown is a little deranged, I think.

DARV. I'll leave you, then, and go in search of my pretty cousin Adelle. (*going*, BROWN stops him.)

BROWN. Not so quick, if you please, a word before you go ; if my wife wears that bouquet to-night, remember it

is *innocently* that she does so, as I alone have seen the scrawl that it concealed.

DARV. (*aside*) Oh, dear me: I'm done! (*aloud*) Well, sir, I shall be prepared to give you satisfaction. (*going*)

SIM. Satisfaction! very satisfactory!

BROWN. On the spot, sir; you shall not leave this room.

SIM. (*aside*) Now, he'll spoil all!

BROWN. You say, my wife should blush for me, because I have been a low manufacturer. Be it so; as a man in such a situation, I have always been able to fight my own battles, and resent my own injuries by the strength of my own arm; shall such a man as I am put myself in the power of a weak, effeminate creature like yourself; who, though practised with the pistol, would quail before my personal chastisement? No; suppose I bid you now throw off your coat, and fight me, trusting only to the natural strength of manhood.

SIM. (*aside*) I see how it will be, he'll kill that poor devil.

DARV. I—a—really am not prepared; you, you challenge me like a ruffian.

BROWN. You abuse my hospitality like a scoundrel; and what is the result? You, practised in the art of pistol shooting—wish to take deliberate aim at one who never fired off a pistol in his life! I am no gentleman, you say; granted, you are one. Mark the difference. I ask you to my house, I share with you all the advantages I possess; you—press my hand, you call me friend, and when least I suspected it, you repay me by attempting the seduction of my wife; but mark me, sir, there is one requisite in the character of a gentleman, which you seem to have forgotten HONOUR—without it, you are none, and standing before you now, throwing your vile scrawl in your face, I feel that I, the uneducated workman look down with scorn upon a scoundrel!

DARV. Sir! Mr. Brown, this language, what do you mean?

BROWN. (*more calmly*) I mean this, sir. The carriage as you say, is at the door, and though I might punish you here, and spurn you like a dog from my threshold, I am ready to meet you according to the usages of the society in which I am now placed. I will accompany you in that carriage instead of my wife.

SIM. (*aside*) 'Pon my life I like Brown's pluck, I must be his second, as they call it, but I must think where we can get a second for that fellow.

BROWN. I am ready. (*stops and looks back*) Poor, poor Adelle! Ah, she is here!

Enter ADELLE, R.

ADEL. Here I am cousin, I fear you have waited?

DARV. I, I beg your pardon, Adelle; but I came to tell you it would be impossible for me to accompany you tonight. A particular engagement.

BROWN. Yes; I am also obliged to leave you, only for a short time. (*aside to SIMMONS*) You stay with her.

SIM. (*aside*) Must I stay? Nonsense, I can't stay.

ADEL. (*x's to BROWN*) And pray may I not know this important engagement.

BROWN. Oh, yes; you will know by and bye; but we are in haste, in a quarter of an hour I may return, and then you shall know all.

ADEL. But I should like to know before you go. (*follows them to the side.*)

BROWN. (*kisses her*) Good bye, dearest Adelle. (*after a pause to DARVILLE*) Lead the way, sir.

(*Exeunt BROWN and DARVILLE, L.*

SIM. (*aside*) He's in the wrong box, if he thinks I'll be left behind. (*he is stealing off, ADELLE stops him.*)

ADEL. Mr. Simmons, you are not to leave me. What can be the matter? Harry's manner seemed so grave and earnest. Do tell me what it all means.

SIM. (*aside*) Hang me if I know what to say—there goes the carriage—how I wish a wheel would come off!

ADEL. You do not answer me.

SIM. (*confused*) Oh, there's nothing to be said—but what's very easily said. Two people—forgot they had an engagement—and the moment they remembered that they forgot it—it—it—was better to go at once—for fear they should forget it again; now you know Brown's a particular man about business—just like your old father—he's a particular man about business too. Well, this business, I myself knew something of it—but you see Brown forgot it, and now he has remembered it again, and so he is gone, so don't be uneasy.

ADEL. Uneasy—why you seem uneasy yourself—you are concealing something from me. Oh! tell me all.

SIM. Tell you all! dear me.

ADEL. I am certain there is some dreadful secret. I entreat you to tell me what it is.

SIM. (*aside*) I'm ready to drop. (*aloud*) Oh, no—it's secret.

ADEL. There is a secret, then—pray have pity and tell me.

SIM. (*aside*) I must let it out—I think she ought to know. (*aloud*) Your husband is a good man and a brave one, he would do anything to gratify you. Now you have good qualities, too.

ADEL. Oh, what has this to do with it!

SIM. You've a good heart too, but you see Brown can never be quite as genteel as you wish. I'm sure he has done his best. Had you lived in the country, all might have come round in time; but here he is always feeling that he's doing something wrong, and a very uncomfortable feeling that must be.

ADEL. He is unhappy then?

SIM. For six months he had been hard at it, fighting against nature and long habit to please you. He has received your friends kindly, and they have used him shamefully; above all, that cousin of yours, Darville.

ADEL. Darville!

SIM. Yes, it is out now, and I can't help it. He has wounded him in the tenderest point—that is when I say wounded—I hoped I don't mean *that*. But he has excited his jealousy.

ADEL. Jealousy! and I have received that cousin only because being the wife of a rich man, I thought it my duty to receive every relation who chose to come and feast at his table! Mr. Darville's attentions have teased me beyond measure.

SIM. I knew it—I said it—I told him so.

ADEL. You only did me justice; but did *he* suspect me?

SIM. No, no; he did not.

ADEL. Then why not speak to me on the subject; why is he gone out thus mysteriously, and with that very man!

SIM. It must out now; that man sent you a nosegay—in that nosegay was a letter—in that letter was love—and in that love all this mischief.

ADEL. (*throwing off the bouquet*) I see, he is gone to fight him. Oh! what will become of me; and you call yourself his friend, *you* who allowed him to go. (*sinks on the sofa in tears*.)

SIM. Oh! she'll make it out all my fault. But I may be in time to save him yet. (*going*) Hark! I hear a carriage returning—it stops here,

ADEL. Oh ! if Harry comes not ! Mercy ! mercy !

SIM. I shall see by the light of the gas-lamp. (*runs to window, pulls aside curtain, and throws up the sash.*) 'Tis he—he gets out. Oh ! what a relief to my heart !

ADEL. (*runs to window*) Yes, yes ; thank heaven he is safe. (*weeps*)

SIM. There's something in my eyes—I can't be crying—I say, remember, now you are not to betray the secret ; he must never know I told you.

ADEL. He never shall ; and now I know my duty, I will study to make him happy. (*Exit c.*)

SIM. I must have a cold in my head ; my eyes are very weak. Ah ! dear Brown.

Enter BROWN, L.

SIM. (*seizing his hand*) How delighted I am to see you !

BROWN. (*withdrawing his hand*) Oh ! take care—you hurt me.

SIM. You are wounded.

BROWN. Very slightly ; only my wrist—my adversary soon found seconds, and we retired to the park. I wish this wound had pierced to my heart.

SIM. For shame !

BROWN. Why—have I not been insulted—shall I not be laughed at ? They'll say I fought a man whose attentions to my wife annoyed me ! I must have done with this life, for I am miserable.

SIM. And what the deuce do you want to do ?

BROWN. To travel, and you must go with me.

SIM. I travel ! I think I see myself travelling—unless I turned traveller to a wholesale firm in the silk line.

BROWN. I will go to-night, I shall quit a scene for which I am unfitted. (*ADELLE appears listening, c.*) As for Adelle—dearest Adelle, she will never miss me. I will leave her all, save a very small portion of my wealth, and I will fly from her for ever. No, no ; Adelle shall no longer blush for me.

SIM. (*makes a sign to ADELLE to remain quiet*) For shame, Brown, travel if you like, but take her with you ; never let me hear you talk of running away from your wife again, it's abominable.

BROWN. You know I adore her—I would die to serve her, but I cannot endure the scorn of her companions.

ADEL. (*comes forward, c.*) She will have no companions,

Harry, who dare to scorn you. Your friends shall be my friends, and no friend in the world can be so dear as my husband. I'll give up all that you dislike, and shall be happy to go with you wherever you wish ; shall we go to our country home, my father is there, and he, as well as your Adelle, owes everything to you. Do not doubt my sincerity, Harry—where *you* are I must be happy.

BROWN. What do I hear ?

ADEL. The truth ; and, for my unworthy cousin ! forget him, Harry ; or, at all events, do not deem him a fair representative of the class with whom you may hereafter associate.

BROWN. Be assured I will not ; the errors of such a man as Darville cannot render me blind to the many sterling virtues which characterize a true old English gentleman. Besides, your cousin may improve.

SIM. Oh, bother ! don't let's talk of him. Improve ! pooh ! people are always looking after the *is to be's* or the *has beens* ; for my part, I like to see the *is's*.

BROWN. Oh ! this is a brighter day than that on which I got the fortune ! But you shall not find me selfish ; in the country, I will study to render myself fit to appear with you in these gay scenes hereafter ; and, if *you* can overlook my many deficiencies, I shall venture to hope that others will be as lenient to the SPITALFIELDS WEAVER.

R.

SIMMONS.

ADELLE,

BROWN.

L.

CURTAIN.

A LADY IN DIFFICULTIES

A COMIC DRAMA

IN

T W O A C T S

BY

J. R. PLANCHÉ, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

The Captain of the Watch—Reputation—Day of Reckoning—Child of the Wreck—Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady—Loan of a Lover—Follies of a Night—Promotion—Court Beauties—Who's Your Friend?—Court Favour—Grist to the Mill—Somebody Else—Jacobite—Pride of the Market—Jenkinses—Secret Service—Queen's Horse—Mysterious Lady—A Peculiar Position—Printer's Devil—Hold Your Tongue—My Great Aunt—My Heart's Idol—Irish Post—Queen Mary's Bower—Cabinet Question—Romantic Idea—Garrick Fever—My Friend the Governor—Brigand—A Daughter to Marry—The Regent—Charles XII—Jewess—Returned Killed—Rencontre—Not a Bad Judge—Vampire—Spring Gardens—Green Ey'd Monster—Cortez—Maid Marian—Oberon—Knights of the Round Table, &c. &c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market.)

LONDON.

A LADY IN DIFFICULTIES.

*First Performed at the Royal Lyceum Theatre,
On Monday, October 15th, 1849.*

CHARACTERS.

COUNT NATZMAR	Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS.
HERMAN	Mr. PARSELLE.
WETZLAR	Mr. F. COOKE.
PUFFENGRUNTZ	Mr. FRANK MATTHEWS.
CASPAR	Mr. HONNER.
CAPTAIN	Mr. BURT.
OFFICERS	Messrs. EDWARDS and FRANKLIN.
FRITZ	Mr. RUSSELL.
MADAME DENHOFF	Miss H. GILBERT.
MARIA	Miss KATHLEEN FITZWILLIAM.
BETLEY	Miss CLAIR.

Passengers, Peasants, &c.

SCENE.—Prussia. DATE.—1730.

COSTUMES.

COUNT.—Uniform of the Royal Dragoons, time of Frederick the First, 1730—white with black facings and gold lace, black cuirass with the arms of Prussia in the centre, jackboots, spurs, three-cornered gold laced cocked hat, with black and white Prussian cockade, black and silver sash, buff gauntlets, cavalry sword.

HERMAN.—Brown travelling dress of the period.

PUFFENGRUNTZ.—Claret coloured square cut coat, long flapped waistcoat, breeches, blue stockings over the knee, square toed shoes and buckles.

CASPAR.—Travelling dress of a Prussian servant out of livery.

WETZLAR.

FRITZ.
PASSENGERS. } National dresses of the period.
PEASANTS.

CAPTAIN and OFFICERS.—Same uniform as Count.

MADAME DENHOFF.—Lady's dishabille of the period, no powder, black lace hood. 2nd dress.—Rich green velvet frock with gold buttons and Brandenburghs, white breeches, high boots, sword, powdered bag wig, gold laced cocked hat. 3rd dress.—Lady's full dress of the period, powder.

MARIA. } National dresses of the period.
BETLEY.

A LADY IN DIFFICULTIES.



ACT FIRST.

SCENE.—*Banks of the River Spree, above Berlin—on R., the wall of a Park, with gates, R. 3 E.—on L., an Inn, sign the "Golden Sun"—beyond the Inn, a landing place, with a shed, and above the shed a large bell (practicable)—early morning, the shutters of the windows at the Inn are closed—rustic table and seats at Inn door.*

Enter CASPAR, in a riding dress, R. 2 E.—he looks anxiously about him.

CASPAR. So far all's well—no one stirring yet at the Golden Sun—not a prying eye open in the village. (*takes out a key, and approaches the gate, R.—it suddenly opens, and MADAME DENHOFF appears*) Ah !

MADAME. Caspar, at last ! (R., *at gate*)

CASPAR. You at the gate, madam ! at this hour !

MADAME. I cannot rest, and came to look for you—what of my brother ?

CASPAR. Clear off, madame, and far off by this time. He's well mounted, and rides like a whirlwind.

MADAME. No one saw him depart ?

CASPAR. Not a soul—we entered your coach in the court-yard, drove off with the windows closed, to the place appointed, found his man waiting with the horses—the Baron jumped on one, and I on the other. His servant went on with your coach to Breslau, and as soon as I had seen the Baron safe through the forest, and on the high road to Brandenburg, I made the best speed I could homeward, to relieve your anxiety.

MADAME. Every hour has seemed a year to me. Did my brother explain to you ?

CASPAR. No, but he gave me this letter for you, madam ; which no doubt contains—*(giving letter)*

MADAME. *(hastily opening and reading it)* As I feared ! His devotion to the Prince will be his ruin !

CASPAR. To Prince Frederick ?

MADAME. My good Caspar, as an old and devoted servant of our family, you deserve our entire confidence ; indeed, it is necessary you should be informed of my present intention. You have often witnessed the effect produced by the marvellous resemblance between my brother and myself, when to amuse our dear mother, or for some pardonable frolic, I have assumed his attire.

CASPAR. Oh, yes, madame ; and I have heard your mother herself say she could no more tell which was which than I could.

MADAME. Well, what I have often done for sport, I am now about to do for the safety of that brother who has always been my other self in affection as well as likeness. His liberty, perhaps his life, is compromised by the service he has undertaken, which is no less than to assist the Prince Royal to escape to England.

CASPAR. Escape to England ?

MADAME. Weary of the tyrannical conduct of his father, the young Prince has determined to seek an asylum at the court of his maternal uncle, George the Second. His sister, the Princess Frederica, my brother, and two other friends, are alone in the secret.

CASPAR. Mercy upon us ! should the King suspect—

MADAME. You see the danger clearly—the fortress of Spandau for life—it may be the scaffold. It is therefore to blind the King that my brother has prayed me in few, but earnest words, to dress myself in a suit of his clothes, and delude the neighbourhood into the belief that he is still resident here, should inquiries be made as to his movements ; whilst I am supposed to have left the chateau this morning in my own carriage, now on the road to Breslau.

CASPAR. And how long will it be necessary for you to keep up this deception ?

MADAME. But for two or three days at farthest, during which time I shall just shew myself in the village, and about the grounds for an hour or so occasionally.

CASPAR. But should any visitors arrive to the Baron ?

MADAME. I must see them of course, that they may see me ; but I shall get rid of them on some pretence or other, as quickly as possible. So now to my toilet—I depend upon you, Caspar, for discretion and vigilence.

CASPAR. You may do so with safety, madam.

(A bell in the shed begins to ring.)

MADAME. What bell is that?

CASPAR. The bell at the inn, madame, that announces the arrival of the boat from Berlin. (*the door of the inn is unlocked*) Back, they open the doors.

MADAME. Go and mix with the passengers, Caspar, and learn if there are any tidings which may affect us.

CASPAR. I will, madame.

MADAME. When you return you will find here no one but the Baron.

(*Music—exit MADAME DENHOFF, at gates, R.—the passage boat from Berlin is seen approaching the landing place, L. U. E.—the bell is ringing at the inn, and BETLEY, FRITZ, and the SERVANTS of the inn run out to receive the Passengers, who, with WETZLAR and HERMAN are seen to disembark.*)

WETZ. Now Betley, now boys, bustle about—attend to the customers. Walk in, my masters and mistresses—here's the best wine under the "Sun," as you may see by this sign—and beds, any one of which his Majesty, Frederick Wilhelm himself, might condescend to repose on.

Enter MARIA, R. 2 E.

MARIA. (R., looking about) No, I don't see him.

WETZ. (C.) Won't you walk in, master painter?

HERMAN. Presently—I'm looking at that pretty girl—she was not with us on board the boat?

WETZ. No, she's a stranger, going down to Berlin next trip I suppose. We shall start again in about half an hour. (*to MARIA*) Going to Berlin, my dear?

MARIA. (R.) I hope so, but I don't know—it depends upon my godfather. Did he come with you?

WETZ. Thy godfather! Mayhap he did, and mayhap he didn't. How the plague should I know thy godfather, child?

MARIA. Ah! I forgot—everybody knew godfather where I came from, and I was thinking everybody knew him here.

WETZ. What's his name? and then I'll tell thee if it's on my paper. (*producing a list*)

MARIA. Puffengruntz.

WETZ. Puffengruntz—no such name here.

MARIA. And yet he promised me faithfully.

WETZ. Ah! stop—I remember—what's your name?

MARIA. Maria Hilf.

WETZ. That's it—he's a fat man, old, and ugly.

MARIA. Oh, yes! very ugly.

WETZ. Yes, yes. He came on board just before we started, and asked me to take a letter to a young person he was to meet here—there it is. (*giving a letter*)

MARIA. Oh, thanks! a letter—now I shall know; but—
(putting her hand in her pocket)

WETZ. Oh, there's nothing to pay—I made him do that. I always take money beforehand for such little jobs—it saves many a good florin, and a great deal of trouble.

Exit into inn, L.

HERMAN. *(aside, and advancing from the back, L.)* She certainly is very pretty.

MARIA. *(having read her letter)* Oh! oh, dear! he's not coming for me, and I'm not to go to him. Oh, dear, what will become of me! *(crying)*

HERMAN. *(aside)* Poor girl, she's crying! *(aloud, and approaching her)* What is the matter? Does your letter contain bad news?

MARIA. Oh, yes, sir! very bad, indeed!

HERMAN. Some fickle lover—some ungrateful swain?

MARIA. Lover! oh, no—I never had one.

HERMAN. Indeed! I'm surprised at that. A brother then, who—

MARIA. No, I never had a brother.

HERMAN. A father then? you must have had a father.

MARIA. I don't know, I'm sure—I've only got godfathers.

HERMAN. Only godfathers!

MARIA. No; but I've got plenty of them—forty.

HERMAN. Forty godfathers! a most extravagant arrangement. Why, they might supply a whole parish.

MARIA. They are the whole parish. I'm a foundling, and named after a little village where I was left one night in a basket, and as nobody could afford to support me himself, they all agreed to join, and bring me up as the child of the village. So I was christened Maria Hilf, and everybody stood godfather.

HERMAN. And were they all kind to you?

MARIA. Oh, very! all of them.

HERMAN. Then why have you left such good friends?

MARIA. Well, you see, sir, there was one of my godfathers who knew something of music—played on the bassoon, and taught me—

HERMAN. To play on the bassoon!

MARIA. No, no, to sing. He always said he was too poor to give me anything but lessons, but he gave me plenty of *them*, and as I'm very fond of music, I got on famously well—he had some relation in Berlin, who died and left him a house there—so he quitted the village about four years ago, and has been making money ever since—quite a fortune, they say.

HERMAN. And is now anxious to provide for you handsomely?

MARIA. No, no ; but I felt I had no right to be a burden on my friends, now that I am old enough to get my own living, so I determined to go to Berlin also, and see what I could do.

HERMAN. And your other friends consented ?

MARIA. Yes, they wrote to godfather to meet me here, and subscribed seven florins and four groschen to pay my expenses so far ; and now, instead of coming, he writes this letter. Oh, dear, sir ! oh, dear ! (*cries again*)

HERMAN. (*reading*) " My dear god-daughter, do not think of coming to Berlin, it is a city of perdition—return to your quiet and innocent village, and tell my old friends that they are quite mistaken, that I am very poor, and that I beg they won't write to me again, as I have changed my name and address, and so should not receive their letter." The sly old fox ! He's afraid he shall have to support you.

MARIA. He needn't be, sir—I wish to support myself, or I shouldn't have left the village ; but what am I to do now ? when I have paid the good woman at whose cottage I slept last night, I shall have only a few groschen left, and if I walk to Berlin all the way, I don't know another creature there who would give me countenance and protection.

HERMAN. I wish I were going to Berlin, instead of from it, I would offer my services.

MARIA. But I would not accept them, sir.

HERMAN. Why not ?

MARIA. Because you're a young man, and not my god-father.

HERMAN. Will you go back to your village, then ?

MARIA. No ; I am determined to go to Berlin, somehow. Oh, I know what I'll do ; godfather left an old guitar behind him when he went away, and I brought it with me ; I'll run to the cottage for it, pay for my lodging, and be back in time to go by the boat. Good morning, sir. Oh, I know what I'll do. Tra, la, la, la !

Exit singing R. 2 E.

HERMAN. What a singular little body. There she is, as merry as just now she was miserable. I feel amazingly interested in her fortune—so young, so pretty, so innocent, so frank, so—I'll be hanged if I'm not half in love with the girl ; and to think I haven't as much coin in my pocket as will pay her fare to Berlin. Poor as *she* is—an orphan as *she* is—as destitute of friends, who can serve me—trusting only to my pencil for a precarious existence—on my road now to earn a paltry sum, which, when earned, will not appease one-third of my creditors. Still, I can't bear the thoughts of that poor girl entering Berlin, without knowing where she can find an honest roof to shelter her. What if I wrote to my old landlord, he

can't refuse to let her occupy my room, for he took good care to be paid the quarter's rent in advance, and there are five weeks more to run before he can seize my furniture, or let my apartment to another. The house is respectable, and if she can be induced to accept—stay, she needn't know I have anything to do with it; I'll speak to the master of the boat—he shall take charge of my letter, and may, perhaps, give the poor girl her passage—or at least, trust to me for payment when I return, and say nothing to her about it. I'm glad I thought of this—I'll in and write the letter.

Exit into inn, L.

Enter COUNT NATZMAR, L. 2 E.

COUNT. (*speaking as he enters*) Yes, yes. Thank ye, I see the gates. So—here I am, half smothered with dust and sand—what confounded roads! I must shake off some of this dirt before I present myself at the chateau. I'm well nigh choked with it too. Here's an inn of some sort; I'll order a bottle and a brush, wash my throat whilst they dust my hat and cloak, and pick up at the same time, perhaps, some little information respecting the baron. Holloa! house! landlord! Anybody in the Sun?

Enter WETZLER from inn, L.

WETZ. Coming, coming, your honour. Walk in, my noble gentleman—fine wines—good beds—refreshment for man and beast.

COUNT. I have left my beast at the post-house, and therefore, will only trouble you to refresh my inward man with a bottle of your best—whatever the best may be.

WETZ. Certainly, sir, walk in.

COUNT. No, no; here at the door—I have a reason.

WETZ. As you please. Hey—Betley!

Enter BETLEY from inn, L.

A bottle of that choice Burgundy, you know, in the corner—stop, she'll make a mistake—I'll go myself, sir.

Exit WETZLER, L.

COUNT. Here, my dear, (*to BETLEY*) take my hat and cloak and get 'em brushed, will you?

BETLEY. Yes, sir. Here, Fritz!

Enter FRITZ, L. 2 E.—gives him hat and cloak.

COUNT. Yonder's the Chateau of Madame Denhoff?

BETLEY. Yes, sir!

COUNT. Is Madame Denhoff there now?

BETLEY. No, sir, she left this morning for Breslau, I think they said.

COUNT. Is no one, then, at the chateau ?

BETLEY. Oh, yes, sir—Madame Denhoff's brother, the young Baron Bretenfeld, he arrived yesterday—intends staying some time, we hear.

COUNT. He is here—my information was correct, then—you are sure he didn't leave with Madame Denhoff ?

BETLEY. Certain, sir—I saw him just now in the park—such a handsome young man, and the very image of his sister—don't you think so, sir ?

COUNT. My dear, I don't know either of them ; but I have some business with the baron, and am glad to find he is at the chateau.

Re-enter WETZLAR with a bottle and a glass, L.

WETZ. Here's the wine, sir ; and I think you'll say—

COUNT. (*chucking BETLEY under the chin*) A devilish pretty girl. There's a crown for thee. If the wine be as good as thy looks, child, I'll give thee another for that.

BETLEY. Thank ye, sir.

WETZ. A capital customer.

Exit L.

COUNT. When my hat and cloak are brushed—Ugh ! what the devil do you call this stuff ? Burgundy ! pah ! vinegar ! confound it—get me some beer—I'd pay wine price for it sooner than be poisoned.

BETLEY. Yes, sir—certainly, sir.

MADAME DENHOFF, *in male attire, enters from gates, R. 3 E.*

Oh, here's the baron coming, sir, if you wish to speak to him.

Exit into inn, L., taking away wine, returns with jug and horn, places them on table, and retires.

COUNT. The deuce he is ; I must take care he is not going.

(MADAME DENHOFF, *seeing COUNT, is about to retire.*

MADAME. (R., aside) An officer !

COUNT. (L.) I have the honour to address the Baron Bretenfeld ?

MADAME. (aside) Courage ! (aloud) I am Baron Bretenfeld. Your pleasure, sir.

COUNT. My pleasure, baron, is much greater than you can possibly imagine, until I explain the cause. I am the Count Natzmar. You will, I am sure, remember that our families were formerly united by the strongest ties of friendship ; but for some time past, unavoidable circumstances have interrupted our intimacy.

MADAME. I remember my father speaking of a Count Natzmar.

COUNT. My father, his most intimate friend, he died two years

ago in Switzerland, leaving me his title and a very poor estate in Pomerania. My uncle, the famous Marshal Natzmar, has, however, used his influence to procure me a commission in the Royal Dragoons, and immediately on my arrival in Berlin, I determined to seek out the son of my father's friend, and renew, with his permission, the bond of union between our families.

MADAME. (*r., aside*) Come, there is nothing to fear from this first plunge, at any rate. (*aloud*) Count, I am flattered.

COUNT. (*l.*) Stay! I am looking for my credentials. (*produces a letter*) There, there, baron, you will see that my father, in his very last letter, urged me to find you out. "Go," he says, "be to the son what I was to the father at the same age—an elder brother, an inseparable friend!" You see these are his very words. What say you, baron? I am an offhand sort of a fellow—hate ceremony—I'm yours through fire and water, if you've no objection."

MADAME. (*aside*) A frank, handsome young man enough—I couldn't wish my brother a better friend. (*aloud*) Count Natzmar, it would be most ungrateful to hesitate a moment in acknowledging your—

COUNT. Not a word more—no speeches—give me your hand.

MADAME. With great pleasure.

COUNT. There, we're friends for life. Nothing shall separate us—I'm older than you by some years—I'll be your father as well as your brother. I'll instruct you, advise you—fight for you—die for you.

MADAME. (*aside*) The warm-hearted creature!

COUNT. Egad! what's more, I'll pay for you, if necessary, and if that isn't a proof of friendship, I should like to know what is!

MADAME. My dear count.

COUNT. Count! For mercy's sake don't freeze me with titles—my name's Maximillian—call me Max.

MADAME. If you insist—

COUNT. Of course—I shall call you—what's your name?

MADAME. Anthony Leopold.

COUNT. Then you're Tony—my dear little Tony! embrace me, Tony! (*flinging his arms round her*) Come to the heart of your Max—your other self—your Castor—your Damon—your Pylades. So now, my dear Tony, having asserted the claims of friendship, I proceed to obey the no less sacred call of duty. Anthony Leopold, Baron Bretenfeld, you are my prisoner.

MADAME. (*starting*) Prisoner!

COUNT. By virtue of this authority. (*produces a paper*)

MADAME. Count Natzmar, what do you mean ?

COUNT. I mean to arrest you. Don't be frightened, my dear Tony ; two words will explain everything. On arriving at Berlin, my first duty was of course to call upon my uncle [and thank him for the commission he had obtained for me. "Max," said my uncle, "I have just received a dispatch from his majesty. The king is desirous to ascertain the present residence of a young nobleman—Baron de Bretenfeld." "Uncle," I replied, "I have exactly the same desire as his majesty." "I am told," said my uncle, "he left Berlin yesterday for the chateau of his sister, the widow of General Denhoff. Go and assure yourself that such is the fact." I ordered my horse immediately, galloped here, and have assured myself of the fact.

MADAME. Well, sir, but if that is all your mission, you have only to return and make your report to the Marshal accordingly.

COUNT. Ah, but my dear Tony, that is not all ; my instructions are, that, wherever I find you, I am never to lose sight of you till I have brought you back to Berlin, and that I am to do as soon as possible.

MADAME. Take me back to Berlin ?

COUNT. Ay—dead or alive.

MADAME. And you, who call yourself my friend, accepted such a commission ?

COUNT. My dear Tony, have I not just accepted a commission in the Royal Dragoons ? There was no help for it. Besides, what an opportunity it was to prove my friendship for you.

MADAME. Ah, by allowing me to remain ?

COUNT. No, pardon me—by taking the greatest possible care of you on the journey, which, however, won't be long, for you've a good horse, no doubt, and so have I, and about three hours' hard riding—

MADAME. Three hours' hard riding !

COUNT. Perhaps less—I did it in less.

MADAME. Impossible, sir !

COUNT. Not at all. Oh, perhaps you are not a good horseman. In that case, I'll order a post chaise.

MADAME. No, no, count.

COUNT. Oh, well, if you prefer riding, so do I.

MADAME. No, no, I will not go at all.

COUNT. Not—not go at all ! Baron Bretenfeld, I will be run through the body for you to-morrow with the greatest pleasure, but to-day you must either run me through the body, or go with me to Berlin. Oh, by the name of the Natzmars, I am a

soldier, and allow nothing to interfere with the execution of my duty.

MADAME. (*aside*) What's to be done? resistance is useless, and I dare not explain; for after such a declaration, I cannot hope he would connive at the deception.

COUNT. Time flies, my dear Tony—the horse—or the chaise?

MADAME. The chaise, if I must go.

COUNT. Hollo! landlord! send to the post for horses, and get a chaise ready for Berlin immediately.

WETZLAR appears at door.

WETZ. Yes, sir! (*calling* FRITZ) A chaise and pair to Berlin. *Exit L.*

MADAME. (R., *aside*) Has the king discovered, or does he merely suspect my brother on account of his intimacy with the prince? (*aloud*) May I ask the cause of this arrest—of what am I accused?

COUNT. (L.) Accused! of nothing that I know. It's my belief the king designs doing something very handsome for you. I call you my prisoner because I'm desired to bring you back with me to Berlin; but I'm not ordered to take you to prison; merely to see you safe to your own lodgings there, and report you to the marshal.

MADAME. (*aside*) Still I fear—(*aloud*) Was there any news in town when you left?

COUNT. No, none at all. The king gone to Wessel. The court as dull as—Oh, by-the-bye, I forgot, yes, there was, there was some news, great news, extraordinary news!

MADAME. Ah, indeed!

COUNT. The pretty wife of old Counsellor Grumkau was found in the grenadiers barracks at Potsdam! such a delicious story! I'll tell you all about it.

MADAME. I beg you'll do no such thing. For shame, count!

COUNT. Oh! dear me, Mr. Modesty. I'll be hanged if he don't blush like a great girl!

MADAME. I must prepare for my journey.

COUNT. Prepare! why, you'll go as you are.

MADAME. But I must inform the household, and my own servant—I may take him with me?

COUNT. He can ride my horse.

MADAME. But as you prefer riding, he might go in the chaise...

COUNT. No, no, you and I in the chaise, snug, by ourselves. I've a hundred things to say to you. (*bell rings*)

Enter WETZLAR and BETLEY from inn, and various PASSENGERS, with baskets &c., arrive at the boat house, R. and L.

MADAME. Oh, there, there's the boat—why can't we go by the boat?

COUNT. The boat! we should be all day long crawling by the boat. No, no, if you've any orders to give at the chateau, come along.

MADAME. Suppose you wait for me here.

COUNT. No, my dear little Tony, I'll do no such thing. I don't take my eyes off you till you are safely deposited at Berlin. Those are my orders, and I'll execute them to the letter.

Enter CASPAR from gates, R. 3 E., and advances R. of MADAME DENHOFF.

MADAME. Ah! here is Caspar. (*running to him*)

CASPAR. (*aside to her*) Madame, I began to be alarmed.

MADAME. (*aside*) And you have cause, Caspar. I must go to Berlin.

CASPAR. To Berlin!

MADAME. Instantly, and with this gentleman, Count Natzmar, who has orders to arrest and not to lose sight of my brother. You will not desert me?

CASPAR. Never, madame!

MADAME. Haste, then, get together whatever you think we may want; the chaise is ordered, and you are to ride the count's horse. Quick, or he may compel me to go without you.

CASPAR. I fly!

Exit through gate, R. 3 E.

COUNT. (*coming forward, having finished a horn of beer*) Well, Tony, how long will it be before you're ready?

MADAME. But a few moments; the time for him to run to the house and back.

COUNT. I'm sorry your sister's not at home—I've heard so much about her—deuced nice woman, they say—a widow—with a fine fortune. 'Pon my soul, Tony, perhaps it's better as it is. I'm very inflammable, might have fallen over head and ears in love with her, and then, if she wouldn't have had me, done something desperate.

Enter MARIA, with a guitar, R. 2 E.

MARIA. (R.) I am in time. The boat is not gone. Oh, (*seeing MADAME*) The young gentleman I met this morning. Here I am, you see, sir, all safe.

MADAME. (c.) So it appears, child. But what have I to do with that?

MARIA. (R.) Oh, nothing, sir, only when you nearly rode over me this morning—

MADAME. (C.) I! what are you talking about, child? I never saw you before to my knowledge.

MARIA. La, sir! why, don't you remember how you were galloping with your servant?

Enter CASPAR with portmanteau, R. U. E., and crossing behind, gets down L., of MADAME.

There, there he is! you remember me, don't you, sir? (to CASPAR) I asked you my way hither!

CASPAR. (to MADAME) What shall I say! she met the baron and myself.

MADAME. (aside) Ha, in that case—(aloud) Oh, true, I had forgotten. Yes, yes, you're quite right, it's she, the little girl, Caspar, who, you remember—

CASPAR. Yes, sir, perfectly.

COUNT. (L.) Then you do ride? (crossing to MADAME, C.)

MARIA. Ride, sir! what this gentleman? Oh, lud, sir, like the Black Huntsman in the story, sir—I'm sure I never saw—

COUNT. Why there—and when I proposed just now—

MADAME. Of course, because I'm tired—I've been on horseback all the morning.

COUNT. Oh, that's another affair.

Enter WETZLAR from the inn, L., followed by FRITZ.

WETZ. The chaise is ready, sir.

COUNT. Then off we go! come, Tony.

CASPAR. (astonished) Tony!

MADAME. (aside to CASPAR) Keep close to me, Caspar, for the man frightens me out of my wits.

Exeunt COUNT, MADAME DENHOFF, and CASPAR, bowed off by FRITZ, L. 2 E.

MARIA. (to PASSENGERS, who are waiting for the boat) Would you like to hear the story of the Black Huntsman, gentlefolks? I'll sing it, if you please.

PASSENGERS. Ay, sing, sing.

ROMANCE—MARIA.

With the setting sun all crimson are the waters of the Rhine,
And the stormy clouds are brooding o'er the walls of Rodenstein,

And homeward all are flocking amid the fading light,
For surely the Black Huntsman will ride abroad to-night.
Then why does lovely Bertha, on such an awful eve,
In silence and with mystery unpressed her pillow leave?

She hurries to the forest, oh, is she not afraid,
 To enter at an hour like this its deep unholy shade !
 "Li—i—lu—Li—i—lu," hark, the maiden sings !
 "Li—i—lu—Li—i—lu," through the woodland rings.

Midnight tolls—the cry of hounds, the clang of hoof and horn !
 The trembling peasants cross themselves till faintly breaks the
 morn ;

And Bertha's churlish guardian, stands pallid with dismay,
 For by the sable huntsman his ward is borne away !
 It must be true, for Carl the woodman saw him gallop past,
 The snow white arms of Bertha were locked around him fast.
 Then others smile, and whisper low, until the story goes,
 That the sable huntsman was not quite so black as you'd sup-

pose.

"Li—i—lu—Li—i—lu," by young Rupert's side,
 "Li—i—lu—Li—i—lu," sings a happy bride.

(after which she collects money from the PASSENGERS—Exit
 WETZLAR into inn, L.

MARIA. (aside) There ! these are my first earnings, twelve
 groschen. I know I shall make my fortune.

Re-enter WETZLAR and HERMAN from the inn, L.

HERMAN. (to WETZLAR) That's the letter—you'll take
 care—

WETZ. Ay, ay, I'll attend to it. (to PASSENGERS) Now, my
 masters and mistresses—on board, those who are for Berlin.
 (the bell rings, PASSENGERS go on board.)

MARIA. I'm for Berlin, master ; I've only sixteen groschen,
 but I'll amuse the company, if you'll give me a passage.

WETZ. (winking at HERMAN) Ah, very well, jump on board,
 then.

MARIA. Oh, thank you, sir. There, sir, (to HERMAN) I
 told you I would go to Berlin !

HERMAN. Success to you, pretty maid, wherever you go.

MARIA. The same to you, sir. (goes on board)

WETZ. Now, away with you, boys.

(Music—The boat moves as the drop descends—HERMAN,
 FRITZ, and BETLEY standing gazing at it, and MARIA
 and PASSENGERS singing the burden of the romance.

"Li—i—lu, by young Rupert's side, &c."

ACT SECOND.

SCENE.—*Chamber in a Mansion at Berlin—doors, c., also at R. 2 E., R. 3 E., and L.*

Enter PUFFENGRUNTZ, followed by MARIA, c. d. from L.

MARIA. (L.) Why, godfather, only think, there seems quite a fate in it; that you should be the very person the letter was addressed to.

PUFFEN. (R.) Yes, very unfortunate—I mean very curious, certainly.

MARIA. Mr. Wetzlar knew you again immediately. And so you are Mr. Herman's landlord, and you don't call yourself Puffengruntz now?

PUFFEN. No, no, child, I've taken the name of Peterson. I am known here as Herr Peterson. Indeed, some people call me Herr von Peterson.

MARIA. Ah! I shall never call you anything but Puffengruntz—I am so used to it.

PUFFEN. But indeed, you shall, or you don't stay under my roof, Ma'amzelle, I can tell you.

MARIA. Well, don't be angry, I'll try—I will indeed; but I may call you godfather, I suppose, as I always did?

PUFFEN. Well, I've no objection to that, when there's nobody present, as I understand you don't mean to take any advantage of it. You intend to get your own living?

MARIA. Oh, that I do, indeed, godfather, and you see, thanks to your lessons, I shall be able to do so.

PUFFEN. Why, yes. The master of the boat tells me you pleased his passengers very much on the voyage, and picked up a good bit of money.

MARIA. Yes, enough to pay him, and all this besides.

PUFFEN. (aside) Hump! she had a very nice voice as a child, and showed some talent for music. If she really can sing as they say, perhaps I might make something by her—(aloud) let me hear you sing, child.

MARIA. Oh, directly, godfather.

AIR.—MARIA.

Tra, la, la ! Tra, la, la ! List to the song,
 Of a poor orphan maiden, who all the day long,
 Wandering, sings to her simple guitar,
 The lays she has learned in her village afar.

Tra, la, la, la,

Lays that whenever they fall on her ear,
 Wake in her bosom memories dear.

Each has a spell which recalls to her view,
 The river so bright, or the mountain so blue.
 The cot that she dwelt in, the valley she rov'd,
 The faces of friends, in her infancy lov'd.

Tra, la, la, la, list to the song, &c.

PUFFEN. (*aside*) Dear me ! bless my soul, she does sing uncommonly well. That girl will get up in the world. She'll become a great favourite. Ahem, ahem ! I think I'd better be a little more affectionate. (*aloud*) Not so bad—not so bad ! considering it's four years since you heard *me*. It only shows you, my dear, what it is to be well taught—to have the foundation, as I may say, laid by a master of his art ! You shall resume your lessons directly, my dear godchild. I'm delighted to see you at Berlin. This shall be your home, and I will use all my influence to get you on the stage, or perhaps into the Royal Opera House. I know something of the director.

MARIA. (*joyfully*) Oh, my dear godfather !

PUFFEN. You are my pupil, you know—and my goddaughter. I can't have you singing about the street, or in the common public gardens. I must get you a position that will be creditable to you, and profitable to—to both of us. (*aside*) As her master I shall have a right to two-thirds of her salary, at least, and the rest she can pay me for board and lodging.

MARIA. Oh, how glad I am I came to Berlin ! My dear, good, generous godfather !

PUFFEN. Not at all, not at all ! I couldn't do less for my little Maria—my favourite ! You know you always were.

MARIA. And to think it was through Mr. Herman's kindness !

PUFFEN. Ah, by-the bye, Maria, the sooner you forget that person the better.

MARIA. Dear godfather, why ? He's a very charming young man.

PUFFEN. Who isn't worth a thaler.

MARIA. But that's not his fault, poor fellow.

PUFFEN. But it is his fault, and the worst fault he could have. You must remember you're not in the Harz Mountains here, you are at Berlin, where to be poor is to be everything that's detestable, and if you are to get on in the world, you must not know poor people

MARIA. Oh, I am sure I shall never be able to keep to that. Why, there are all our friends in the country.

PUFFEN. Exactly, and I hope they'll keep there. Mercy upon me, if they were all to come to Berlin, as you've done, my dear child! If you write to any of them, pray take care you don't give them my name or address.

MARIA. If you desire me not, of course. But is this fine large house your own, godfather?

PUFFEN. (R.) No, this is Baron Bretenfeld's house, a young nobleman—very rich—and not long come to his title. I'm his steward—his man of business—have apartments in his mansion—conduct his affairs.

MARIA. (L.) Then this is not where Mr. Herman lodged?

PUFFEN. No, that was in my own house, in the old town—I let it all out in lodgings, and live here, a great saving. The baron is scarcely ever at home, and I'm master in his absence. Do just as I like.

MARIA. Where is he now?

PUFFEN. Why, he is at home just now, for a wonder. Returned this afternoon very unexpectedly from his sister's, where he had gone to stay some time, as I understood. But he'll soon be off again somewhere, I'll be bound. The gayest—wildest young rascal—

Enter MADAME DENHOFF, c. from L..

MADAME. (R.) Peterson!

PUFFEN. (C., aside) Oh, mercy, there he is! If he heard me! (aloud) My lord!

MADAME. I'm at home to nobody.

PUFFEN. I shall take care, my lord.

MARIA. (L., recognising MADAME) Dear me! is that the baron? Why, I know him!

PUFFEN. (C.) You do!

MADAME. (R., seeing MARIA) Who's that?

PUFFEN. My goddaughter, my lord.

MADAME. (aside) The very girl I saw this morning! she haunts me! (aloud) Why, we have met before, I think?

MARIA. Yes, my lord, twice; once when you were on horseback, and afterwards at the boat house, at—

MADAME. Singular enough that we should both have the

same destination. (*to PETERSON*) When Caspar returns, let me see him instantly.

PUFFEN. Yes, my lord.

MADAME. Go, I would be alone.

PUFFEN. Certainly, my lord. (*aside*) What's happened to him? His voice and manner seem quite altered!

Exeunt PETERSON and MARIA, c. to L.

MADAME. So far all is safe. I feared this Peterson more than any one—and that girl is his goddaughter. Well, I'm glad there is a female in the house—and if I could only trust her. But no, I dare not. Heavens, what a situation I'm placed in! The danger—the ridicule—the disgrace that would attend discovery! And that mad-headed Count Natzmar! What shall I do with him? There's no shaking him off! He has now only gone to report my arrival to the marshal, and every minute I may expect him back, to instal himself here, to be my shadow.

COUNT. (*speaking without*) Up stairs again? Oh, very well.

MADAME. There—there he is. He must have flown.

Enter NATZMAR, c. from L.

COUNT. (L.) Here I am again! Haven't been long, have I? 'Sdeath! What have you mounted another story for? I'm quite blown running up all these stairs.

MADAME. (R.) It's quieter up here. I don't mean to see company.

COUNT. Egad, no! so I find! That old fat rascal of yours wouldn't let me up till I threatened to make a foot ball of him!

MADAME. I have given general orders.

COUNT. And forgotten to except me! How odd! What a strange, cold fellow you are. But I've got some news for you that will warm you, if anything will.

MADAME. (*hastily*) Indeed! News—what news?

COUNT. I don't think I shall tell you just yet—you don't deserve it.

MADAME. I entreat you, count.

COUNT. Count! Confound it, there you go again, Tony. Now I won't tell you, I'm determined. The marshal may tell you himself, if you won't call me Max, as you ought to do!

MADAME. Well, well, Max, then, pray tell me!

COUNT. Dear Max—I'll be called dear Max.

MADAME. Pshaw! nonsense.

COUNT. Dear Max—I insist! What a cold fellow you are!

MADAME. Well, dear Max, anything. I am on the rack!—and if you were my friend, as you profess to be—

COUNT. As I profess! you shall judge, Tony, whether I only profess. Mark you, Tony, this is my doing, you are indebted to me for this.

MADAME. For what? pray speak.

COUNT. Dear Max.

MADAME. You torture me!

COUNT. Well, then, you frog, you icicle! Do you remember what you said in the chaise to me?

MADAME. No—what?

COUNT. That you wished we were both in the same regiment.

MADAME. I wished! No, *you* said *you* wished.

COUNT. Good gracious! Isn't that the same thing? I wished, then, if you're so cursed particular, and you said, "Ah, if we were!" or something of that sort! Didn't you?

MADAME. (*pettishly*) I don't know what I said, but I suppose I did. What then?

COUNT. What then?—why, we *are*.

MADAME. We are what?

COUNT. In the same regiment.

MADAME. What *do* you mean?

COUNT. I mean that you are Cornet in the Royal Dragoons.

MADAME. I, a Cornet of Dragoons!

COUNT. Ah! What, that has moved you, eh? Yes, my dear Tony, I begged it, almost on my knees, of my uncle! "He is my dearest friend—my brother!" said I. "we have sworn to live and die together" Oh, I was pathetic in the extreme. The poor old marshal was quite affected! "Well," said he, at last, "as the baron's presence at Berlin disproves the report which had reached his majesty's ears,"—so you see somebody had been saying something against you—"he shall have the commission, and I'll go the Minister of War about it at once myself." And away he went that minute. Now, Master Tony, am I your friend or not?

MADAME. You are, you are! I do not doubt your friendship, indeed; but this commission, I cannot accept.

COUNT. Not accept it!

MADAME. At least not at present; circumstances which I cannot explain—

COUNT. What, not to me? what circumstances can possibly exist that you can't explain to me? unless—ah, by Jove!

that's it! of course, I see! There's a woman in the case! Oh you young rascal.

MADAME. Count Natzmar!

COUNT. You can't deny it! you're blushing scarlet at this moment. Oh, oh, oh! I shall die of this. The frog—the icicle can melt, occasionally. Oh, oh! I've heard of an oyster crossed in love. Ugh! you young hypocrite, come, confess, there is a woman in the case.

MADAME. Well, there is, then; will that satisfy you?

COUNT. Satisfy me, my dear Tony! I'm delighted—enchanted! I began to fear you hadn't a heart in your body! But hang me if it isn't always the way with you mealy-mouthed, shy young fellows. They are certain to be the greatest devils after the girls. But why should you refuse the commission? She'll like you all the better for being a soldier, whoever she is!

MADAME. I tell you I cannot explain, but I have reasons—serious reasons.

COUNT. Oh, stuff and nonsense! serious reasons. Cornet you are by this time, and cornet you must be. And now I've got another surprise for you—I'm going to try your friendship, and I hope you won't have any "serious reasons," which you "can't explain," for objecting to this arrangement, for there's a lady in this case also.

MADAME. (*aside*) What is he about to say now?

COUNT. I'm in love as well as you, Tony. Desperately—distractedly! can you guess with whom?

MADAME. I guess—no, how can I guess? (*aside*) How he looks at me!

COUNT. I've been in love only a quarter of an hour, but plunged at once, so completely head over ears, that it's all over with me. Nothing can save me—no art restore me! I adore a woman—no, not a woman, a divinity; who, upon my soul, I don't say it to flatter you, is uncommonly like you.

MADAME. Like me! (*aside*) Does he suspect! Is this to try me?

COUNT. It's a fact, and you must admit it. Look here.

(shows a miniature.)

MADAME. My miniature! (*aside*) Heavens! what have I said?

COUNT. It's not yours. It's mine, my own property, the portrait of your sister, Madame Denhoff, I acknowledge; but egad, it might almost be called your miniature in one sense, if you wore woman's clothes, for the resemblance is wonderful, as far as the mere features are concerned, but there the likeness ceases. Look at the expression of that charming countenance.

Look at the soul that beams out of those large eyes. The arch smile that plays about those tempting lips. Tony, you stock, you stone—tell me, where I shall find the divine original, that I may fling myself at her feet, and die there if she don't bid me live for her.

MADAME. Are you mad, count?

COUNT. Stark, staring. Is she at Breslau—at Kamschatka—Jericho? I'll fly to the uttermost end of the earth.

MADAME. How came you by that miniature! My sister gave it me.

COUNT. No such thing. This is a copy of it by the same artist, which was made for my father, who was most anxious that I should marry your sister, and was dreadfully annoyed at her being snapped up by General Denhoff, who was old enough to be her grandfather! He never would look at the picture again, and gave it to my uncle, who this morning gave it to me. And now tell me, my dear Tony, do you think I have any chance?

MADAME. How should I know?

COUNT. How should you know? why who so likely? has she never told you whether she'd marry again—or whether she fancied anybody—or was engaged to anybody? If she is I'm sorry for him, for I shall cut his throat to a certainty.

MADAME. (*aside*) The man *is* mad—there's no doubt of it.

COUNT. Tony, why don't you speak? you hear what I say, and yet you stand as quietly— What a cold fellow you are. Will you be my friend with your adorable sister? Will you give me a letter to her?

MADAME. Don't talk nonsense. A person you've never seen except in a picture, and that not half an hour.

COUNT. Half an hour! an eternity, that's my nature. I never took half an hour to decide upon anything in my life. I'm a barrel of gunpowder—a volcano, the very reverse of your frogship. By the bye, talking of volcanoes, I've two horses, one called Etna, the other Vesuvius. You'll want a charger—you shall have whichever you like best, if you'll only give me one line to your sister.

MADAME. You must excuse me. I cannot interfere in so delicate a matter.

COUNT. You won't! Well, now, upon my soul, Tony, if you were not that dear creature's brother, I'll be hanged if I wouldn't break with you altogether. It's so cursed ungrateful of you, too, after the friendship I have sworn to you—the commission I've obtained for you.

MADAME. Well, look, you, count; get me off accepting the commission, without offending your uncle, and I'll write to my sister.

COUNT. You will, my dear Tony, embrace me—(*hugs her, she breaks from him*) Now, you are a good fellow, and hang me if you don't look more like your sister than ever. Come, come along with me to the marshal. We'll talk to him together.

MADAME. No, no, go by yourself—you asked for it.

COUNT. Well, well, anything you please. I'll ask at the same time for leave of absence, and start with your letter to Breslau this very evening. Ugh! you dear enchantress!

Exit, c. to L., kissing the miniature.

MADAME. He has certainly taken leave of his senses! What a position be to placed in! Oh, I cannot endure it much longer at all events, I must end it, either by flight or confession.

Enter PUFFENGRUNTZ, c. from L., with a letter.

PUFFEN. (L.) A letter, my lord.

MADAME. (R., taking it, eagerly, and aside) It's from Caspar! (*opening it and reading hastily*) Madame—the worst tidings. All is discovered. The prince and one of his friends arrested—immediate trial—certain execution." Oh! if it should be my brother. Ah! (*drops the letter and sinks fainting in a chair, R. c.*)

PUFFEN. (*overhearing the last words*) His brother! Hey! why, he's fainting—~~my~~ lord! (*runs to her*) Baron! bless my soul, swooned away, completely—something in this letter. (*picking it up and looking at it*) What's this? "Madame!" Madame to Baron Bretenfeld! Why, if—no—yes—it must be! my lord's a lady. Here's a discovery—here's a mystery! Oh, I must know all about it. (*reading the letter hastily*) "The prince and one of his friends arrested—immediate trial—and certain execution of every person connected, having the slightest knowledge of the business—yourself—your brother, and all the household are compromised if"—murder! all the household! Why, I'm the head of the household.

MADAME. (*recovering*) Where am I, what has happened?

PUFFEN. My lord's coming to herself! What shall I do?

MADAME. Peterson here, and my letter in his hand! (*he drops it*) Ah, you know all.

PUFFEN. Me? no such thing. I know nothing, madame.

MADAME. Madame!

PUFFEN. (*aside*) Confound it! (*aloud*) I mean, my lord! I'll swear I know nothing. I'll take my oath you're your sister—no, that you're your brother. Anything that won't compromise me.

MADAME. You won't betray me.

PUFFEN. I won't be hanged, if I can help it.

MADAME. How!

PUFFEN. How? why, by the neck. There's only one way of hanging, and a cursed disagreeable one.

MADAME. Nay, hear me, I will tell you all.

PUFFEN. No thank you, I'd rather not—I don't want to know.

MADAME. But it is of vital importance to me that you should!

PUFFEN. But it is of vital importance to me that I should *not*

MADAME. Beware, sir! if my brother is sacrificed through you! the prince—the queen will avenge him.

PUFFEN. I don't want to sacrifice anybody—I want to save myself!

MADAME. You are in no danger.

PUFFEN. Oh, aren't I! just look at the end of that letter—"all the household."

(*picking up letter, which MADAME takes from him.*)

MADAME. But if there be no proof against my brother at present? It is mere suspicion, and if this news be true, his immediate return will relieve us from this painful position.

PUFFEN. Us! I tell you I have nothing to do with it.

MADAME. (*aside*) He appears a rank coward—my best chance is terrifying him into silence. (*aloud*) Be it so, sir, I will take care you shall not be hanged,

PUFFEN. I'm much obliged to you.

MADAME. By passing this sword through your body, upon the first suspicion of treachery!

PUFFEN. Eh?

MADAME. You know I'm a woman, sir, but you may not know of what a desperate woman is capable. I warn you, I have not put on a sword without having courage to use it, if necessary. Therefore, choose between a certain death and equally certain recompense. Attempt to move or breathe, except as I command, and that moment is your last. Obey me, and I will not only ensure your safety, but reward you to your heart's content.

PUFFEN. It's impossible to hesitate. I prefer living to be rewarded.

MADAME. You are a sensible man, and I may say a fortunate one. If I had detected the least indecision, you would have been at this instant a corpse at my feet.

PUFFEN. You don't say so. (*aside*) What a terrible woman!

COUNT. (*without*) Still up stairs! plague take it! It's a day's journey.

MADAME. The count's voice! remember!

(to PUFFENGRUNTZ)

PUFFEN. Is he in the secret?

MADAME. No, so beware, as you value your life.

PUFFEN. I'm dumb. (*going*)

MADAME. Stir not.

PUFFEN. I'm a statue.

MADAME. (*quickly, and aside*) To trust the count—to fling myself on his generosity, might involve him in our ruin. No, I will endure all sooner. Courage, my heart, audacity alone can save me.

Enter COUNT NATZMAR, C. from L.

COUNT. (R.) So, you're still here, Master Tony?

MADAME. (L.) Of course, I told you I preferred—

COUNT. Well, I'm rather glad to find you anywhere.

MADAME. What do you mean?

COUNT. Why, I have some reason to suspect—

MADAME. Suspect!

COUNT. That I've got into rather a serious scrape on your account.

MADAME. How? what? explain!

COUNT. Ah, that's more than I can do, without your assistance. It's all a mystery to me, but the moment I told my uncle you begged to decline the commission, he looked remarkably grave, and asked me a very singular question.

MADAME. (C.) Indeed!

COUNT. (R.) A very singular question—"Whether, as I had never seen Baron Bretenfeld, I could be certain of his identity."

MADAME. (*aside*) Heavens! (*aloud*) And—and you replied—

COUNT. That if I could have entertained any doubt of it, your likeness to your sister, as evinced by this miniature, was sufficient proof.

MADAME. Of course, well—

COUNT. Upon which he looked graver still, if possible, and said in a very marked manner—"My dear nephew,—I hope for your own sake that you are not deceiving me in this matter, or it may turn out an ugly affair for both of you," and merely adding, "I hold you responsible for the production of the baron at a moment's notice"—walked out of the room.

PUFFEN. (*aside, L.*) It's all over with us.

MADAME. And so you began to fear that on your return you would find the bird flown? eh, Max!

COUNT. Max! he positively called me Max! And of his own accord.

MADAME. I am indebted to you for entertaining so high an opinion of my honour and my courage.

COUNT. Nay, nay, Tony, I did not suspect either. But as I haven't the least idea of what all this means, I was afraid of finding you had been marched off to Spandau, or Custrin, or some other confounded fortress, like a poor devil I've just heard of, one Lieutenant Katt, who has been arrested on the charge of assisting the Prince Royal to fly the country.

MADAME. The prince escaped !

COUNT. No—deuce a bit. They've taken him, too, and the old king is in such a fury, he has sworn both their heads shall come off, and every other head he can find has been put together with them.

PUFFEN. (*aside*) That's it, then ! Oh, dear—oh, dear !

COUNT. I hope to Heaven neither you, my dear Tony, nor any of your people (*crosses to c., and looking at PUFFEN-GRUNTZ*) have been mixed up in the affair, even by accident ; for the king, they say, is frantic, and would listen to no explanation.

PUFFEN. (*aside*) I tremble to my very toes !

MADAME. My dear Max, don't alarm yourself on my account. This is all news to me—but if you think my declining the commission has had the least unfavourable effect upon the marshal's mind, or caused him to feel annoyed with you, pray let there be no moré said about it. I mean to enter the army some day or other ; and though—as I told you—I would rather have deferred the honour, I may not have so good a chance again of being in the same regiment as yourself, and will therefore join the Royal Dragoons as soon as you bring me the commission.

PUFFEN. (*aside*) The devil she will !

COUNT. My dear Tony, I'm in ecstacy—embrace me !

PUFFEN. (*aside*) Oh lord ! oh lord !

COUNT. Now you're something like a friend. Confound it ! I began to think I should never make a man of you.

MADAME. Indeed !

COUNT. I did, upon my soul—you seemed such a cold, shy sort of a fellow. But you must cease to be a boy !

MADAME. I don't care how soon !

COUNT. Bravo ! that's well spoken—you shall have your commission to-night.

MADAME. And my uniform—I long for my uniform ! Petersen ! (*crossing to him*)

PUFFEN. (L.) Yes, ma—(*she looks at him*) my lord !

MADAME. Mind you tell my rascal of a tailor to be here early to-morrow morning.

PUFFEN. Yes, my lord.

MADAME. And by the bye, Max, you said something about a charger !

COUNT. Vesuvius ! you shall have him.

MADAME. That's a good fellow ! But I can't accept him as a gift really—you must take my Damascus sabre, and a brace of pistols in exchange.

COUNT. My dear Tony, give me the letter to your sister in exchange !

MADAME. Ridiculous ! You don't mean to say you still think—

COUNT. Still—I'm fixed for life.

Enter MARIA, C. from L.

MARIA. (*at back*) I beg your pardon, my lord, but—

COUNT. (R.) Hollo ! Why, as I'm alive, the little girl we saw this morning at— How the deuce did she come here ?

MADAME. She's the daughter of my steward here.

COUNT. Of this ugly old fellow ? (*crossing to PUFFENGRUNTZ*) Impossible !

MARIA. (*advancing, R.*) His goddaughter if you please, sir. Mr. Puffengruntz is my godfather.

MADAME. } Puffengruntz !

COUNT. }
PUFFEN. (L.) Ugh ! Choke the girl !

MARIA. Peterson, I should say—godfather has changed his name ; it was Puffengruntz, and so—

COUNT. And so it should be still—it's the very name for him. Ha, ha, ha ! I was sure he never could have been the father of such a pretty girl as you are—eh, Tony ? What do you say ? By Jupiter, if he isn't blushing again. I'll be hanged if I haven't found you out ! I'll bet a thousand crowns I've discovered your secret. (*during this, MARIA and PUFFENGRUNTZ retire up stage*)

MADAME. My secret !

COUNT. Oh, now I'll bet you ten thousand—all I'm worth in the world. Come, come, confess—this is the petticoat that was in the case. Oh, it's as plain as the day. This is the reason for your sneaking up all these flights of stairs, instead of inhabiting your own suite of apartments. It's more snug as you say. Ugh ! you little scoundrel !

MADAME. I can assure you, count, you wrong this young person—I never saw her before to-day.

COUNT. Oh, pooh—pooh ! and this morning you pretended you hadn't seen her during your ride, and she wouldn't take the hint, and made you acknowledge her. Oh, come, it won't do—it won't do.

MADAME. But I tell you—

COUNT. Oh, oh, oh ! That's what you wanted to go by the boat for. (*imitating*) "Oh, here's the boat—can't we go by the

boat?" Oh, Tony, Tony! I'm ashamed of you!

MADAME. How can you be so absurd! (*sharply to MARIA*) What is it you want?

MARIA. Only godfather, my lord. (R. C. at back)

COUNT. Very well acted, my dear Tony, but it won't do.

MADAME. (*aside*) After all, this error may serve me. I'll humour it. (*to COUNT*) Hold your tongue, Max—how would you like it yourself?

COUNT. Eh? oh, what you confess?

MADAME. I confess nothing. What the devil is it to you?

COUNT. Oh, nothing—nothing in the world.

MADAME. Have you anything to say to the girl—is she any acquaintance of yours?

COUNT. No, certainly not.

MADAME. Very well—then I shall feel obliged, Count Natzmar, by your not making any observations on the subject, or you and I shall quarrel. Do you understand, sir?

COUNT. Perfectly, my dear Tony! Don't be angry—I'm num of course. (*aside*) Egad, I'd no idea the little fellow had so much pepper in him! I like him all the better for it.

MADAME. Well, go back to your uncle, then, and set matters straight with him. Bring me the commission this evening, and if you're inclined for a little quiet supper, I'll give you a glass of wine shall make you open your eyes, my boy. (*smacking him on the shoulders*)

COUNT. A bargain. (*aside*) He's a capital little fellow! (*aloud*) But don't forget the letter to your sister. That's a *sine qua non*.

MADAME. Ay, ay, away with you—I've some money matters to settle with my steward here.

COUNT. Oh, yes, of course, I understand—I wouldn't for the world. Good bye, Tony.

MADAME. Till supper time.

COUNT. Ugh, you rogue! (*nudges him—they both laugh*) My service to you, Mr. Puffengruntz—ma'amselle, your most devoted. *Exit c. to L. with a bow to MARIA.*

MARIA. }
PUFFEN. } Ma'amselle!

MADAME. Come hither, both of you. (*to MARIA, R.*) What is your name?

MARIA. Maria, my lord.

MADAME. Maria, your godfather is aware of a secret, the discovery of which might seriously compromise his safety.

PUFFEN. (L.) And you are going to tell her?

MADAME. Certainly not. I am only going to tell her that I am desperately in love with her.

MARIA. You, my lord! in love with me?

MADAME. Fear nothing. I promise it shall not affect your reputation—and I give you leave to be as cruel to me as you please.

MARIA. I don't understand.

PUFFEN. I do. The count—

MADAME. Has fancied it is so, and he must not be undeceived at present.

MARIA. Oh, if it's only make belief—

MADAME. You consent?

MARIA. But what am I to do, my lord?

MADAME. Nothing, but receive my attentions before the count without surprise.

PUFFEN. And I, as her godfather—

MADAME. Complain of my conduct. Insist upon our separation or immediate marriage. Anything that will keep up the appearance for four-and-twenty hours. (*noise without of SOLDIERS ascending stairs*) What noise is that?

MARIA. (*running to door, c.*) There are soldiers coming up stairs.

MADAME. (*c.*) Soldiers!

PUFFEN. (*L.*) There—there, I told you so! We shall all be hanged!

MADAME. Silence, and into that room instantly, or—

Pushing PUFFENGRUNTZ into room, L.

Maria stay here.

Re-enter COUNT NATZMAR, c. from L., followed by some OFFICERS OF DRAGOONS—they advance, L.—COUNT in centre.

COUNT. (*running to MADAME*) A thousand pardons—don't be angry with me, but they would come up. Gentlemen, here is our new brother officer, Baron Bretenfeld, whom you are so anxious to make acquaintance with.

OFFICER. Excuse this intrusion, baron, but learning from Natzmar that you were about to enter our regiment, we begged to be presented.

MADAME. Delighted, gentlemen. (*to MARIA*) I'll see you again by and bye, child.

Chucks her under the chin, and puts her off at door, R. 2 E.

COUNT. (*to OFFICER*) Are you satisfied?

OFFICER. I am at least puzzled. I am afraid our visit was rather *mal-a-apropos*, Baron.

MADAME. (*advancing, R.*) No, no, not at all—the goddaughter of my steward—she has a pretty taste for music, which I wish to encourage.

COUNT. (*aside*) Oh, ah!—yes, music, eh? Sly rogue! (*aloud*) My dear Tony, the fact is—that I should not have let them up, but that Captain Blumenthal betted me five hundred dollars that he saw you in Potsdam not two hours ago.

MADAME. In Potsdam! (*aside*) He's safe, then.

OFFICERS. The gentleman pointed out to me as Baron Bretenfeld, was certainly very like you!

MADAME. The mistake, then, is a very natural one—and as my friend, Max, has made five hundred dollars by it, I propose, gentlemen, instead of his supping with me, as we had settled—he shall give a supper to the whole party.

ALL. Bravo—bravo!

COUNT. Agreed! where shall it be?

MADAME. At the first house in Berlin, and the best they can put on the table. A banquet worthy of the Royal Dragoons, and champagne enough to swim in.

ALL. Viva—viva!

COUNT. Let's go and order the supper—I'll come back for you, Tony. By Jupiter, we'll make a night of it!

Exeunt COUNT and OFFICERS, c. to L.

MADAME. Every instant is an age. But my hopes are now high, and my spirits rise with them. Ah!

Enter CASPAR, quickly, R. 2 E.

Caspar!

CASPAR. He is here—in his own room.

MADAME. My brother—safe!—joy, joy!

Exit, followed by CASPAR, R. 2 E.

PUFFENGRUNTZ peeping out from room, L.

PUFFEN. They're gone, and I suppose I may come out.

Re-enter MARIA, from room, R.

MARIA. Godfather!

PUFFEN. (*starting and trembling*) Oh lord! what's that?

MARIA. I'm getting very uneasy. What does it all mean? Is it so very terrible a secret?

PUFFEN. Very—I wish I had never known it.

MARIA. But how came you to know it?

PUFFEN. By accident.

MARIA. And what would be done to you if it was found out?

PUFFEN. Something so disagreeable! I'd rather not talk about it. If anybody heard—

Enter HERMAN, c., speaking as he enters.

HERMAN. Mr. Peterson!

PUFFEN. Eh—who's there? (*alarmed, and crossing to R.*) That cursed painter, as I'm alive.

MARIA. (c.) Mr. Herman! Oh, I'm so glad!

HERMAN. Heavens! (*recognises her*) Maria! (L.) How came you in this house? I expected to find you at my lodgings, in the old town.

PUFFEN. Ah, there he begins—he'll ask a hundred questions.

MARIA. Yes, but I found godfather here.

HERMAN. Godfather!

MARIA. Yes, there he is. Don't you remember I told you about the letter and the bassoon?

HERMAN. What! Is this Puffengruntz?

PUFFEN. (*aside*) There—there, she has told him that too! She'll be the ruin of me after all.

HERMAN. How singular! I, who only knew him as Mr. Peterson—

PUFFEN. Young man—(*putting MARIA over to R.*) I only know you as my lodger—one who is over head and ears in debt, and whose furniture I mean to seize the moment the law will allow me—so have the goodness to walk out of this house in which you have no business whatever.

HERMAN. Oh, I beg your pardon, I have particular business with Baron Bretenfeld, and I shall not stir till I have seen him.

PUFFEN. (*aside*) Oh, murder—murder! If he should discover—(*aloud*) The baron is engaged.

HERMAN. I shall wait till he is disengaged.

MARIA. Here he comes. (*running to c.*) No—'tis the count again.

Enter COUNT NATZMAR, C. from L.

COUNT. (R. C.) Supper's ordered, and— Holloa, old Puffengruntz! (*aside to him, R.*) Who's that young fellow?

PUFFEN. (*aside*) Oh, confound him! A young painter—a troublesome customer—loves Maria.

COUNT. Loves your goddaughter! (*aside*) That won't suit Tony. (*to PUFFENGRUNTZ*) But she doesn't love him?

PUFFEN. I'm afraid she does, and he hasn't a florin.

COUNT. (R. C.) He must be got rid of.

PUFFEN. (R.) I wish I knew how. He says he has business with the baron.

COUNT. Business with Tony? Leave him to me—I'll manage him.

PUFFEN. With all my heart. I'll tell the baron you're here.

Exit, R. 2 E.

HERMAN. (L. C.) Maria, your godfather appears confused, and even you—I have no right perhaps to inquire—yet the interest with which you have inspired me—

MARIA. Indeed, Mr. Herman, you must not ask me any questions.

COUNT. What is the matter, young man? Perhaps I can explain.

HERMAN. You, sir!

COUNT. Here! come here, my good friend—just one word in your ear. Old Puffengruntz tells me you've a liking for that girl. Now take my advice, think no more of her—you'll get yourself into a scrape.

HERMAN. Ah! what do you mean, sir?—I conjure you speak plainly. Has that poor girl been betrayed, or is she worthless, as I thought her innocent?

COUNT. My good young friend, you are a painter I hear—you colour highly. This is not the light you should paint this picture in. Let us suppose my excellent brother in arms, the Baron Bretenfeld, was the celebrated Henri Quatre, King of France—Maria would then be—

HERMAN. What, sir? what?

COUNT. The fair Gabrielle! (*aside*) I flatter myself that is delicately expressed.

HERMAN. Distraction!

COUNT. (*aside*) Poor fellow! He really seems distrest! I'm sorry for him—but where the deuce is Tony? I shall go to his room. I don't know where it is, but I suppose I can find out.

Exit NATZMAR, R. 2 E.

MARIA. What can the count have said to him?

HERMAN. So ends my dream of happiness! (*going c.*)

MARIA. (l.) Mr. Herman, are you going?

HERMAN. What should detain me here?

MARIA. You said you had business with the Baron!

HERMAN. It was to deliver a letter to him, recommending me to his patronage. (*shewing it*) Thus I prove how I value it! (*tears it*)

MARIA. Oh, when the baron is so kind, and you so need his kindness.

HERMAN. I—I would perish sooner than be indebted to him. No, Ma'mzelle, I leave you to boast of his kindness. O, shame—that you do so without even a blush!

MARIA. A blush—why should I blush?

HERMAN. Why, are you not his mistress?

MARIA. His mistress! Mr. Herman, you should blush to wrong me so!

HERMAN. Dare you deny it, when the baron's friend, the Count, who has just left us—

MARIA. Count Natzmar! Oh, but he's not in the secret!

HERMAN. The secret—what secret?

MARIA. I can't tell you. I don't know—I only promised the Baron and godfather—

HERMAN. Oh, no more—no more! You are deceiving me; or, if indeed you are innocent, there is some vile plot laid for your destruction between this libertine Baron and your god-father.

MARIA. Oh, Mr. Herman! you frighten me out of my wits!

HERMAN. Maria, I love you, and must believe you. I am a poor artist, but an honourable man. You have told me your history—you are a foundling; these men have no legal claim on your obedience—say you will be my wife, and I will protect you from them.

MARIA. I will, I will! Be my husband—my protector!

BALLAD.—MARIA.

Oh! no more alone, unfriended,
Shall the orphan evil fear,
While by thee beloved, defended,
She can smile at danger near.

Poor exchange for such a blessing,
Take this grateful heart of mine,
Which while life itself possessing,
Ne'er shall cause a pang to thine.

Enter PUFFENGRUNTZ, door R. 2 E.

PUFFEN. Eh! hollo, what do I see?

HERMAN. You see the avenger of this innocent girl, whom you would have sold to infamy! Villain! (*seizing him by the collar, and throwing him round into the centre*)

PUFFEN. Murder! let me go!

HERMAN. Never, till you have confessed your crime, or explained this infernal mystery!

PUFFEN. Mercy! What shall I do? If I don't speak I shall be murdered! If I do I shall be hanged!

HERMAN. There, there, you hear!

MARIA. Oh, you wicked old man!

HERMAN. You have said enough to justify my vengeance. This Baron—this seducer! speak, vile pander! in one word—

PUFFEN. I will—I will—he—the baron is—is—

HERMAN. What? what?

PUFFEN. A woman!

HERMAN. } A woman!
MARIA. }

PUFFEN. I've said it !

HERMAN. Baron Bretenfeld a woman !

Enter NATZMAR, door R. 2 E.

COUNT. (R.) That's false ! Who says so ? Let me find the rascal !

HERMAN. (R.) There he stands !

COUNT. Old Puffengruntz ! What do you mean you old fool ?

PUFFEN. I mean what I say—I'll bear it no longer—he owns it himself ?

COUNT. Who owns what ?

HERMAN. The Baron—he—that is—she—says that he—

COUNT. Old Puffengruntz, you're an ass ! The whole story arises from an absurd rumour that Captain Blumenthal has apologized to me for spreading. I have just left the Baron in his own room, shaving and dressing for our supper at the Black Eagle.

PUFFEN. Shaving ?

COUNT. Shaving !

PUFFEN. (*aside*) Then my lord has arrived, and the danger is over !

HERMAN. He is confounded ! Now rascal, your subterfuge will not save you. (*about to seize him again*)

PUFFEN. Help ! murder !

Enter MADAME DENHOFF, in her own apparel, from room R. 3. E.

MADAME. What is the matter ?

COUNT. A lady ! Heavens ! That face !

MARIA. Astonishing ! *

MADAME. (*smiling*) What is astonishing ? (*crossing to HERMAN*) If your business with the Baron is urgent, sir, my brother will see you immediately, in his dressing room. Peterson, show the young gentleman the way.

COUNT. } Her brother !

MARIA. }

HERMAN. Madame, my sole business with the Baron now is to inform him that the honour of this young girl must be vindicated to the world.

MADAME. Surely not before it is assailed by the world. I can testify to the perfect innocence of this young person, and to the disinterested nature of my brother's patronage of her. This gentleman—Count Natzmar, I believe, (*with a slight bow to him*) has been under some erroneous impression.

COUNT. You are too polite, madame—don't mince the matter, I beg—I have been a blockhead, a blind buzzard!

MADAME. Nay, Count, it would be most ungrateful in Madame Denhoff to accuse you of blindness, after the discovery of charms in her miniature which she could never flatter herself she possessed.

COUNT. But which the sight of the original has more than justified. (*aside, to her*) Oh! madame, there is a secret, I suspect, in our possession.

MADAME. (*aside, to him*) Which must be inviolable. If you really have that affection for Tony which you profess—

COUNT. Say for his sister, madame, and my lips are sealed hermetically.

MADAME. Well, for my brother's sake! (*giving him her hand*)

COUNT. Rapture! It's now a family secret, and the rack shouldn't—but these people—(*pointing to MARIA, HERMAN, and PUFFENGRUNTZ, who are up stage*)

MADAME. Fear will keep the old man silent, and gratitude shall bind the others. Maria, henceforth my friendship shall prevent any misapprehension of my brother's interest in you. You may count upon a thousand florins by way of a wedding portion.

MARIA. Oh! dear madame—dear Herman—then like Bertha in my own ballad—(*sings*)

“Li—i—lu—Li—i—lu,” by her dear Herman's side,

“Li—i—lu—Li—i—lu,” will sing a happy bride.

“Li—i—lu—Li—i—lu,” &c.

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Every age hath its “form and pressure;” and since the days of TOM AND JERRY, nothing has appeared in the vast field of literature like the **PICKWICK CLUB**. The adventures of the above celebrated characters abound with Fun, Incidents, Bustle, Love, Eloquence, Song and Dance, embracing all the varieties of LIFE, in a most conspicuous and interesting point of view—exhibiting the rich humour of CERVANTES, united with the pathos of the inimitable SHERNE. The whole has been put into a dramatic shape, giving a “local habitation” on the Stage to the talented efforts of BOZ, in which the following heroes are seen to advantage.—Mr. PICKWICK relates his exploits with infinite zest, booking all his “little dodges” with the accuracy of a Cyclopædia; not only for the benefit of the present generation, but for posterity—JINGLE, also, a rich portrait of human nature,—“very!”—claims peculiar attention, showing, most decidedly, that the “proper study of mankind is man!”—SAM WELLER, boots at an inn, a fine fellow for jokes and wit, according to his notions of society, calculated to make his “visits pleasant;” yet with his heart in the right place—the Fleet prison to wit.—OLD WELLER, the dragsman, a “great cigar” either on or off his box.—The Love Feast—the Shepherd and his Flocks—united with his feelings of teaching the “young idea how to shoot—Rich bits for an annual—the sleeping boy, &c or—a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse; yet “wide awake” at times—the peculiar talents of the Club; a fine display of eloquence!—BARDELL *versus* PICKWICK—delicious bursts of oratory—the Mistletoe Bough; or, the pleasure of “chaste salutes”—public breakfast—the advantages of notoriety—the Masque-zade; or, this life is like a country dance. “*Le sage entend à demi mot.*”

THE PICKWICKIANS.

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SAMUEL PICKWICK, Esq. (<i>Founder of the Pickwick Club, a gentleman of fortune, seeking adventures in pursuit of knowledge</i>)	Mr. MACKAT.
NATHANIEL WINKLE, Esq. M.P.C.	Mr. DYOTT.
TRACY TUPMAN, Esq., M.P.C.	Mr. WHYTE.
AGUSTUS SNODGRASS, Esq., M.P.C. (<i>with the songs of "When in Absence"—composed by Rossini—nd "Come, come, ere the Morning peeps"—composed by himself</i>)	Mr. CLEMENT WHITE.
MR. WILLER, SENIOR	Mr. W. BURROUGHS.
SAM WELLER	Mr. SKERRETT.
ALFRED JINGLE, Esq.	Mr. T. H. LACY.
MR. WARDLE	Mr. CARR.
C. NUPKINS, Esq.	Mr. MARQUIS.
JOB TROTTER	Mr. ARMSTRONG.
MASTER JOSEPH DUMPLING	Mr. J. THORNHILL.
THE HON. SIMON SLUMKIN	Mr. COOKSM.
HORATIO FIZKIN, Esq.	Mr. F. CONNOR.
JACK RACKSTRAW	Mr. SMITH.
NAMBY	Mr. C. ARMSTRONG.
JUDGE DOUBTFUL	Mr. DOUBLE.
SERGEANT BUZZFUZ	Mr. TEAREM.
SNUBBIM	Mr. TWEEZER.
MISS RACHEL WARDLE (<i>an elderly Maiden, in love with Messrs. Jingle and Tupman</i>)	Miss WILSON.
MISS ISABELLA WARDLE	Miss CARR.
MISS EMILY WARDLE	Mrs. SKERRETT.
MARY SUMMERS	Mrs. MARQUIS.
LANDLADY	Mrs. F. CONNOR.
MRS. BARDELL (<i>a Widow letting lodgings to single gentlemen, with an eye on Mr. Pickwick</i>)	
		<i>try, Electors, Bailliffs, Landlords, Chambermaids, &c., &c.</i>

THE PICKWICKIANS.

Costumes.

PICKWICK.—Dark blue coat, gilt buttons; nankeen pantaloons; gaiters.

SNODGRASS.—Dark frock coat; white waistcoat; fashionable check trousers.

TUPMAN.—Black coat; waistcoat; small clothes; silk stockings; broad-brimmed hat.

WINKLE.—Light green shooting coat; breeches; over-knee gaiters.

JINGLE.—*1st Dress*—Blue coat, gilt buttons; white waistcoat; black pantaloons. *2nd Dress*—A shabby, old-fashioned, black suit.

FAT BOY.—Red jacket; nankeen trousers to button over jacket.

SAM.—*1st Dress*—Red striped waistcoat with sleeves; yellow velveteen smalls; coloured stockings; high-lows. *2nd Dress*—Light blue frock coat, turned up with yellow; breeches; top boots.

OLD WELLER.—Light brown coatee; striped waistcoat; buckskins; top boots; coachman's top coat; broad brim glazed hat.

EMILY.—*1st Dress*—Amber-coloured satin dress trimmed with black lace. *2nd Dress*—Frock coat; white cord small clothes; top boots; hat, with cockade.

ISABELLA.—White muslin.

AUNT RACHEL.—*1st Dress*—Black satin dress; hat ridiculously trimmed. *2nd Dress*—handsome chintz muslin; cap; apron.

Mrs. BABBELL.—Cross bar pattern coloured muslin dress, widow's cap; white muslin apron, trimmed.

THE
PICKWICKIANS.

PROLOGUE.*

SCENE.—*The Pickwick Club Room; decorated with portraits and chairs, long table, President and Vice-President's seats; decanters, bottles, cigars, candles.*

The PICKWICKS discovered seated—BLOTTEN, R., PICKWICK, L. SNODGRASS, WINKLE, and TUPMAN, L.

PRESIDENT. (*rises*) Gentlemen, I believe it is unanimously agreed that the proposal of our worthy and united brothers be accepted—namely, that Samuel Pickwick, Esq., our illustrious founder, G.C.B., P.C., Tracy Tupman, Esq., M.P.C., Augustus Snodgrass, Esq., M.P.C., and Nathaniel Winkle, Esq., M.P.C., members of our Corresponding Society, be appointed to travel for the investigation of character and adventure.

OMNES. Hear, hear!

PRES. Further, that the Society see no possible objection whatever to the patriotic members paying their own expenses.

OMNES. Hear, hear! Bravo!

BLOTTEN. (*aside*) Stuff!

PICKWICK. (*mounting his chair*) Gentlemen, Countrymen, and Pickwicks! on rising to address such a wise, august, and deliberative assembly—

BLOT. (*aside*) Humbug!

MEMBER. (*with a weak voice*) Hear, hear! We is, we is!

PICK. I—I cannot deny that human pride fires my breast; I acknowledge it freely; and let my enemies make the most of it. (*cheers*) I am but an humble individual; still, I can but think that you have selected me for a service of some honour and some danger.

OMNES. Hear, hear!

BLOT. (*aside*) Gammon!

MEMBER. (*with a weak voice*) Wery dangerous!

PICK. Travelling is in a troubled state. Look around, and contemplate the scenes now enacting. Excursion trains are running in all directions, and boilers bursting!

* May be omitted, without injury to the Story.

MEMBER. (*with a weak voice*) Yes, yes—reg'lar blow up!

BLOT. No, no!

PICK. Let the honourable Pickwickian that cried “No, no!” stand forward and deny it if he can. Who is it that cries “No?”—perhaps nobody! (*a laugh*) or was it a tailor, who, jealous of the praise bestowed upon myself and brother pilgrims—

BLOT. (*rising hastily*) Do you allude to me, sir?

OMNES. Order, order! Chair! Yes! No! Go on! Leave off!

PICK. (c.) I am not to be silenced, sir. I did allude to you.

BLOT. Then I can only say, you're a humbug! (*immense uproar*)

SNODGRASS. (*jumping on table*) I throw myself, gentlemen, on the Chair! (*a MEMBER pushes him over the PRESIDENT—laughter and cries for order—PRESIDENT strikes table with his hammer*)

OMNES. Silence—silence for the Chair!

MEMBER. (*with a weak voice*) Let the Chair speak!

PRES. Gentlemen and brother Picks, I am quite sure the honorable member Mr. Blotten will withdraw his humbug.

BLOT. With all respects to the Chair, I am quite sure I will not.

PRES. Do you use the term humbug in a common sense, sir?

BLOT. I do not, sir; I use it in a Pickwickian sense—not personal; and in such sense I may call you all humbugs.

OMNES. Hear, hear!

PICK. I feel much gratified by the fair, candid, and full explanation of my honorable and ancient friend, and allow me to say that I used the terms nobody and tailor in a Pickwickian point of view, without common or any sense at all!

OMNES. Bravo!

MEMBER. (*with a weak voice*) Hear, hear! That's true!

PRES. Let the worthy members shake hands, and drown all their little animosities in the bowl.

MEMBER (*with a weak voice*) Yes, yes, let them drown themselves in a water-butt, if they like. (*PICKWICK and BLOTTEN shake hands*)

TUPMAN. (*rises*) Mr. President and gentlemen, I have an invitation from a friend of my father's, an old English squire to meet him at an annual county ball, held at the Crown Inn, Rochester. By your permission, and the concurrence of my fellow-wanderers, Rochester shall be our first pilgrimage.

OMNES. Huzza! huzza!

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST. — *Entrance to Coach Yard of the White Hart Inn.*

Enter SAM, singing, L. 1 E.

Vith von boot here, and t'other boot there,
Every kepple vill make a pair.

Enter SALLY, chambermaid, R. 1 E.

SALLY. Why, Sam, Sam! I say, Number Twenty-two wants his boots.

SAM. Ax Number Twenty-two, vether he'll have 'em now or vait till he gets 'em?

SALLY. Come, come! don't be a fool, Sam; the gentleman wants 'em directly.

SAM. Vell, you are a nice young ooman, for a musical party, you are. Who's Number Twenty two, that he's to put all the others out? No, no! reg'lar rotation—as Jack Ketch said, ven he tied up the malefactors.

SALLY. You are the most lazy, idle, imperent thing, as never was, but never mind, I've told you the gentleman wants his boots, and you'd better do 'em, and that's all about it!

Exit, R.

SAM. The worst of being Boots is, it puts a stop to hambition. You can't rise no higher, and the human mind naturally aspires; as the pickpocket said to the gallows. "I'm summut like a fly in a treacle can. I should uncommonly like to change my condition. I emulates the great Nassau balloon. I'm for rising in the world—a Boots, a sort of amphibious profession in the list of trades, it han't no rigler standing. Well, no matter, I must go and look arter my customers—eleven pair of boots and one shoe, as belongs to the woodenleg, in Number Six.

Exit, R.

Enter PICKWICK with JACK RACKSTRAW, a cabman, L. 1 E.

RACKSTRAW. Now sir! here you are, all the vay from Gosvell Street.

PICK. You've come very quick, cabman.

RACK. Yes sir, very quick, always does.

PICK. How old is that horse of yours?

RACK. Forty-two, come next Doncaster.

PICK. Bless me, forty-two! I must note that down, and how long do you keep him out at a time?

RACK. Vot's he taking down my number for? (*aside*) vy ve keeps him out two or three weeks at a time. He lives at

Pentonville when he's at home, but ve seldom takes him home, on account of his weakness.

PICK. Astonishing !

RACK. He alvays falls down when he's took out of the cab, but ven he's in it, ve bears him up wery tight, and takes him in wery short so as he can't werry vell fall down.

PICK. Wonderful ! Here'll be information for the Club ! Here's your money, friend. (*offering money to RACKSTRAW*)

RACK. (*aside*) Vonts me to take more than my fare ; he's a hinformer, so I'm blow'd if I don't have a touch at him, if I get six months for it.

PICK. Here's your money, my good man !

RACK. You be hang'd, and your money too ! I'll have a turn up with you for it, and give you a pint to boot—old goggles. (*squares up to him*)

Enter SNODGRASS, WINKLE, with gun, and TUPMAN, L.

SNOD. Are you mad, man ?

WINKLE. Or drunk ?

TUP. Or both ?

RACK. Neither, my coveys. (*sparring at PICKWICK, &c.*) There's von for your nob !

SNOD. Police, police ! (*calling off*)

Enter JINGLE and SAM, R.

JINGLE. Ulloa, ulloa ! What's the fun here ?

RACK. Only giving a hinformer his gruel—that's all.

PICK. I am no informer. I deny the imputation.

JINGLE. (*aside*) I see it all. Take yoursclf off, old hansom. (*crosses to c.*) It is entirely a mistake—very respectable gentleman—so none of your nonsense. Don't be down, sir—these little accidents will happen in the best reg'lated families. Pull him up for it—five pounds and costs—or three months' tread-mill—put that in your pipe and smoke it—like the flavour, eh ?—rascal !

SAM. Aye, aye ! Cut your lucky—be off, young eightpenny !

Exit RACKSTRAW, grumbling, L.

JINGLE. Eccentric rogue—but we've got rid of him. Run, Boots, and tell the waiter to get glasses round—brandy and water—hot and strong—sweet and plenty—raw beef-steak for the gentleman's damaged eye—nothing like raw beef-steak, sir—cold pump-handle very good—not always convenient—awkward—standing two hours in the street with eyc against pump-handle—very—eh !

SAM. I'll order 'em directly, sir. (*crosses to L.*) Queer chap, that ; like nothing on earth but a suspicious character, as the papers say.

Exit, L.

PICK. You've rendered us a great service, sir. We must know each other better. My name is Pickwick; these are Messrs. Snodgrass, Tupman, and Winkle, my friends, members of the Corresponding Society of the Pickwick Club, of which I have the honour to be the founder and president. We have just formed ourselves into an association in pursuit of knowledge, with liberty to pay our own expenses, and having a friend living in the neighbourhood of Rochester, our first excursion will be directed in that quarter.

JINGLE. (*aside*) Something may come of this. Rochester—how odd—going there myself—accompany you—lots of information!

PICK. Most happy, sir! This will, indeed, be a most valuable acquisition.

JINGLE. Say no more—settled thing—all set out together.

Enter SAM, L.

SAM. Now, sir, brandy and vater's all ready. I've had my glass, and I can assure you it's very good; I speaks from experience.

JINGLE. This way then—now for it—all right in no time.

Exit JINGLE, followed by PICKWICK, SNODGRASS, TUPMAN, and WINKLE, L.

SAM. That 'ere chap in the shabby Wellingtons is got into a good thing with these new-comers. Ah! he's up to snuff, and a pinch or two over—he is. Oh, here comes the gentleman as had the turn-up with that illegitimate jarvey; he's what I should call, statistically speaking, comfortable.

Enter PICKWICK, L.

PICK. A very comprehensive character, our new friend. He must be an honorary associate in our peregrinations; but there's one thing we've totally forgotten—that is, an assistant companion. In my knowledge of human nature, it struck me that the Boots here is a very intelligent fellow; besides which, these Boots are very eligible for travelling—so, with the sanction of my three companions—Oh! here he is. A word with you, my good fellow.

SAM. Sir to you!

PICK. My business with you is—

SAM. Yes—that's the pint, sir. Out with it—as the father said to the child, when it swallowed the farden.

PICK. I want to know, in the first place, whether you've any reason to be discontented with your present situation.

SAM. Afore I answer you that 'ere question, sir, I should like to know vether you're a-going to perwide me with a better.

PICK. I've half made up my mind to engage you myself.

SAM. Have you, though?

PICK. I have.

SAM. Wages?

PICK. Twelve pounds a year.

SAM. Clothes?

PICK. Two suits.

SAM. Vork?

PICK. To attend upon me and my three companions in the coffee-room there—

SAM. Take the bill down! I'm let to a single gentleman, and the terms is agreed upon.

PICK. You can get a character, of course?

SAM. Ax the landlady about that.

PICK. Can you engage at once?

SAM. I'll get into the clothes immediately, if they're here.

PICK. You shall call at my tailor's in Piccadilly, who will fit you directly. There's his card. Do you know the place?

SAM. Uncommon well! Just by the accidental pork shop.

PICK. I never heard of accidental pork. Why is it termed so?

SAM. Vy, sir, the man that kept that shop disappeared mysterious.

PICK. Indeed! an interesting tale no doubt.

SAM. Uncommon, he was the invento^r of the patent never-leave-off sassige engine—it warn't no matter vat you put into it—put a paving stone in at one end it came out a down pillow at t'other.

PICK. Well!

SAM. He'd a wife as was a most audacious wixen. She was alvays a nagging and a bully-ragging of him, so he tbreateded to go to Merryker.

PICK. To go to whom?

SAM. To Merryker, a place a goodish bit off.

PICK. Your geology is less to blame than your pronunciation—you mean America.

SAM. Vell, didn't I say so. Sure enuff, one day he was missing—hadn't taken lo money, nor nothing—bills vas printed describing on him, and saying as how if he'd come back all 'ud be hoverlook'd. Rivers was dragged, and vhen-ever a body turn'd up, smack the beadles brought it to the sassige shop, but none on 'em answer'd, they warn't him. So the vife goes on vith the business, and one day a man comes up to complain of these here werry sassiges, so he blows up and she blows up agin, and says she, "What are you going to complain on?" "Vy," says he, "don't you use pork? and I should think beef would come as cheap as buttons." "Buttons!" says she, bridling up. "Buttons!" says he, "and no

mistake;" and hout he lugs half a dozen trowsers buttons. "My poor husband's buttons," says she, and so they was. Poor old chap, in a fit of trumpery arrangement, he'd converted himself into sassige meat."

PICK. I've no hesitation in saying that that story rather inclines me against sausages in general, and pork ones in particular. Are you partial to them, Sam?

SAM. Not wery, sir, not cause of the buttons, but I have noticed one thing as is remarkable, and that is this, wheriver you sees a sassige shop, you never meets no dogs.

PICK. Remarkable zoological deduction! I'll take down that story, and obtain one of the buttons for the Pickwick Club Museum. Oh, here come our friends!

Enter SNODGRASS, TUPMAN, WINKLE, and JINGLE, L.

PICK. Brother Pickwickians, I have the pleasure to inform you that I've engaged—

SAM. Samuel Veller, at your sarvice—

PICK. To accompany us in our peregrinations—so now then Mr.—

JINGLE. Jingle—Alfred Jingle, Esquire, a gentleman of small property—*(aside)* very—and good character. *(aside)* I may say *character*, for I sustained the first line of business in the Kent circuit.

SAM. Any luggage? *(to JINGLE)*

JINGLE. Who, I? Only brown paper parcel here, that's all, other luggage gone by water—large trunks—packing cases nailed up, big as houses—heavy—heavy—very!

SAM. Hadn't I better call a truck to take this for you, mister?

JINGLE. Funny—very funny!—low comedy—never mind, will joke. Come, gents, we must go. You'll pay for the brandy and water. You must mind when you pass through the gateway—take care of your heads—terrible place—dangerous work, very—t'other day—five children—mother—tall lady, eating sandwiches, forgot the arch—crash—knock—children look round—mother's head gone—sandwich in her hand, no mouth to put it in—head of a family off—shocking—shocking—very!

PICK. We'll take care. Now then, brother Pickwickians, now then to commence our memorable peregrinations.

Chorus—OMNES. Air, "Vive le Roi."

Pickwick's on, o'er hill and dale,
We'll from all knowledge draw;
Far and near, spread the tale
Boys, hurrah! boys, hurrah!

Hearts that fame like ours inspire,
 Critic frowns ne'er shall awe,
 Till our Club's last name expires,
 Boys, hurrah! boys, hurrah!

Exit OMNES, L.

SCENE SECOND.—*Apartments in Mr. Wardle's Mansion; Manor Farm, Dingley Dell.*

Enter EMILY, ISABELLA, and AUNT RACHEL, R.

EMILY. Heigho! papa grows almost everything at Dingley Dell—his own hogs; his own vegetables; his own poultry; his own mutton—what a pity it is he can't grow a few young men as well.

AUNT RACHEL. It is indeed, Emily, love!

EMILY. Ah, poor Aunt Rachel, I feel for you with all my heart! If it's annoying to us, who have not waited so very long for lovers yet, what must it be for you, who have waited the time you have? It's terrible to think of!

AUNT R. Time, indeed! It's entirely my own fault—such offers as have been made to me. There was my dear Lothario, at Stoke Pogis—bitterly do I repent my cruelty to him! Heigho!

ISABELLA. Let me see—that was in the year One, I believe, aunt—wasn't it?

AUNT R. Pert child! No, miss; it was not two years ago. It was when you was in your pinafore at school, eating bread and butter—

Enter WARDLE, with letter, L.

WARDLE. Good news, girls—good news! Here Joe—Joe, I say! (*calling*) Confound that boy—he's asleep again!

Enter FAT BOY, drowsily, L.

FAT BOY. Yes, sir! Yaw-aw! (*snores and closes his eyes*)

WARD. Confound you! you must be awake now. We must all be awake!

ISABEL. Eh—why? What's the matter, papa?

EMILY. Oh, pray tell us, papa! I'm all anxiety to know.

WARD. Matter, girl! This is the matter—a letter from my old friend Pickwick. He's in the neighbourhood, with three young fellows—three members of his celebrated club.

AUNT R. Young men! Oh, my susceptible heart!

EMILY. Where are they? A thousand romantic visions flit across my mind.

WARD. They are coming here. Pickwick has promised me a visit.

AUNT R. But when, brother?

ISABEL. } Ah! when, papa?

EMILY. } Ah! when, papa?

WARD. Now—now directly.

AUNT R. Thank heaven! we shall at last have somebody else to visit us, besides the old clergyman and the Justice of the Peace.

WARD. I long to see my old friend Pickwick again. Joe—Joe! Confound that boy—he's asleep again! (*crosses to him*)

F. BOY. (*waking*) Yes, sir! Yaw-aw!

WARD. There, there—he's fit for nothing but to play the Somnambulist. He'll make a capital sleep-walker.

F. BOY. Yes, sir! Yaw-aw!

Enter WARDLE, PICKWICK, SNODGRASS, TUPMAN, WINKLE, and SAM, L.

WARD. Welcome, my dear friend Pickwick—welcome, gentlemen! Happy to see you all. Haven't forgotten you since I met you last winter at the club. Allow me to introduce you to my family. My daughters—my girls. My sister, too—Miss Rachel Wardle. She's a miss, though she's not amiss!

AUNT R. Lor, brother!

WARD. True, true; nobody can deny it. Very glad to see you all. I shan't lose sight of you now I've got you. Pickwick, my boy, I'll put the ladies under the charge of your friends. We're just going to meet a party that I've promised to join in rook shooting.

PICK. Rook shooting! My dear friend Wardle, that will be the very thing! My young friend Winkle here is an excellent rook-shooter—a most capital shot!

WINKLE. No, no!

PICK. You know you are. It's only his modesty.

WARD. Well, we'll try him. Joe—Joe! Confound that boy! he's gone to sleep again.

PICK. Very extraordinary boy, that. Does he always sleep in this way?

WARD. Sleep! He's never awake! Goes on errands fast asleep; dreams as he eats his dinner, and snores as he waits at table!

PICK. How very odd!

WARD. Ah, odd indeed! I'm proud of that boy; wouldn't part with him on any account; he's a natural curiosity. Have the goodness, somebody, to pinch him in the leg; nothing else wakes him.

SAM. Do it directly, sir; not a morsel of trouble. (*pinches*
FAT BOY)

F. BOY. Oh, lord!

SAM. Don't mention it. Quite welcome, I can assure you

WARD. Come, Pickwick—pair your friends and the girls.

PICK. With pleasure! Allow me. Miss Rachel Wardle—
 Mr. Tracy Tupman. (*introduces them*)

AUNT R. Oh, the dear man! Heigho! (*aside*) Oh, sir! (*as he takes her hand amatorily*)

TUP. Enchanting creatnre! (*they retire up the stage together*)

PICK. Miss Isabella Wardle—Mr. Nathaniel Winkle. (*introducing them*)

WINKLE. Happy to be introduced to so beautiful a preserve.
 (*they retire, making a set at each other*)

EMILY. (*aside*) Now comes my turn. I'm all in a twitter.

PICK. Miss Emily Wardle—Mr. Augustus Snodgrass; a
 very celebrated poet, Miss Emily, I can assure you. (*introducing them*)

SNOD. Ethereal vision of some brighter sphere—I joy in
 this fair greeting!

EMILY. (*aside*) How Byronish and romantic he looks!
 There is poetry in his very shirt-collar! (*they retire enthusiastically*)

PICK. Sam and my fat friend, you have been introduced to
 each other.

SAM. Yes; I gripped his calf; so we are on intimate
 terms—as the gnat said to the cow's tail. (**FAT BOY**
snores)

WARD. Well, now then, you all know one another; so that's
 as it should be.

AUNT R. Do you think my nieces pretty? (*to TUPMAN*)

TUP. I should if their aunt wasn't here.

AUNT R. Oh, you naughty man! But, really, if their complexions were a little better, don't you think they would be nice-looking girls by candle-light?

TUP. (*embarrassed*) Yes, I—I think they would.

AUNT R. Oh, you quiz! I know what you are going to say.
 You are going to say that Isabella stoops—I know you are.
 Well, she does stoop; and that Emily's a little too bold. Well,
 she is bold. But my dear brother don't see it; it would break
 his heart if he did.

ISABEL. (*aside to EMILY*) I'm sure aunt is talking about us—
 she looks so maliciously.

EMILY. Does she? I'll soon spoil her. Aunt—hem!—
 aunt!

AUNT R. Yes, my dear love!

EMILY. It will be late when we come; I'm so afraid you'll

catch cold, aunt. Have a silk handkerchief to tie round your dear old head; consider your age!

AUNT R. (*aside*) The spiteful puss!—before this gentleman, too. I could bite my tongue with vexation!

WARD. Come, let's be off—the rooks will be waiting for us; besides, we shall get a peep at the grand cricket match that's playing on the common behind the Blue Lion—All Muggleton against the Dingley Dellers.

WINKLE. Bravo! I dote on a cricket match.

WARD. Let's away. Joe! Confound that boy! he's asleep again. You'll follow with—What's the name of your man, Pickwick?

PICK. Weller—Samuel Weller.

WARD. You'll follow with Mr. Weller Pinch him when you want to wake him, Mr. Weller.

SAM. I'll take care, sir.

WARD. Well, now then!

SNOD. Allow me, fairest of created beings! (*offering his arm poetically*)

EMILY. (*aside*) Quite Miltonish and sublime, I declare. Oh, Augustus—heigho!

AUNT R. (*taking TUPMAN'S arm affectionately*) Heigho!

ISABEL. (*aside*) The little god has certainly started some game to-day. Heigho! (*taking WINKLE'S arm sportively*)

Exit WARDLE and PICKWICK, AUNT RACHEL and TUPMAN, EMILY and SNODGRASS, ISABELLA and WINKLE, L.

SAM. Vell, this is a queer start—this is. Now, young Twenty-stun, are you awake?

F. BOY. Yes. (*snores*)

SAM. You are as nice a specimen of a prize boy as ever seed.

F. BOY. Thankye! (*snores*)

SAM. You ain't got nothin' on your mind as makes you fret yourself—has you?

F. BOY. Not as I knows on. Yaw-aw!

SAM. I should rayther ha' thought, to look at you, that you vas labourin' under an unrequited attachment to some young 'ooman.

F. BOY. Not as I knows on. Yaw-aw!

SAM. Glad to hear it. Do you ever drink anything?

F. BOY. I likes eating better; ~~not~~ but what I'm fond of a drop of something, when it's good.

SAM. Vell, ve'll see vhat the next tap's made of—as the cooper said to the bung; and arter that, ve'll see vhat ve can do to frighten the rooks and astonish the crows a bit.

Song—SAM. Air, "Jim Crow."

Rooks and daws must look out when

Rook shooting, cockneys go,

For those who shoot at pigeons

Very often kills a crow.

Hop about and skip about

And jump jist so,

Keep for rooks a sharp look out—

Nor kill the crow !

Of all the birds that make a noise

There's no one like the crow,

He's mock'd by all the little boys,

Still as he does they do !

Vheel about and turn about

And jump jist so,

Laughing at their silly rout

He jumps Jim Crow.

Though he knows nothin' of the law,

My blessings on the crow ;

He never speaks without some cause,

All counsel can't say so !

Vheel about and turn, &c.

The daw's a rogue, most pliant,

As vell the rooks they know ;

The pigeon is the client,

While the lawyer is the crow.

Vheel about and turn, &c.,

'Tis true I can't sing younger,

But 'tis time that I should go,

For my friends, if I stay longer,

Vith me may pluck a crow.

Vheel about and turn, &c.

Exit, L.

SCENE THIRD.—*Room in the Blue Lion Inn, Muggleton.*

Enter JINGLE in flannel jacket and straw hat, followed by TROTTER, R.

JINGLE. Yes—introduced myself—you know my way—joined All Muggleton—spoiled Dingley Dell—second innings—thirty notches—flov'yd best batsman—capital long bowler—very !

TROT. Yes, you can draw the long bow well enough ; but what's your purpose in coming here ?

JINGLE. Tell ye directly—twinkling of an eye; party of Pickwickians—rare fellows—short memories—long purses ; met 'em in London—joined company—came to Rochester—too

good to part with—pluck 'em a little more—fall in with 'em here—go where they go—meet rich heiress—get married—take a theatre—turn manager—engage you—Dismal Jimmy—low comedy—make your fortune—capital spec—very !

TROT. I begin to perceive now, you'll want me as usual to be your confederate. If you only acted as well on the stage as off, you'd make an honest fortune, but as it is—

JINGLE. No moralizing; all twaddle, Job Trotter—beg pardon, Dismal Jimmy—low comedian, Hookem Snivey—my friend—great rascal—very !

TROT. Thankye—ulloa ! here's company coming.

JINGLE. Eh ! my pigeons—mustn't be seen together—exit hastily—take tizzy—*(gives money)* pipe and pint—find you in the tap—wait till called for—

TROT. Aye—aye !—I know my cue. *Exit TROTTER, R.*

Enter PICKWICK, WINKLE, SNODGRASS, WARDLE, and SAM, L.

PICK. Mr. Winkle, as my disciple and associate, I must say that any man who pretends to a knowledge of that which he don't understand, to the danger and detriment of human life, is wrong—decidedly wrong !

SAM. Only a slight mistake in the gen'lman, sir, though it was very unfortunate, certainly he only shot at a crow and wing'd a pigeon.

PICK. Wing'd a pigeon, Sam ? Nonsense, he had nearly killed my dear friend Tupman.

WARD. Well—well—he's only slightly hurt, so let's think no more about it—the success of the cricket match makes full amends for our failure in the rook shooting.

JINGLE. *(coming forward)* Now for it. *(aside)* Ah ! capital game cricket, sir—smart sport—fine exercise—very !

WARD. Eh ! who's this ?

PICK. *(recognizing him)* What ! my friend, Mr. Jingle !

JINGLE. Ah, Pickwick ! how are you ?—glad to see you—make yourself at home—glad to see you—very !

PICK. Allow me to introduce you to Mr. Wardle, a friend of mine.

JINGLE. Friend of yours ! my dear sir, how are you ? friend of my friend—give me your hand, sir ! shall be delighted to visit you—must dine together—and—

PICK. But how came you here, Mr. Jingle ?

JINGLE. Came ? Stopping at Crown, here, Muggleton—met a party—flannel jackets—white trousers—anchovy sandwiches—devilled kidneys—splendid fellows—glorious !—capital game, certainly—well played—well played—admirable strokes—very !

WARD. You've played, sir !

JINGLE. I should think I have—thousand of times !—not

here—West Indies—exciting sport—warm work—red hot—scorching—played a match once—friend of the colonel—Sir Thomas Blazo—single wicket—who should get most runs—won the toss—first innings—seven o'clock, a.m.—six natives to look out—went in—kept in—heat intense—natives all fainted—taken away—fresh half dozen ordered—fainted also—Blazo bowling—supported by two Sepoys—couldn't bowl me out—fainted too—cleared away the colonel—wouldn't give in—faithful attendant—Quanko Sambo—last man left—sun so hot—bat in blisters—ball scorched brown—five hundred and fifty runs—rather exhausted—Quanko mustered up last remaining strength—bowled me out—had a bath, and went home to dinner!

PICK. And what became of what's his name, sir?

JINGLE. Blazo?

WARD. No, the other gentleman!

JINGLE. Quanko Sambo. Poor Quanko—never recovered it—bowled on, on his own account—and bowled off on mine—died, sir!—died.

SAM. Yes, I think I attended his funeral.

JINGLE. But come, let's in to dining room—Dingley Dell treats All Muggleton—dev'lish good dinner—cold—but capital—peeped into the room this morning—fowls—pies—and that sort of thing—pleasant fellows—well behaved—very!

WARD. Aye, aye! and then we'll off to Manor Farm, take our friend with us, Pickwick.

JINGLE. Shall be delighted—very!—but must dine first—drink Dumkin's health—return thanks to Luffey!—Demos-thenes—Diogenes—Alexander—by Jove! (sings)

We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight does appear!

They all join in chorus and exeunt, L.

SAM. Yes. I wonder whether his mother had any more on 'em, they would have been shown as a phenomena, if she had. A reg'lar first prize medal—of brass—she'd a won at the hexibition.

Exit SAM, L.

SCENE FOURTH.—*Arbour and Garden of Manor Farm.*
Enter EMILY, ISABELLA and AUNT RACHEL, R., and FAT BOY,
staring very strangely, L.

EMILY. Eh! bless me! What's the matter? Joe seems much agitated—something very extraordinary and alarming must have happened to move him. For heaven's sake! Joe, what horrid event? (FAT BOY *yawns*)

ISABEL. No, no!—speak—tell us!

EMILY. Good heavens! I hope no accident?

AUNT R. Surely the dear man—tell me, Joe, I conjure you—what fatal—

F. BOY. Oh! mistress—mistress—dreadful news—he's kill'd—yaw-aw.

AUNT R.

ISABEL. } (severally) Mercy on us! Who? Speak! speak!

EMILY.

F. BOY. Mr.—Yaw-aw-aw!

AUNT R.

ISABEL. } (severally pulling and shaking FAT BOY) Distraction—agony and—despair!

EMILY.

Enter TUPMAN, his arm in a sling, L.

AUNT R. Ah, there's blood upon his arm—he's killed! (screams, faints, and is caught by FAT BOY, who falling asleep, almost lets her down)

EMILY. Aunt! aunt! throw some water over her, Joe.

AUNT R. (hysterically) No, no! I am better—is he wounded—is he dead—is he?—ha, ha! (to TUPMAN) Tell me, are you dead?

TUP. Touching sensibility—no—no—compose yourself, dearest madam—I pledge you my honour, I am not dead—only shot.

AUNT R. Through the heart?

EMILY. With an arrow? Oh, Cupid! Cupid!

TUP. No, no! in the arm, with a gun! Mr. Winkle mistook me for a rook, that was all.

AUNT R. Go for a surgeon!

TUP. Matchless affection—no—no—I'm only a little faint—a glass of negus and a sandwich is all I shall require to restore me.

EMILY. We will go and see it prepared for you instantly. Come, Isabella, let us leave the doves together for a short time—poor things—follow us, Joe.

Exit EMILY and ISABELLA, R.

F. BOY. (yawning) I'm a coming—they're always a saying I'm asleep.

Exit FAT BOY, yawning and snoring, R.

TUP. Oh, Miss Rachel! dear, enchanting, Miss Rachel! How can I repay you for the generous sympathy you've evinced on my behalf, all-powerful deity of Love!

AUNT R. Love!

TUP. Yes, angel of a woman!

AUNT R. Angel?

TUP. I repeat the term. I die for you!

AUNT R. Is your wound then worse?

TUP. No, no? Say but you love me.

AUNT R. What will my mother say?

TUP. Let us only consult ourselves—a post-chaise at midnight—an elopement—the Blue Lion, Muggleton!

AUNT R. An elopement! No, no, it is too rash a step. What would the world say?

TUP. We are our own world. Divinity! Enchantress!

AUNT R. Seductive man, I can't resist you—all-powerful passion must excuse me. (TUPMAN kneels, takes AUNT RACHEL'S hand and kisses it passionately)

Enter FAT BOY, R., unseen, gazes at them, and gives a loud snore, they both start—AUNT RACHEL screams.

AUNT R. Mercy on us! what's that?

TUP. Discovered!

Enter ISABELLA with negus, and EMILY, R.

ISABEL. Don't let us disturb you, aunt, I beg.

EMILY. We've only brought the sandwich and negus.

ISABEL. Hope you find yourself better—but I see you are. Ah! there's nothing like sympathy.

TUP. (aside) Curse that fat boy! But he can't have overheard our assignation.

ISABEL. We won't mention anything, if Joe don't.

EMILY. And I'm sure he won't—that is, if he knows it; only, unfortunately, he's a habit of talking in his sleep.

F. BOY. Yes, I talks in my sleep. (snores)

Enter PICKWICK, WARDLE, SNODGRASS, and WINKLE, intoxicated, attended by JINGLE and SAM, the latter supporting PICKWICK, JINGLE leading WARDLE, and SNODGRASS and WINKLE supporting one another, L.

Chorus.

We are na fou' yet—we are na fou' yet,

But just a wee drap in the e'e;

The cock may craw, the day may daw',

But, aye, we'll taste the barley bree!

SAM. Hold up, sir—hold up, sir!

ISABEL. Good heavens! Is anything the matter?

PICK. (hiccupping) Nothing's the matter. We—we're all right, ain't we?

SAM. Yes, sir, we're all right—and tight.

WARD. I should think so! My dears, here's Mr. Pickwick's friend, Mr. Jingle, come 'pon a little visit.

AUNT R. (aside, R.) Amazement! Who do I see—my long-lost, loved Lothario? Be still, my heart!

JINGLE. (aside, L.) What the devil!—my Lucretia Mactab, of Hookem Snivey—here's a turn-up—mum!

EMILY. (*aside*) Dear me—how very queer my Augustus looks. Is there anything the matter with Mr. Snodgrass?

JINGLE. Nothing the matter, ma'am. Cricket dinner—glorious party—capital songs—eloquent speeches—old port—claret—good, very good—wine, ma'am—wine!

(*sings*) “Bacchus, Bacchus, I adore thee!” (*dances*)

SNOD. It wasn't the wine, celestial creature; it was the salmon.

SAM. It's very odd—but when a gentleman gets tight, it somehow never is the vine as makes him so. They only wants forty vinks to be all right again. Young Kitchen-stuff here can show 'em the vay to a sophy.

WINKLE. I won't go to any sophy; I'll go out a tiger-shooting! Where are some young buffaloes?

SAM. (*pointing to FAT BOY*) Here's von, sir! (*FAT BOY snores*)

WINKLE. Let's have another bottle, Wardle. Lend me a dog, and I'll go out a bat-shooting. Didn't half shoot that old Tupman this morning.

AUNT R. Sanguinary monstér!

JINGLE. Dog—bat-shooting—dogs fine animals—sagacious creatures—dog of my own once—pointer—surprising instinct—out shooting one day—entering enclosure—whistled—no go—stock still—called him—“Ponto, Ponto!”—wouldn't move—stood transfixed—staring at a board—looked up—saw an inscription—“Gamekeeper ordered to shoot all dogs found in this enclosure!”—wouldn't go in—wonderful dog—valuable dog that—very!

ISABEL. You'd better lie down, Mr. Winkle.

WINKLE. I'll never lie down. (*falls down*)

WARD. Hurrah! Joe, attend to Mr. Winkle—confound that boy—he's—yaw—aw—asleep—asleep. (*sleeps and snores*)

FAT BOY snores—leads his master off, both snoring, R. U. E.

TUP. I'll be magnanimous; though he shot me in the morning—as he seems a dead man now—I'll take care of him.

ISABEL. Do, pray sir! It's only the fresh air.

TUPMAN picks WINKLE up, and leads him off, R.—he exclaiming, weeping—“Oh, if my mother did but know I was out!”

SNOD. (*hiccupping*) It wasn't the hare—'twas the salmon—it's got in my head—I must have some brandy to keep it down—more salmon—a little cold punch—nobody shall lead me—I feel the inspiration of the muse—oh, let me quaff the Heliconian fount—salmon—pickled salmon—a cock salmon. (*reels off, R.*)

EMILY. Dear Mr. Snodgrass! how particularly shocking.

SAM. How very happy they all are—and what's the odds so long as you're happy—now, gov'nor.

PICK. Hurrah! (*throws his spectacles down and dances*)

SAM. How very well he does it. Now, sir, if you please, for Bedfordshire!

PICK. I shall go by the coach!

SAM. (*taking him on his back*) Here you are, sir! outside place—all right behind, sir! (*carries off PICKWICK on his back, L.—he exclaiming*) Take care of the luggage!

AUNT R. What a terribly shocking scene!

EMILY. Young men are so soon led away—my papa and Mr. Pickwick should have known better.

ISABEL. (*to JINGLE*) Very disgusting—ain't it, sir?

JINGLE. Dreadful—dreadful—horrid spectacle—quite boys—haven't drank so much as I have by a bottle and a half—*(aside)* better go and look after 'em—must speak to old woman, here—*(aside)* do themselves a mischief perhaps.

EMILY. Heaven forbid! I mustn't lose a moment—come, Bella!

Exit ISABELA and EMILY, R.

JINGLE. *(aside)* Hem!—coast clear—good opportunity—very! Calista!

AUNT R. Lothario! Ha! (*they rush into each other's arms*) How is it I see you after so long an absence?

JINGLE. Faithless woman—driven to despair—left Hookem Snivey—Queen of Spain—major general—Spanish donna—old Bolero Fizgig's only daughter Christina—grandee—splendid creature—loved me to distraction—jealous father—high-souled daughter—handsome Englishwoman—Donna Christina in despair—prussic acid—stomach pump in portmanteau—operation performed—old Bolero in extacies—consent to our union—join hands—floods of tears—romantic story—very!

AUNT R. Oh, then you've proved false to your vows, as well as me—she lives?

JINGLE. No—no!—dead; never recovered the stomach pump—undermined the constitution—fell a victim—I am now free; take prussic acid—myself—perfidious, false Calista!

AUNT R. Oh, Lothario! never should I have yielded to Mr. Tupman, but for your absence.

JINGLE. *(aside)* Oh—oh!—the cat jumps that way—Tupman—the horrid reprobate—Giovanni the sixteenth—only wants your money—seven trials for bigamy—Poor Law Commissioners after him now—

AUNT R. Gracious heavens! and I've promised to elope with him to night. Oh, Lothario—Lothario! terrible situation—what shall I do?

JINGLE. Leave all to me—I'll save you yet—elope!

AUNT R. Elope!

JINGLE. Yes—a post chaise from the Blue Lion—my tiger shall manage all—Dismal Jimmy is in the kitchen—have got

Bleeding Nun's dress—make assignation—meet him in the garden—Joe there instead—lead him into horse pond—pop you in the meantime in the chaise—catch last train—off to London—get married—forgive—never do so any more—come say it is to be—it is—see it all—yielding eye, (*sings*)

In hurry post haste for a license,
In hurry ding dong I'll come back.

It's all settled—we shall be happy—very—very! one kiss!

AUNT R. I can refuse you nothing!

JINGLE. (*aside, as he's embracing*) Rum old girl—have her at last!

Enter FAT BOY, L.

F. BOY. (*aside*) Why, she was kissing t'other gentleman just now. Master will whop me for telling lies—swear I was dreaming. You are wanted in the kitchen, mister, for the revels. They've hung up the mistletoe.

JINGLE. (*aside*) I wish you were hung up. Coming directly—kiss 'em all—practising for it, now.

F. BOY. (*grinning*) Yes, I see!

JINGLE. Go to the devil with you! (*kicks FAT BOY off*) Now for Tupman—borrow ten pounds—arrange plans—carry off old girl—glorious idea—very—very! This way—this way!

Exeunt JINGLE and RACHEL, L.

SCENE FIFTH.—*Old English Servants' Hall, Manor Farm; large fire; mistletoe in the centre, &c.*

Enter SAM, surrounded by MARY SUMMERS and a group of SERVANT MAIDS, COUNTRY BUMPKINS, &c.

SAM. Now then, young vimmers, as Christmas comes but once a year, it's very meritorious that we should make the most of it. Oh! here comes master and the gentlefolks; they have woke up as fresh as daisies.

Enter WARDLE, PICKWICK, SNODGRASS, TUPMAN, WINKLE, JINGLE, AUNT RACHEL, ISABELLA, and EMILY, followed by FAT BOY, L.

WARD. The wine was rather strong, faith! but, thanks to sleep and soda-water, we're now all right again. Now, my boys, we're all ready for the revels!

ISABEL. Hope you feel no further ill effects from the salmon.

EMILY. Or the sauce—eh, sister?

SNOD. 'Twas a wild phantasma, lovely creature—imagination's airy trickery!

SAM. (*aside*) I could ha' sworn, now, as it vas the cold punch. Vhat a thing it is to be poetical.

JINGLE. (*aside to TUPMAN*) Mind what I've said—word to the wise—true friend—very!

TUP. You are—you are! Borrowed ten pounds of me just now; noble confidence! I trust all to you!

JINGLE. You can't do better—have your order for the post-chaise—all right—settled everything—got all in readiness? In the midst of the dance I'll steal out—prepare matters—old girl will follow—you wait a few moments—then steal after her—find her waiting at door—off with you—she knows private outlet—mind, not a word to your Venus before company—fat boy has seen you—spoil everything.

TUP. My dear friend, I'll take care. I burn with all the impatience of ardour and passion!

JINGLE. Mum!

WARD. What are we waiting for? 'Tis time our revelry commenced. According to the good old custom in our family from time immemorial, every one must enjoy themselves tonight—high and low—rich and poor—master and servants. Bring in the wassail bowl.

Enter two SERVANTS, bringing in wassail bowl.

PICK. A noble sight! Why should such generous customs—the fount of hospitality, the glory of old England—ever be suffered to decay!

WARD. Bravo, bravo! Let it go round; and to encourage you to drink deeply, friends, I'll give "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!"

SAM. And very proper. Now then, boys, three cheers—good vons; take 'em from me.

OMNES. (*led by SAM*) Hurrah—hurrah—hurrah!

SAM. A little von in—as Wellington said when he sprung the mine in the town, and blowed up the citadel. Von cheer more!

OMNES. Hurrah! (*the wassail bowl is sent round—All drink—SAM, à la Jobson, gets double allowance*)

Song and Chorus, WARDLE and OMNES.—Air, Old English Gentleman.

I love the good old customs, and the good old times revere,
When the good old hospitality at Christmas time would cheer,
With good plum-pudding, and roast beef, and humming nut-brown beer,

The hearts of all the poor around for more than half a year;
Like a good old English gentleman, all of the olden time!

Like a good old English, &c.

I love the good old Christmas fires, round which still passed
 the joke,
 The good old Christmas carols, that of peace and joy still
 spoke,
 The good old Christmas-boxes, that still lighten'd labour's
 yoke,
 And the good old Christmas garnish—the holly and the oak;
 Like a good old English gentleman, all of the olden time!
 Like a good old English, &c.

(*storm—wind and rain*)

WARD. Eh! what's that—the wind rising? A drift of snow falling, too! This is as it should be. Let the wassail bowl go round; to the girls we love; and then, hey for the mistletoe!

AUNT R. (*aside*) I'm all in a tremble! This mistletoe is so very awful; it does put such thoughts into one's head, especially when one's on the very eve of an elopement. Innocence preserve me! I dare not look at Mr. Tupman. Oh, Lothario, Lothario!

EMILY. (*aside to ISABELLA*) But how are we to get him under the mistletoe?

ISABEL. I'll drop my handkerchief. You know his gallantry. (*ISABELLA walks under the mistletoe, and drops her handkerchief*)

PICK. You've dropped something, Miss Bella. Allow me. (*advancing under mistletoe—ISABELLA, EMILY, and MAIDS suddenly surround him, and begin kissing him under the mistletoe, one after the other—he struggles—ALL laugh*)

WARD. The baggages! Fairly caught, by Jove, Pickwick!

SNOD. Orpheus with the Thracian maids!

TUP. Interesting situation! I hope they won't serve me so; nature couldn't support it.

SAM. I shouldn't mind being served that vay every day in the week, Sundays included—as the sick man said when he took the treacle-posset.

WARD. But come, girls, start off the Mistletoe Dance.

(*Mistletoe Kissing Dance—WARDLE and AUNT RACHEL lead off, kiss under mistletoe, followed by WINKLE and ISABELLA, SNODGRASS and EMILY, PICKWICK and JINGLE, SAM and the other MEN, with the MAIDS, &c.—during the progress of the dance, JINGLE slips away, followed by AUNT RACHEL, and afterwards by TUPMAN—the dance is finished by SAM, in the enthusiasm of the moment, kissing the MAIDS all round, amidst general shrieks*)

Enter FAT BOY, L., followed by CONSTABLES, with TUPMAN, and TROTTER, in female dress, covered with large mantle.

F. BOY. I've kottedch 'em. The lovyers were just getting over the garden wall.

WARD. Caught who?

F. BOY. The old gentleman here, and Miss Rachel. You can't say I'm not awake now, master! (*sneezes, and falls asleep*)

WARD. What the devil! Tupman and my sister? Why, you hussy, at your age—well may you hide your face! Uncloak the brazen baggage!

SAM. I'll do that, sir. Now, ma'am, you must diskiver yourself, if you please!—as the telescope said to the dog-star. (*pulls off mantle, and discovers TROTTER*)

WARD. What the devil! Mr. Jingle's servant! Confound that fat boy! Let me get at him; I'll murder him—the villain!

Enter LANDLORD of the Blue Lion, L.

LANDLORD. Bad news, squire--but it warn't my fault—tried to stop 'em, but couldn't—strange gentleman came from your house to the Lion—got t'other strange gentleman's post-chaise that he'd ordered, and rode off with Miss Rachel.

WARD. Confound me, if it ain't Jingle!

TUP. Treacherous, faithless woman!

SAM. Wery bad, sir! carrying off your sweetheart!

TUP. That's not all, he's carried off my ten pounds too. But I'll be revenged; I'll pursue him—serve him with a copy of a writ!

EMILY. } ISABEL. } Love will have its way, papa, with young folks!

WARD. Love the devil! the old tabby. I'll pursue. Will no one go with me?

PICK. I will, for the honour of the Pickwickians!

SAM. And I will, 'cause it's my duty, as the soldier said ven he vent to be shot at for sixpence a day!

SAM equips PICKWICK for travelling with shawl, &c., and FAT BOY gives WARDLE gun as drop falls.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*Apartments in Mr. Pickwick's Lodgings at Mrs. Bardell's, Goswell Street Road.*

SAM discovered, putting room to rights.

SAM. (*singing*)

Home, home, I'm glad we are at home,
Be it never so numble, there's no place like home.

Not but what this is a comfortable crib, enough, now the governor's in it—as the spider said of his web, when the blue bottle took his first floor. I dare say old mother Bardell is glad enough he's returned. (*singing*)

For there's no luck about the house,
No luck by night or day,
There is no luck about the house,
When the governor's away!

Enter PICKWICK, L.

PICK. You are merry, Sam.

SAM. It's only a propensity I have, sir—as the cricket said when he chirruped—born with me.

PICK. I am not at all displeased, Sam, to find myself once more at home, after all our fatigues and anxiety—that vagabond Jingle, to extort one hundred and fifty pounds before he'd resign the foolish infatuated woman. But I'll expose the villain wherever I meet him.

SAM. She was certainly very fatuated with him, for such a thin un, sir!

PICK. You must have seen a great deal of the world, Sam, from the sharpness of your remark.

SAM. Yes, I worn't always a Boots, sir, I was a vagginner's boy, vunce.

PICK. When was that, Sam?

SAM. Ven I was first pitched, neck and crop into the world, to play at leap-frog with its troubles. I was a carrier's boy at startin—then a vagginner's—then a helper—then a Boots—now I'm a gentleman's servant—I shall be a gentleman myself, von of these days—with a pipe in my mouth, and a summer-house in the back garden—who knows—I shouldn't be surprised for von.

PICK. You are quite a philosopher, Sam.

SAM. Yes, sir,—all my generation vere,—my father's worry much in that line, now! If my mother-in-law blows him up, he vistles—when she flies in a passion and breaks his pipe, he

goes out and fetches another—then she screams werry loud, and falls into 'sterics,—and he smokes werry comfortable till she comes too again. That's philosophy, sir, ain't it?

PICK. A very good substitute for it, at all events. But Sam, I'm rather hungry, ask Mrs. Bardell what she has got for dinner?

SAM. I seed a prime looking weal pie, on the dresser, sir,

PICK. Veal pie, Sam, is an excellent thing.

SAM. Werry, sir, especially when one knows what it's made of.

PICK. Made of, Sam? Why what should it be made of, Sam, but calves' flesh?

SAM. Bless your simple heart! Vy, I lived at a pie shop once.

PICK. Well?

SAM. One day I says to him, "What a number of cats you do keep!" said I. "Ah," says he, "I do, a good many." "You're werry fond of cats," says I. "Not particklar," says he, "but hother people is, but they ain't in season till the winter." "Not in season?" says I. "No," says he, "fruits is in, and cats is out." "What d'ye mean?" says I. "Mean," says he, "that I'll never be a party to the combination of butchers, to keep up the price of meat.—Mr. Weller," says he, pointing to a werry nice tabby kitten, "all my savoury weal pies is made o' them there noble hanimals."

PICK. Sam, I have no hesitation in saying that veal is a meat I'm not remarkably partial to. But now to business—you must go to the George and Vulture, and summon my associates here directly, then I'll instruct you further.

SAM. I'll be off directly, sir, (*crosses to, L.*) as the coach veel said to the axletree. If I only suit my place as vell as my place suits me, ve'll be like the tailor's scissors, ve'll only part to meet again—as the billy doos say! I don't know vether I'm to be a footman, or a groom, or a gamekeeper, or a seedsman. I looks like a sort of compo of every von on 'em,—never mind, there's change of air, plenty to see, and little to do, and all this suits my complaint, uncommon—so long life to the Pickwickians, say I!

Exit SAM, L.

PICK. A very honest fellow that; but apropos, I have never told my landlady, Mrs. Bardell, that I have taken him into my service, she may have some objection to his being in the house, I must break it out to her by degrees, let me do it *at once*. Mrs. Bardell, Mrs. Bardell! (*calls at door, R.*)

Enter MRS. BARDELL, R.

MRS. BARDELL. (*curtseying*) Yes, sir! oh, if my lonely widowhood was but cheered by such a comforter—(*aside*) his income would be so very convenient,

PICK. Ahem! ahem! I've a question to ask you, my dear Mrs. Bardell? Pray be seated. (*they sit*)

MRS. B. A question! (*aside*) La, sir, what can he mean? How my heart bumps.

PICK. Do you think it a much greater expense to keep two people than to keep one?

MRS. B. Bless his dear spectacles! why he's surely never going to— (*aside*) La, sir, what an idea!

PICK. Well, but do you, Mrs. Bardell?

MRS. B. He's certainly going to pop the question, mercy on me. (*aside*) Ahem! that depends a great deal upon whether the person's a careful and saving person, you know, sir.

PICK. That's very true, but the person I have in my eye! (*looking at Mrs. BARDELL*) I think possesses these qualities, and has, moreover a considerable knowledge of the world, Mrs. Bardell, which may be of material use to me.

MRS. B. La, Mr. Pickwick! (*aside*) He certainly means to propose.

PICK. 'Tis fact I assure you, and to tell you the truth, I've made up my mind!

MRS. B. You don't say so, sir.

PICK. You'll think it very strange that I never consulted you about this matter, but tell me, what is your opinion?

MRS. B. Unhoped-for happiness! I certainly must faint presently—it will be but proper. (*aside*) Oh, oh, Mr. Pickwick, you're very kind, sir.

PICK. I'm glad she doesn't make any objection. (*aside*) When I am in Town, you'll always have somebody to sit with you—so you will—

MRS. B. I could worship his very gaiters, I'm sure I ought to be a very happy woman. (*aside*)

PICK. And your little boy—he too, will have a companion, Mrs. Bardell, a lively one, who'll teach him, I'll be bound, more tricks in a week than he would ever learn in a year, else.

MRS. B. Oh, you duck! (*PICKWICK starts*) Oh, you kind, good, playful dear; I can resist no longer. (*throws her arms round PICKWICK's neck*)

PICK. Bless my soul! Mrs. Bardell—my good woman! dear me, what a situation!—pray consider, Mrs. Bardell; don't, if any one should come!

MRS. B. (*passionately*) Oh, let them come! (*aside*) Now will be a good time to faint. This will repay me for all my Alfred's treachery.

PICK. Mercy on me! I hear somebody coming up the stairs. Don't--don't—there's a good creature—don't!

MRS. B. Ha! (*faints in PICKWICK's arms*)

*Enter SAM, followed by TUPMAN, SNODGRASS, and WINKLE, L.
they all stand amazed.*

SAM. I beg pardon, sir! Wery sorry to disturb you; didn't know you vas engaged.

TUP. Susceptible situation!

WINKLE. Wouldn't have spoilt sport by any means, if I had known.

SNOD. What, in the name of all created mysteries, means this?

PICK. Ah! what indeed? Sam, lead this woman downstairs.

SAM. Anything but carry her, sir. Now, ma'am.

MRS. B. Oh, I'm better now. I'm very much obliged to you. (*aside*) Bashful creature!—doesn't want to let his friends know.

SAM. Lean on my arm, ma'am—as light as you can, if you please, and I'll see you downstairs.

MRS. B. Thank you, sir—thank you! I shall have the happiness of being a wife once more, after all! (*aside*) Beloved Pickwick! Adieu, love!

Exit MRS. BARDELL, led off by SAM, R.

PICK. I cannot conceive what has been the matter with that woman. I merely announced to her my intention of keeping a man-servant, when she fell into the singular paroxysm in which you found her. Very extraordinary thing!

SNOD. (*sarcastically*) Very!

PICK. Placed me in such an extremely awkward situation.

WINKLE. (*pointedly*) Oh, very!

TUP. It's very natural; man must love. Oh, Rachel! Heigho!

Re-enter SAM, R.

SAM. I've got her safe downstairs, sir. She's had a powerful pull at her own private brandy-bottle, and is all right now. I vos so very much affected, I declare I vos obliged to take a dose of the same physic.

PICK. Enough—enough, Sam! I've summoned you here, my dear friends and colleagues, to attend me in an expedition to Eatanswill; the popular candidate for which is my friend. I've promised to nominate him. You must accompany me; we should not do our duty if we missed being present at a scene so animating to every Englishman.

SNOD. We will go with you. Are you not our leader—our illustrious leader?

PICK. You, too, my dear coadjutors—Snodgrass and Winkle—will meet the girls of your hearts. Wardle is a freeholder. He will attend to give his vote, and no doubt he will treat his daughters with a view of the proceedings.

SNOD. Oh, my adorable Emily! We'll all of us go. Let us set out this very moment.

PICK. Well said! Sam, get a cab.

SAM. Go directly, sir. This is quvite in unison!—as the oyster said to the rump-steak. I'll go and hook a four-wheeler directly.

Exit SAM, L.

PICK. Ha, ha! Now then, for Britons' birthright—our country, our charter, Eatenswill, and freedom! Onwards, Pickwickians! (*begins song, the others join in chorus, "Rule Britannia, &c."*)

Exeunt OMNES, L.

SCENE SECOND.—*Tap Room in the Town Arms Inn.*

Enter SAM, R., smoking a pipe with pot in his hand.

SAM. Well, here I am, all in good time—my very wenerable old father appointed me to meet him here, he vas to come arter he'd put up his horses, and have a little bit of cackle over old family affairs. I don't like to puff my yard of clay in my own company, as it vere; pewter don't relish half so well, ven von ain't got a pal, to bite his name in it as vell as vonself—But stop—I'm magging too fast, for here he is.

Enter OLD WELLER, L.

WELL. Vell, Samivel, here I am agin—got to the end of my stage—put up my prads, and come back here to have a little comfortable talk with you; it is quvite a hointment for the eyes, to see you—vy I ain't seed you for two years and better.

SAM. No more you have, old feller; but come, you must have a bit of veed, and moisten your thorax out of this ere tankard; it vill make your throat work all the easier, nothing like vaterin the roads—here, Tom Pots, (*calling*) bring a brosely here.

Enter POT BOY, with pipe, R.

That'll do, Tommy; I'll owe you for it.

Exit POT BOY, after putting forward a table and chairs.

SAM. Now, then, Mr. Weller, senior, ve're on equal terms, so ve can fire away; but stay, first take a pull at this ere home-brew'd.

WELL. Here's tovards your very good health, Samivel.

SAM. Thankye! Let me illuminate you. (*WELLER lights pipe by SAM's, and begins smoking*) I quvite forgot, old codger, to ax you about mother-in-law. How is she?

WELL. Vy, I tell you what, Sammy; there never vas a nicer ooman—as a vidder—than that 'ere second wenture o' mine! A sweet creeter she vas, Sammy; and all I can say on now is,

that as she vas sich an unkimmon pleasant vidder, it's a great pity she ever changed her condition. She don't act as a wife, Sammy.

SAM. Don't she, though?

WELL. Vhat d'ye think she did, t'other day?

SAM. Don't know. Vhat?

WELL. Vy, blow me if she didn't go and get up a tea-drinking party for a feller they calls the Shepherd—yon of those fellers that provides the infant niggers in the Ves' Ingess with flannel veskits and moral pocket-handkerchiefs. I vas a-standin' starin' in at the picture shop, down at our place, when I sees a little bill about it—"Tickets, half-a-crown. All applications to be made to the Committee-secretary, Mrs. Veller." And when I got home, there vas the Committee, sittin' in our back parlour, all a-passin' resolutions and wotin' supplies; when, expecting to see all sorts of games, I vas gammoned to put my name down for a ticket, and at six o'clock on Friday evening I goes vith the old ooman, and walks up into a first-floor, where there vas tea-things for thirty. Presently in comes a fat chap, in black, with a great white face and a red nose, smiling away like clockwork, and cries, "Here's the Shepherd come a-wisitin' his faithful flock!" and then round went the kiss of peace.

SAM. That is to say, a kiss apiece, I s'pose. Vell, that vasn't so much amiss!

WELL. So I thought. Vell, arter that comes the tea. I vish you could ha' seed the Shepherd walking into the ham and muffins, Sammy! Then he began to preach, and looking very hard at me, holloas out, "Vhere's the sinner? Vhere's the miserable sinner?" Whereupon, my blood being up, as he wouldn't make any apology, but calls me a vessel of wrath, I lends him two or three farthings for himself, vith a little 'un in for his deputy, and walks quietly off.

SAM. And very proper. Mend your draught.

WELL. Confound him! Mornin', noon, and night is he drinkin' pineapple rum-and-vater vith your mother-in-law, in the "Markiss o' Granby." Capital hand at accounts he is, Sam; borrows eighteenpence on Monday, and comes on Tuesday for a shilling, to make it half-a-crown; calls ag'in on Wednesday for another half-a-crown, to make it five shillings, and goes on a-doubling, till he gets it up to a five-pound-note in no time!

SAM. And you let's him? (*knocking the ashes out of his pipe*) I am ashamed on you, old Two-for-his-heels.

WELL. Vy, vhat can I do? I am a married man, Samivel—yes, a married man!—and ven you are married, Samivel, you'll understand a good many things as you don't understand

now, but vether it's worth while going through so much to larn so little, is a matter of taste—I don't think it is.

SAM. I can't say, for I ain't tried; but, come, the pot's out and so is my pipe.

WELL. Vell then, I'll bid you good-bye, Samivel, ve shall meet agin in Lunnon—"Belle Sauvage" tap—you must come and see us at the Markis o' Granby, Samivel.

SAM. Aye-aye! ta-ta, old boy, till ve meets agin. All I've got to say, is this 'ere, if I vas the properiator of the Markis o' Granby, and that 'ere Shepherd came looking after my lamb or mutton, vhatver you call it, I'd pison his rum and water, that's all.

WELL. No, vould you really—vould you though?

SAM. I vould! but I vouldn't be too hard upon him at first. I'd jist drop him in the vater butt and put the lid on, and then if I found he vas insensible to kindness, I'd try t'other persvasion.

WELL. You're your father's own boy, Samivel, and I'll contemplate the notion all the vay as I drives up to Lunnon, so ta-ta!

Exit WELLER and SAM, L.—Pot Boy clears stage and exit.

SCENE THIRD.—*Hustings and polling booths, at Eatanswill. Fizkin's division, L., ornamented with red ribbons; buff flags, with inscriptions, "Fizkin for ever!" "Church and State," &c.; Slumkey's division, R., ornamented with blue ribbons, and flags, inscribed, "Slumkey for ever!" "Liberty of the Press!" &c.; place in centre for MAYOR.*

DRUNKEN LIBERAL, MATCHSELLER, BALLAD SINGER, and VOTERS—*Blue and Buff VOTERS, with their colours, discovered shouting and huzzaing—some crying "Slumkey for ever!" others "Fizkin for ever!" "No Slumkey!" "No Fizkin!" &c.*

DRUNKEN LIBERAL. I'm for uniwersal suffering! Slumkey for ever! Fizkin for ever! Blue for ever! Everybody for ever!

BALLAD SINGER. That's jist my politics. I'm all for 'armony, triangular parlyments, and wote by ballad, though I does sing songs agin the hopposition.

VOTERS. (*tumultuously and severally*) Slumkey for ever! Fizkin for ever! No Slumkey, &c.

Enter TROTTER, with red favours, R.

TROT. Patriotic rogues; but what are you wasting your time waiting here for? Don't you know that the election

won't begin this half-hour, and that the generous Fizkin, our noble red candidate, has just open'd all the public houses, free, gratis, and for nothing.

OMNES. Hurrah! Fizkin for ever!

Exeunt DRUNKEN LIBERAL, BALLAD SINGER, MATCH-SELLER, VOTERS, &c., tumultuously, R.

TROT. There certainly never was such a clever rogue as that Jingle. One hundred and fifty pounds for not keeping an old harridan that any one else would have given a hundred and fifty to have got rid of; he has set up gentleman with the plunder, has turn'd politician, and has managed to become head committeeman to Horatio Fizkin, Esq., of Fizkin Lodge, the aristocratic candidate. Eh! talk of the devil and he'll appear, they say.

Enter JINGLE, L., decorated with large red favours.

Well, Jingle, how do you get on?

JINGLE. Capital, very; opened public houses—Goat in Boots—Cat in Pattens—Hog in Armour; only left Slumkey beer shops—famous move that, very—not all though—last night got up tea party—voters' wives, forty-five—served up green parasols, seven and sixpence each—one apiece—parting present—great effect—got votes—all their husbands—half their brothers—beats flannel—ribbons—stockings—wet or dry—can't go out, High Street—green parasols—half a dozen—politic—wasn't it—very!

TROT. It was indeed! But what do you intend next?

JINGLE. Red Book—Pension List—sinecure—Government—valuable services—Home Department—Privy Council—who knows—pleasant—ain't it?—very—right too—very.

TROT. Why, I dare say you'll have done as much to deserve a pension as most of the people that have one.

JINGLE. Sharp remark, very—can't applaud—haven't time—Fizkin waiting—Rose and Crown—going for him—nominee—famous speech—shorthand writers—sadly puzzled—can't remember—great advantage—follow me—Master Fizkin—good fellow, purse immense—large as fish-net—must be lightened—proper—needful—very—ain't it—very.

TROT. Oh, very proper. I'll be off with you directly—capital gag—this way—this way, captain.

JINGLE. Fitzroy—travelling name—just the thing—imposing—ain't it—very—very—very! *Exit JINGLE and TROTTER, R.*

Enter WARDLE, WINKLE and SNODGRASS, L.

WARD. Come along—come along—rare bustling scene—faith!—but where the devil is Pickwick?

WINKLE. Heading the Honorable Mr. Slumkey's committee

my dear sir; but here comes his squire, Mr. Weller; now we shall know all the news.

Enter SAM, ornamented with large blue favours, L.

WARD. Your servant, Mr. Weller, how are you getting on—all alive—eh?

SAM. Yes, sir, and kicking! quite a reg'lar game—there's a whole mob o' woters round the Town Arms—bawling like mad already.

WARD. Do they seem devoted to the popular candidate?

SAM. Never seed such devotion in my life, sir! I never seed men eat and drink so much afore—I wonder they arn't afeard of burstin'.

WARD. Fine fresh hearty fellows, no doubt!

SAM. Very fresh, sir,—me and the two waiters has jist been pumping on all of 'em!

WARD. Pumping on them!

SAM. Yes, sir! They supped there last night, and every man slept where he fell down, so ve dragged 'em out von by von and put 'em under the pump, and they're all in reg'lar fine wotin order now. (*hurraing heard without*) But look out, sir, look out, here comes our party—here comes the governor—Slumkey for ever! (*MOB outside hurrah—Music*)

Enter in procession, PICKWICK, the honourable MR. SLUMKEY, of Slumkey Hall, TUPMAN, DRUNKEN LIBERAL, and SLUMKEY'S PARTY, male and female, with blue favours, &c., L.—PICKWICK and SLUMKEY ascend hustings; HORATIO FIZKIN, ESQ., MAYOR, CRIER, JINGLE, TROTTER, and their PARTY, with red favours, enter, R.; MAYOR and CRIER take centre place; FIZKIN and JINGLE ascend hustings, L.; JOB TROTTER and SAM head their respective parties on each side, who shout vigorously, pushing each other about, "Slumkey for ever," "Fizkin for ever," "No Slumkey," "No Fizkin," &c., &c.; CRIER rings bell.

CRIER. (*ringing bell*) Silence! order! Hear! hear!

D. LIBERAL. Success to the mayor, and may he never forget the nail and saucepan business as he got his money by—that's my sentiments.

CRIER. (*ringing bell*) Silence!

MAYOR. Gentlemen!

MATCHSELLER. Vell, ve hears you—get on.

MAYOR. Worthy and independent electors of Eatanswill—we are met here to-day to choose a fit and proper representative to represent this ancient and loyal borough!

(SAM, TROTTER, and their two PARTIES tumultuously, "Slumkey for ever," "Fizkin for ever," &c., &c.)

CRIER. (*ringing bell*) Silence! Silence!

MATCHSELLER. (*throwing dead cat at CRIER*) There's a plumper for you.

MAYOR. Order! order! or I'll commit the whole of you.

BALLAD SINGER. I thinks you said commit!

PICK. (*on hustings*) Gentlemen!

SAM. Hear, hear, hear! Silence for the gov'nor.

PICK. Gentlemen—allow me to propose, as your representative, the Honorable Simon Slumkey, of Slumkey Hall.

SAM and BLUES. Hurrah! Slumkey for ever!

JINGLE. (*also on hustings*) Allow me, gentleman—

TROT. Hurrah! Silence for Captain Fitztory!

PICK. (*aside*) Captain Fitztory! why, hang me, if it isn't that scoundrel Jingle disguised in a new coat.

JINGLE. Gentlemen! Electors! Eatanswill—propose friend—Horatio Fizkin, Esq., Fizkin Lodge—representative—loyal borough—fit and proper—very—

SAM. Over the left!

TROTTER and PARTY. Hurrah! Fizkin for ever!

SAM and PARTY. No Fizkin! Slumkey for ever!

CRIER. (*ringin' bell*) Silence! Silence!

MAYOR. Show of hands—Honourable Slumkey.

SAM. I'll hold up both hands. (*SAM and BLUES hold up hands for SLUMKEY*)

MAYOR. Horatio Fizkin, Esq.

SAM. And a rum von to look at he is!

TROT. Hurrah! Now boys. (*BUFFS hold up hands for FIZKIN*)

MAYOR. Show of hands in favour of Slumkey.

SAM and PARTY. Hurrah! Slumkey for ever!

JINGLE. Quite a mistake—demand poll—show favour—not hands—all Fizkinite—Mayor partial—stupid—very—clear case—very—very!

MAYOR. Gentlemen, the poll is open.

SAM. How can that be, ven nobody's head ain't broke, and ve ain't split wotes. (*ELECTORS commence polling—MAYOR, CRIER, &c. taking votes—WARDLE votes—DRUNKEN LIBERAL votes on both sides*)

PICK. Friends, as a fellow countryman—

MATCHSELLER. How can you be a countryman, when you're a Lunnener?

SAM. Hear, hear! for Mr. Pickwick!

BALLAD SINGER. Aye, hear for Mr. Picnic!

PICK. If you'd have meat for asking for—bread for nothing, and beer for less, vote for Slumkey!

SAM and BLUES. Hurrah! Slumkey for ever!

JINGLE. All humbug—vote for Fizkin. Noble fellow!—glorious constitution—Magna Charta—bills of rights—trial by

jury—wooden walls—Englishman's birthright! Make no pledges!

SAM. No, no! they're all up the spout!

JINGLE. Fizkin, Britain's boast; take care of all your property.

SAM. Don't you wish you may get it?

TROT. Order, order!—hear Captain Fitztory,

JINGLE. Vote for Fizkin, lots of mock-turtle—champagne by pailsful—give 'em you for nothing, and pay you for taking 'em away. Every man have a house—out of town—acre of garden—no rent to pay—free railway ticket—pleasant, very!

Four hours' work, twelve hours' pay,

And eight hours' sleep—to make up the day.

TROT, and BUFFS. Hurrah! Fizkin for ever!

SAM. (*twigs JINGLE bribing VOTERS*) Ulloa! there's that 'ere chap being guilty of corruption—bribery—bribery!

PICK. The scoundrel! I object to those votes being received. Mr. Fizkin is deceived, that fellow is an impostor.

SAM. Yes, place 'em all to our side—they belong to our side!

CRIER. (*ringing bell*) Silence, silence, silence!

MAYOR. Gentlemen, the poll is closed. The numbers are: Slumkey, ninety-eight!

SAM and BLUES. Hurrah! Slumkey for ever!

MAYOR. Fizkin, forty five; majority for Slumkey, fifty-three. The Honorable Simon Slumkey is therefore duly elected.

SAM. Hurrah!—chair him—cheer him—chair him!

FIZKIN and PARTY sneak down to the front to the air of "Oh, dear, what can the matter be," amidst groans of SAM, &c., and exit—chair is brought on, SLUMKEY, PICKWICK, MAYOR, TUPMAN and PARTY come down to the air of "See the Conquering Hero comes"—SAM shouting and capering about runs against TROTTER—a concussion takes place, which leads to a general combat between BLUES and BUFFS in which PICKWICK and SLUMKEY get upset, general confusion, and

ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.—*Common Room in the Great White Horse Inn, Ipswich; tables, chairs, writing materials, &c.*

PICKWICK discovered.

PICK. Well, here I am in the Great White Horse at Ipswich. How do we know who he may deceive next. I've got a clue to that rascal, Jingle, and I'll expose him everywhere.

Enter SAM and OLD WELLER, L.

PICK. Well, now, Sam?

SAM. Beg your pardon, sir, but the old un here wants to know if he's to book you for town to-morrow?

PICK. Not till I have discovered this abandoned Jingle, Sam, if I stay here for a century.

SAM. Vell, you knows best, sir, 'cause you lived the longest, as the girl said to old Parr when he axed her if she thought living single vas good for the health.

WELL. I could have answered him at once, Samivel, for I've been married—yes, I've done it once too often, Sammy; take example from your father, and be merry careful o' vidders all your life, specially if they've kept a public house, Sammy. Beg your pardon, sir, I hope nothing personal—I hope you ain't got a vidder.

PICK. Don't mention it, my good friend, my trouble is because I won't have one. That cursed Mrs. Bardell! A couple of roguish lawyers, of the Jewish tribe, have got hold of her and persuaded her to commence proceedings for breach of promise of marriage. Such rascals flourish by bringing actions at will and without cause against whom they please. If they win, they plunder the victim of damages and heavy costs—if they lose, they pay nothing, but leave the sufferer to bear his own expences without redress or remedy; and that is the law of England!

WELL. I vish them lawyers ver obligated to marry a vidder a piece. But I beg your pardon, sir, I forgot to speak to you about my son. I hope you've no fault to find with Sammy.

PICK. None, whatever.

WELL. Werry glad to hear it, sir. I took a good deal o' pains with his eddication, sir—let him run in the streets when

he vas very young, and shift for hisself—it's the only way to make a boy sharp, sir.

PICK. Won't you take anything, Mr. Weller.

WELL. You're very good. Perhaps a small glass of brandy, just to drink success to Sammy, vouldn't be amiss.

PICK. (calling) A small glass of brandy here, waiter!

Enter WAITER with brandy, and exits.

SAM. Take care, old fellow, or you'll have a touch of your old complaint, the gout, again.

WELL. I've found a sovereign a cure for that, Sammy. (*bolting the brandy*)

PICK. A sovereign cure for the gout, eh! I must note that down for the club. (*takes out a note book*) What is it?

WELL. Vy, this, sir—the gout is a complaint that arises from too much ease and comfort; if ever you're attacked with the gout, sir, jist marry a vidder, as has got a loud voice, with a decent notion o' usin' it; and you'll never have the gout again; it's a capital prescription, sir, I takes it reg'lar, and can warrant it to drive away any illness as is caused by too much jollity.

SAM. You're a perfect victim of connubiality, father--as Blue Beard's domestic chaplain said, with a tear of pity, when he buried him.

PICK. Ha, ha, ha! (*laughs*) It's rather a novel receipt, certainly; but I must go and join my friends. I must wish you good-bye, Mr. Weller, hope you'll have a speedy alleviation of your domestic grievances.

WELL. That's past hopin' for, Sammy, that only rests with the undertaker; but what's that letter you're twidling about in your hand, Sammy? Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, eh?

WELL. Exit, R.

SAM. Vy, to tell you the truth, I've bin a writin'!

WELL. Not to any young ooman I hopes, Sammy?

SAM. Vell, it ain't no use a sayin' it ain't—it's a walentine.

WELL. A walentine? Vhat arter the varnin' you've had o' your father's wicious perpensities—arter all I said to you on this 'ere very subject—arter actuually seein' and bein' in the company o' your mother-in-law, vich I should ha' thought vas a moral lesson as no man cou'd ever ha' forgotten to his dying day. I didn't think you cou'd ha' done it, Sammy! (*puts handkerchief to his eyes*)

SAM. What's the matter now?

WELL. Never mind, Sammy, it vill be a very agonizin' trial to me at my time o' life—but I'm pretty tough, that's von consolation—as the very old turkey remarked when the farmer

said he vas afear'd he shou'd be obliged to kill him for the Lunnon Market.

SAM. Vot'll be a trial, old Double wicket?

WELL. To see you married—to see you a deluded victim, and thinkin' in your innocence, that's all very capital. It's a dreadful trial to a father's feelings, that 'ere, Sammy.

SAM. Nonsense, but I know you're a judge o' these things—so I'll read you the letter.

WELL. Vell fire avay, my boy; but first ve'll have a glass of the inwairiable. Vaitor!

Enter WAITER, R.

A double go of the inwairiable.

WAITER. Yes, sir—yes, sir.

Exit, R.

WELL. They knows my vays here.

Enter WAITER with liquor, which he gives to WELLER and exits, R.

Now, go on, Sammy!

SAM. (*reads*) "Lovely creetur, I feel myself a damned——"

WELL. Hollo! pull up, Sammivel.

SAM. No, it ain't damned, it's shamed, there's a blot on it.
"I feel myself ashamed——"

WELL. Wery good—go on.

SAM. "Feel myself ashamed and completely cir—" I forget what this 'ere vord is. (*scratching his head*) Here's another blot, let me see, here's a *c* and an *i* and a *d*.

WELL. Circumwented, p'raps.

SAM. No it ain't, it's circumscribed.

WELL. Vell, that may be a tenderer vord. Drive on.

SAM. "Completely circumscribed in addressing of you, for you are a nice young girl, and nothing but it."

WELL. Drive on, Sammy.

SAM. "Afore I seed you, I thought all oomen vas alike, but now I find vhat a reg'lar soft headed, ink, red-louse turnip I must ha' bin, for there ain't nobody like you, and I like you better than nothin' at all." I thought it best to make that rayther strong.

WELL. Wery good, drive on.

SAM. "I take the privilege of the day, Mary, my dear—as the gen'lman in difficulties did when he walked out on Sundays—to tell you that the first and only time I seed you, your likeness vas took on my—turn over!"

WELL. Vhat, Sammy, took on your turn over?

SAM. Yes, you alvays puts "turn over" when you goes to t'other side. "Your likeness took on my—turn over—heart."

Except of me, Mary, my dear, as your valentine, and think over what I've said, my dear Mary. I vill now conclude." That's all.

WELL. That's rayther a sudden pull up, ain't it?

SAM. Not a bit on't, she'll vish there vas more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'.

WELL. Vell, there's somethin' in that--and I vish your mother-in-law ud only conduct her conversation on the same genteel principle. Ain't you goin' to sign it?

SAM. That's the difficulty, I don't know what to sign it.

WELL. Sign it Veller.

SAM. Von't do. Never sign a walentine with your own name!

WELL. Sign it Pickwick, then—it's a wery good name, and very easy to spell. P-i-k-v-i-k.

SAM. The wery thing, I could end with a werse, couldn't I? What do you think?

WELL. I don't like it, Sammy. I never know'd a respectable coachman as wrote poetry, 'cept von as wrote an affectin' copy of wersed the night afore he vas hung for a highway robbery; but he vas only a Cambevell man, so even that's no rule.

SAM. No matter, I must end with a werse, so here goes.
(writes) "Your lovesick Pickwick." Now then, to direct it.
(writes) "To Mary, 'busemaid at Mr. Waddles, Manor Farm, Dingley Dell." There, that'll do.

WELL. Vell, now then, vy, as you consulted me—now, to what I wanted to consult you about, Samivel, it's a pint of domestic policy—this 'ere Stiggins, the Shepherd.

SAM. The red-nosed man that I seed when I wisited mother-in-law at Dorking?

WELL. The wery same; this 'ere red-nosed man, Sammy, wisits your mother-in-law with a kindness and constancy, as I never seed equalled! he's sitch a friend o' the family, Sammy, that when he's avay from us he can't be comfortable, unless he has something to remember us by.

SAM. I'd give him something as ud turpentine and beesvax his memory for the next ten years or so, if I vas you.

WELL. Stop a minute, I vas going to say—he alvays brings a flat bottle as holds about a pint and a half with him, and fills it with pineapple-rum afore he goes avay.

SAM. And empties it afore he comes back, I supposes?

WELL. Clean! Never leaves nothin' in it but the cork and the smell—trust him for that, Sammy. Now these 'cre fellows, my boy, are a goin' to get up the monthly meetin' o' the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Society. Your mother-in-law vas to be there, Sammy, but she's got the rheumatiz

and can't—and I, Sammy, I've got the two tickets as vas sent her.

SAM. Vot are you vinking your right eye for, have you got the tic-dolo-reux in it?

WELL. No, no ! this is it. You and I will go punctuval to the time ; the Shepherd von't. (*laughs*) Ha, ha, ha !

SAM. Vhat are you laughin' at, old corpilence ? I never seed sitch an old ghost in all my born days.

WELL. Hush, Sammy ; two friends of mine as works on the Oxford Road, and is up to all kinds o' games, vill get the Shepherd safe in tow, and when he does go to the Ebenezer Junction, vich he's sure to do, for they'll see him to the door, and shove him in if necessary ; he'll be as far gone in rum and vater as ever he vas at the Markiss o' Granby, at Dorkin, and that's not sayin a little either.

SAM. I'll go with you, father. I'll go with you, you may depend upon me.

WELL. Spoke like my own boy. Vell, now then I'll finish the glass and say good bye. (*drinks*) Good night, my boy, and may this love match never cause you to know your father's sorrows. My boy, marry as many virgins as you like, but take jolly good care that not one of 'em ever vas a widder !

Exit SAM and WELLER, L.

SCENE SECOND.—*The Court of Common Fleas; seat for the Judge, c.; table and seats for Counsel, c., beneath; witness box, L.; jury box, with FOREMAN and JURY assembled.*

COUNSEL, REPORTERS, ATTORNEYS, &c.; PICKWICK, WINKLE, &c., and PUBLIC, discovered, L.

Enter MR. JUSTICE DOUGHTFUL, attended by CRIER, R.U.E. (all rise), and takes his seat on the bench (all sit).

CRIER. Silence ! Silence ! Silence in the Court. Bardell and Pickwick.

BUZFUZ. I am for the plaintiff, my lud.

SNUBBIN. I appear for the defendant, my lud.

JUDGE. Go on.

BUZFUZ. My lud ! may it please your ludship and the gentlemen of the jury ! never in the whole course of my professional experience—never, from the very first moment of my applying myself to the study and practice of the law—have I approached a case with feelings of such deep emotion, or with such a heavy sense of the responsibility imposed upon me—a responsibility, I would say, which I could never have supported, were I not buoyed up and sustained by a conviction so strong, that it amounts to positive certainty, that the cause

of truth and justice, or, in other words, the cause of my much-injured and most oppressed client, must prevail with the high-minded and intelligent dozen of men whom I now see in that box before me. This is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at One thousand five hundred pounds. The facts and circumstances of the case, gentlemen, you shall hear detailed by me, and proved by the unimpeachable female whom I will place in that box before you. The plaintiff, gentlemen, the plaintiff is a widow. Yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, after enjoying for many years the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of the guardians of his royal revenues, glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford.

WELL. (*to SAM*) He was knocked on the head with a quart pot in a public house.

BUZFUZ. Some time before his death he had stamped his likeness upon a little boy. With this little boy—the only pledge of her departed exciseman—Mrs. Bardell shrank from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell Street; and here she placed in her front parlour window a written placard, bearing this inscription—"Apartments furnished, for a single gentleman. Inquire within." I entreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document—"Apartments furnished, for a single gentleman." Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear—she had no distrust—she had no suspicion: all was confidence and reliance. "Mr. Bardell," said the widow, "was once a single gentleman himself; to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, and for consolation; in single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let." Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen), the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlour window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch. The train was laid. The mine was preparing. The sappers and miners were at work. Before the bill had been in the parlour window three days—three days, gentlemen—a being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house. He inquired within. He took

the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. The man was Pickwick—Pickwick the defendant. Of this man Pickwick I will say but little. The subject presents but few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness and systematic villany.

PICK. How dare you, sir!

RIER. Silence!

BUZFUZ. I say systematic villany, gentlemen! And when I say systematic villany, let me tell the Defendant Pickwick, if he be in Court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him—more becoming—in better judgment and and in better taste—if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, gentlemen, that any gestures of dissent or disapprobation in which he may indulge in this Court will not go down with you; that you will know how to value and how to appreciate them. And let me tell him further, as my lud will tell you, gentlemen, that a counsel, in the discharge of his duty to his client, is neither to be intimidated, nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other, or the first or the last, will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff, or be he defendant, be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson. I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad, darned, aired, and prepared it for the wear when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you, that on many occasions, he gave halfpence, and on some occasions even sixpences, to her little boy. And I am in a situation to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his own friends,—most unwilling witnesses, gentlemen,—most unwilling witnesses—that on that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments. And now, gentlemen, but one word more. These letters, too, bespeak the character of the man. Two of which are admitted to be in the handwriting of the defendant, and which speak volumes indeed. Letters that were evidently intended at the time by Pickwick to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first: "Garraway's "twelve o'clock. Dear Mrs. B.—Chops and tomato sauce. "Yours, PICKWICK." Gentlemen, what does this mean?

"Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, PICKWICK!" Chops! gracious heaven! and tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious:—"Dear Mrs. B., I shall "not be at home till to-morrow. Slow coach." And then follows this very remarkable expression:—"Don't trouble "yourself about the warming-pan." The warming-pan! Why, gentlemen, who does trouble himself about a warming-pan? When was the peace of mind of man or woman broken or disturbed by a warming-pan, which is in itself a harmless, a useful, and I will add, gentlemen, a comforting article of domestic furniture? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain? And what does this allusion to the "slow coach" mean? For aught I know it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you. But enough of this, gentlemen. It is difficult to smile with an aching heart. It is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down—but there is no tenant. Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass—but there is no invitation for them to inquire within, or without. All is gloom and silence in the house. But Pickwick, gentlemen—Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell Street—Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless ~~tomato~~ sauce and warming-pans—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, to gaze without a sigh on the ruin he has made. Damages, gentlemen, heavy damages is the only punishment with which you can visit him; the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen. Call Elizabeth Clappins,

CRIER. Elizabeth Muffins,

MRS. CLUPPINS enters the witness box and begins to cry.

BUZFUZ. Mrs. Cluppins, pray compose yourself, ma'am. (Mrs. CLUPPINS sobs with increased vehemence) Do you recollect, Mrs. Cluppins,—do you recollect being in Mrs. Bardell's back one pair of stairs, on one particular morning in July last, when she was dusting Pickwick's apartment?

MRS. CLUPPINS. (with a strong Irish accent) Yes, my lord and jury, I do.

BUZFUZ. Mr. Pickwick's sitting room was the first floor front, I believe?

MRS. C. Yes, it were, sir.

JUDGE. What were you doing in the back room, ma'am?

MRS. C. My lord and jury, I will not deceive you——

JUDGE. You had better not, ma'am.

MRS. C. I was there unbeknown to Mrs. Bardell. I had been out with a little basket, gentlemen, to buy three pounds of red kidney purtaries—which was three pounds tuppence ha'penny—when I see Mrs. Bardell's street-door on the jar.

JUDGE. On the what?

SNUBBIN. Partly open, my lord.

JUDGE. She said on the jar.

SNUBBIN. It's all the same, my lord.

MRS. C. I walked in, gentlemen, just to say good mornin' and went, in a permiscuous manner, upstairs, and into the back room. Gentlemen, there was the sound of voices in the front room——

BUZFUZ. And you listened, I believe, Mrs. Cruppins?

MRS. C. Beggin' your pardon, sir, I would scorn the haction. The voices were very loud, sir, and forced themselves upon my ear.

BUZFUZ. Well, Mrs. Cluppins, you were not listening, but you heard the voices. Was one of those voices Pickwick's?

MRS. C. Yes it were, sir.

BUZFUZ. Tell us what you heard, Mrs. Cluppins, if you please.

MRS. C. I heard Mr. Pickwick's voice, my lord and jury.

BUZFUZ. Yes, yes, I know; but what did you hear him say?

MRS. C. Mr. Pickwick said, my lord and jury, that when they married it would save Mrs. Bardell a great deal of trouble.

BUZFUZ. Well, what next?

MRS. C. He said she would have a lively companion, who'd teach her more tricks in a week than she would learn in a year.

BUZFUZ. What more did you hear?

MRS. C. My lord and jury, I heard the sound of kissing, and

I peeped in—I won't deceive you, gentlemen—and his arms were round Mrs. Bardell's neck, and he called her a good creature.

BUZFUZ. That will do. You can go now, Mrs. Cluppins.

SNUBBIN. I shall not cross-examine this witness, for Mr. Pickwick wishes it to be distinctly stated that it is due to her to say that her account is in substance correct.

BUZFUZ. Call Nathaniel Winkle.

CRIER. Nathaniel Winkle.

WINKLE. Here. (*goes into the box, bows to the JUDGE*)

JUDGE. Don't look at me, sir; look at the jury.

BUZFUZ. Now, sir, have the goodness to let his lordship and the jury know what your name is, will you?

WINKLE. Winkle.

JUDGE. What is your Christian name, sir?

WINKLE. Nathaniel, sir.

JUDGE. Daniel,—any other name?

WINKLE. Nathaniel, sir,—my lord, I mean.

JUDGE. Nathaniel Daniel, or Daniel Nathaniel.

WINKLE. No, my lord; only Nathaniel; not Daniel at all.

JUDGE. What did you tell me it was Daniel for then, sir.

WINKLE. I didn't, my lord.

JUDGE. You did, sir. How could I have got Daniel on my notes unless you told me so, sir?

BUZFUZ. Mr. Winkle has rather a short memory, my lord. We shall find means to refresh it before we have quite done with him, I dare say.

JUDGE. You had better be careful, sir.

BUZFUZ. Now, Mr. Winkle, attend to me, if you please, sir, and let me recommend you, for your own sake, to bear in mind his lordship's injunction to be careful. I believe you are a particular friend of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant, are you not?

WINKLE. I have known Mr. Pickwick now, as well as I can recollect at this moment, nearly—

BUZFUZ. Pray, Mr. Winkle, do not evade the question. Are you, or are you not, a particular friend of the defendant's?

WINKLE. I was just about to say that—

BUZFUZ. Will you, or will you not, answer my question, sir?

JUDGE. If you don't answer the question you'll be committed, sir?

BUZFUZ. Come, sir; yes or no, if you please.

WINKLE. Yes, I am.

BUZFUZ. Yes, you are. And why couldn't you have said so at once, sir? Perhaps you know the plaintiff too? eh, Mr. Winkle?

WINKLE. I don't know her. I've seen her.

BUZFUZ. Oh, you don't know her, but you've seen her. Now, have the goodness to tell the gentlemen of the jury what you mean by that, Mr. Winkle.

WINKLE. I mean that I am not intimate with her, but that I have seen her when I went to call on Mr. Pickwick, in Goswell Street.

BUZFUZ. How often have you seen her, sir?

WINKLE. How often?

BUZFUZ. Yes, Mr. Winkle, how often? I'll repeat the question for you a dozen times, if you require it, sir.

WINKLE. It is impossible to say how many times I have seen Mrs. Bardell.

BUZFUZ. Have you seen her twenty times, sir?

WINKLE. Certainly! more than that.

BUZFUZ. Have you seen her a hundred times?

WINKLE. No, I think not.

BUZFUZ. Will you swear you **have not** seen her more than fifty times?

WINKLE. I think not.

BUZFUZ. Don't you know that you have seen her at least seventy-five times?

WINKLE. I think I may have seen her seventy-five times, but I am uncertain.

JUDGE. You had better take care of yourself, sir.

BUZFUZ. Pray, Mr. Winkle, do you remember calling on the Defendant Pickwick at these apartments in the plaintiff's house in Goswell Street on one particular morning in the month of July last?

WINKLE. Yes, I do.

BUZFUZ. Were you accompanied on that occasion by a friend of the name of Tupman, and another of the name of Snodgrass?

WINKLE. Yes, I was.

BUZFUZ. Are they here?

WINKLE. Yes, they are. (*looks at his friends*)

BUZFUZ. Now, sir, tell the gentlemen of the jury what you saw on entering the defendant's room on this particular morning. Come, out with it, sir; we must have it, sooner or later.

WINKLE. The defendant, Mr. Pickwick, was holding the plaintiff in his arms, with his hands clasping her waist, and the plaintiff appeared to have fainted away.

BUZFUZ. Did you hear the defendant say anything?

WINKLE. I heard him call Mrs. Bardell a good creature, and I heard him ask her to compose herself, for what a situation it was if anybody should come; or words to that effect.

BUZFUZ. Now, Mr. Winkle, I have only one more question to ask you, and I beg you to bear in mind his lordship's caution. Will you undertake to swear that Pickwick, the defendant, did not say on the occasion in question—"My dear 'Mrs. Bardell, you're a good creature; compose yourself to 'this situation, for to this situation you must come,'" or words to that effect?

WINKLE. I—I didn't understand him so, certainly. I was on the staircase, and couldn't hear distinctly; the impression on my mind is—

BUZFUZ. The gentlemen of the jury want none of the impressions on your mind, Mr. Winkle; which, I fear, would be of little service to honest straightforward men. You were on the staircase, and did not distinctly hear; but you will not swear that Pickwick did not make use of the expressions I have quoted? Do I understand that?

WINKLE. No, I will not.

SNUBBIN. (*stands up*) I believe, Mr. Winkle, that Mr. Pickwick is not a young man?

WINKLE. Oh no; old enough to be my father.

SNUBBIN. You have told my learned friend that you have known Mr. Pickwick a long time. Had you ever any reason to suppose or believe that he was about to be married?

WINKLE. Oh no; certainly not.

SNUBBIN. I will even go further than this, Mr. Winkle. Did you ever see anything in Mr. Pickwick's manner and conduct towards the opposite sex to induce you to believe that he ever contemplated matrimony of late years, in any case?

WINKLE. Oh no; certainly not.

SNUBBIN. You may leave the box, Mr. Winkle.

BUZFUZ. Call Samuel Weller. (*he goes out*)

SAM WELLER steps into the box.

JUDGE. What's your name, sir?

SAM. Sam Weller, my lord.

JUDGE. Do you spell it with a V, or a W?

SAM. That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my lord. I never had occasion to spell it more than once or twice in my life, but I spell with a V.

WELL. (*from the audience*) Quite right, too, Samivel. Put it down a "We," my lord; put it down a "We."

JUDGE. Who is that who dares address the Court? Crier.

CRIER. Yes, my lord.

JUDGE. Bring that person here instantly.

CRIER. Yes, my lord.

JUDGE. Do you know who that was, sir?

SAM. I rayther suspect it was my father, my lord.

JUDGE. Do you see him here now?

SAM. (*looking up to the ceiling*) No, I don't, my lord.

JUDGE. If you could have pointed him out, I would have committed him instantly.

SAM. Thank ye, my lord.

BUZFUZ. Now, Mr. Weller.

SAM. Now, sir.

BUZFUZ. I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant in this case? Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller.

SAM. I mean to speak up, sir. I am in the service o' that 'ere gen'lman, and a werry good service it is.

BUZFUZ. Little to do and plenty to get, I suppose?

SAM. Oh, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes.

JUDGE. You must not tell us what the soldier, or any other man, said, sir; it's not evidence.

SAM. Werry good, my lord.

BUZFUZ. Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by the defendant; eh, Mr. Weller?

SAM. Yes, I do, sir.

BUZFUZ. Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was.

SAM. I had a reg'lar new fit out o' clothes that mornin', gen'lmen of the jury, and that was a werry partickler and uncommon circumstance with me in those days.

JUDGE. You had better be careful, sir.

SAM. So Mr. Pickwick said at the time, my lord; and I was very careful o' that 'ere suit o' clothes—werry careful indeed, my lord. (*the JUDGE looks sternly at SAM, and motions BUZFUZ to proceed*)

BUZFUZ. Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller, that you saw nothing of this fainting on the part of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant, which you have heard described by the witnesses?

SAM. Certainly not; I was in the passage till they called me up, and then the old lady was not there.

BUZFUZ. Now, attend, Mr. Weller. You were in the passage, and yet you saw nothing of what was going forward. Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?

SAM. Yes, I have a pair of eyes, and that's just it. If they was a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'rhaps I might be able to see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door, but being eyes, you see, my wision's limited.

BUZFUZ. Now, Mr. Weller, I'll ask you a question on another point, if you please.

SAM. If you please, sir.

BUZFUZ. Do you remember going up to Mrs. Bardell's house one night in November last?

SAM. Oh yes, werry well.

BUZFUZ. Oh, you do remember that, Mr. Weller; I thought we should get at something at last.

SAM. I rayther thought that, too, sir.

BUZFUZ. Well; I suppose you went up to have a little talk about this trial—eh, Mr. Weller?

SAM. I went up to pay the rent; but we did get a-talkin' about the trial.

BUZFUZ. Oh, you did get a-talking about the trial? Now, what passed about the trial—will you have the goodness to tell us, Mr. Weller?

SAM. With all the pleasure in life, sir. Arter a few unimportant observations from the virtuous female as has been examined here to-day, the ladies gets into a very great state o' admiration at the honourable conduct of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg.

BUZFUZ. The attorneys for the plaintiff. Well, they spoke in high praise of the honourable conduct of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, the attorneys for the plaintiff, did they?

SAM. Yes; they said' what a very gen'rrous thing it was o' them to have taken up the case on spec, and to charge nothin' at all for costs, unless they got 'em out of the defendant.

BUZFUZ. It's perfectly useless, my lord, attempting to get at any evidence through the impenetrable stupidity of this witness. I will not trouble the Court by asking him any more questions. Stand down, sir.

BUZFUZ. That's my case, my lud.

SNUBBIN. In the absence of my leader, Serjeant Phunk, who is at Westminster, I cannot take upon myself the responsibility of replying to this case.

JUDGE. Serjeant Phunk should have been here. I cannot postpone my summing up on that account. Gentlemen of the jury! if Mrs. Bardell be right, it is perfectly clear that Mr. Pickwick must be wrong; and if you think the evidence of Mrs. Cluppins worthy of credence, you will of course believe it; and if you don't, you won't. If you are satisfied that a breach of promise of marriage has been committed, you will find for the plaintiff with such damages as you think proper; and if on the other hand it appears to you that no promise of marriage has ever been given, you will find for the defendant with no damages at all.

CRIER. Gentlemen, are you all agreed upon your verdict?

FOREMAN. We are.

CRIER. Do you find for the plaintiff, gentlemen, or for the defendant?

FOREMAN. For the plaintiff.

CRIER. With what damages, gentlemen?

FOREMAN. Seven hundred and fifty pounds.

WELL. Oh, Saminy, Sammy, vy weren't there a alleybi?
(closed in by)

SCENE THIRD.—*Palace Yard, outside of Westminster Hall.*

Enter WARDLE, ISABELLA, and EMILY, R. 2 E.

WARD. No, no, girls. I couldn't remain in Dingley Dell, and know there was so important an affair as my friend Pickwick's trial about to be decided! It is to come off to-day; from this spot we may gain the earliest intelligence.

ISABEL. Winkle's a witness, is he not, papa?

WARD. Yes, yes! Make your mind easy, girl, you will be sure to see him?

EMILY. And Mr. Snodgrass, pa?

WARD. Yes, Snodgrass too!

EMILY. Then there's no doubt, sir, who will win the day—noble Augustus!

WARD. They're both good fellows, and when the trial's over, if you still hold in the same mind—

EMILY. My love's unalterable, sir, as fate!

WARD. Aye, aye, well then if you're willing, and they're ready, why, I don't know that I shall oppose your passion.

EMILY. I need no surety but Augustus's love. Snodgrass and truth are one! But he must quit his club. I'll have no clubs—selfish, unsociable things! I only wish all the women had my spirit, we'd soon put down all the clubs; or else we'd set up a ladies' club of our own.

ISABEL. Hey! here comes some one, father! Ah, Mr. Winkle! Now we shall know.

Enter WINKLE, in great agitation, L.

WARD. Welcome, welcome, Mr. Winkle. Well, the trial—

EMILY. Yes, is it over—is it favourable? You will excuse, sir, our anxiety!

WINKLE. My dear friends—Miss Isabella—I—that is, Mr. Pickwick—that is, the judge—that is—ask Snodgrass—oh! (covers his face with his hands in an agony of grief, and rushes off)

ISABEL. But, Mr. Winkle! sir! Eh! bless me, very odd!

WARD. The man's gone off as if he was shot,

EMILY. No matter—here is Mr. Snodgrass, he'll soon tell us. Dear me! how wild he looks!

Enter SNODGRASS, wildly, L.

Now, dear Augustus!

WARD. Aye, aye, Snodgrass, tell us the verdict—is it over? He's nonsuited—aye, aye, aye!

SNOD. Adorable Emily! I—I—*(makes several attempts to speak, then rushes out, covering his face with handkerchief, R.)*

WARD. Confound it, Snodgrass—Snodgrass—Snodgrass. *(calling)* Why is he worse than 'tother—he's struck dumb—the other wouldn't tell us, and he seems as if he couldn't.

EMILY. Exquisite sensibility, worthy his poet's soul—'tis lost—the trial's lost.

WARD. Gad, I begin to think so; but stay, we must not judge too hastily—here's Mr. Weller—we shall get a rational answer from him at all events.

Enter SAM, L., sorrowfully.

Now, Mr. Weller, now your news!

ISABEL. Ah! do, dear Mr. Weller! Your master—he is EMILY. triumphant, surely?

SAM. Wery triumphant indeed—that is, the reverse way, over the left. The gowernor's in for it—the werdici's against him—damages, seven hundred and fifty pounds.

WARD. What, seven hundred and fifty pounds damages! Well, it may be law—but bother me if it's justice.

SAM. So the ecls said, sir, when the Lord Chancellor's cook vas a skinning 'em for his lordship's dinner! But here's the gowernor.

Enter PICKWICK, L.

PICK. Ah, my dear friends—well, you know the result—but not a halfpenny, either of damages or costs, do these leeches of lawyers get if I stay in a debtors' prison all my life for it!

WARD. I scarce can blame you; but may not a new trial—

PICK. No, no! I've had law enough, my friend.

WARD. If you want money—

PICK. Nay, my means are ample—my mind is made up. I'll meet you this evening—I'm somewhat ruffled now.

WARD. We shall expect you—we'll not disturb you now—good bye, old friend, keep up your spirits—rely on this, should aught occur—you understand—it may, to prevent your

promised visit to my girls and me—come what will come, you will find we will visit you. Come, Bella, Emily, good bye—good bye—heaven bless you.

PICK. Thankye—thankye—bless you. (WARDLE, ISABELLA and EMILY grasp PICKWICK's hand with expressions of the deepest commiseration and sympathy, and silently *exit*, R.—PICKWICK is much moved) I must not yield to this. I wish the worst were come.

Enter NAMBY and SMOUCH, two bailiffs, L.—NAMBY walks up to PICKWICK, and taps him on the shoulder.

PICK. Do you want me, sir?

NAMBY. Not at all, sir, ve don't vant you, 'cos vy, ve've got you! I've a little bit of an execution agin you, "Bardell v. Pickwick." You may look at the warrant; likes to make everything agreeable!

SAM. (*knocking NAMBY's hat off*) Vy don't you take off your hat when you speaks to a gen'lman.

NAMBY. (*to PICKWICK*) That's an assault—I call you to bear vitness.

SAM. Don't bear no vitness at all, sir.

PICK. Sam, they do but their duty—take up that hat.

SAM. Beg your pardon, sir, but I'll be hanged if I do, and if he wenturs to put it on agin till you've done speaking, I'll knoeck him into the middle of next week.

NAMBY. There's my card, sir! Namby, Bell Alley—I suppose you'll go to my house—every accommodation, and on the most reasonable terms.

SAM. Board, a shilling a mouthful, and lodging five shillings a day, per square yard.

PICK. No, sir! I will at once to my destination—the prison.

NAMBY. Come along then!

SAM. Paws off, old carcase-monger—I'll vait on my master if it's agreeable to you—you can follow.

PICK. Stay, Sam, listen to what I'm going to say.

SAM. Certainly, sir—fire away!

PICK. A prison is not the place to take a young man to—do you understand me?

SAM. (*doggedly*) Vy, no, sir, I don't think I do.

PICK. Try, Sam.

SAM. Vell, sir, I rather think I do see your drift now, and if I do it's my 'pinion you're comin it a great deal too strong—as the mail coach said to the snow storm when it overturned him.

PICK. I see you comprehend me, so you for a time must leave me, Sam!

SAM. (*sarcastically*) Oh ! for a time, eh, sir !

PICK. Yes, while I remain, and if ever I do leave prison, Sam—if I do—I pledge you my word—you shall return, Sam, to my service instantly.

SAM. Now, I tell you what it is, sir, this 'ere sort o' thing won't do at all ; so don't let's hear no more about it.

PICK. I am serious and resolved, Sam !

SAM. You are, sir ?

PICK. Yes —so good-bye, my good fellow ! Now, gentlemen, I am at your service

NAMBY. Oh, ve'll trundle you along in no time.

Exit PICKWICK, R., with NAMBY and SMOUCH, leaving SAM apparently paralyzed.

Enter OLD WELLER, L.

WELL. Oh, Samivel—Samivel ! I told you what would come, my boy, if your gowernor didn't prove an alleybi !

SAM. (*recovering himself*) Don't be troubling your nob any more about alleybi's ; but jist you listen to me till I've done—the gowernor's gone to prison, and what's more, von't let me go with him.

WELL. Vhat, stop there by his sc'f, poor crectur—that can't be done !

SAM. In course it can't—I knows that !

WELL. Vy they'll eat him up alive—do him as brown as a roasted pigeon—it oughtn't to be.

SAM. And what's more, it shan't—certainly not ; but how to prewent it—don't you see any vay of taking care on him ?

WELL. No, I don't, no vay, unless it's gettin' him out in a turn-up bedstead, unbeknown to the turnkeys ; or dressin' him up like an old ooman, with a green wail.

SAM. Oh ! you don't—don't you ? Vell, then, I'll tell you what it is, I'll jist trouble you for the loan of five and twenty pounds.

WELL. Vhat good vill that do you ?

SAM. Never mind, p'raps you may ax for it five minutes artervards, and p'raps I may say I von't pay, and cut up rough—you von't think of arrestin' your own son for the money, and sendin' him to the Fleet, you unnat'ral old wagabond ?

WELL. I sees it all—capital—capital—ha, ha, ha ! (*laughing immoderately*)

SAM. What an old image it is—what are you standin' there for, convertin' your face into a street-door knocker, when there's so much to be done—where's the money ?

WELL. In the boot there—hold my hat. Now for it. (*takes out large dirty pocket-book, and gives SAM notes*) And now then,

I knows a gen'leman limb o' the law that'll do the rest o' the business for us in no time—yon as has brains like a frog, all over his body, and reaching to the wery tips o' his fingers—so come along, Sammy—come along, and like a 'fectionate father, I'll lock you up in no time.

SAM. Vot a cruel-hearted varmint he is ! Won't you take my bill at sixpence a month ? Ha, ha, ha ! Well, if you won't you must ha' my body—as the dragon-fly said wen he flew away and left his hinder half behind him.

Exit SAM and OLD WELLER, L.

SCENE FOURTH.—*Interior of the Fleet.*

TURNKEY. (*without*) This way, squire !

Enter TURNKEY, and large keys, with PICKWICK, L.

TURNKEY. Here you are, sir, and wery comfortable you'll find yourself in no time, so good bye for the present, and make yourself at home.

PICK. Thankye, friend. *Exit TURNKEY, R.*
So here I am the inmate of a prison. This is the school to learn the world in severe but salutary lessons.

Enter JINGLE, with a little bit of scrag of mutton in his hand, R.

JINGLE. Eh, scrag of mutton—half a pound—all our allowance—sorry fare—hungry—very, very !

PICK. (*arousing*) Well, it's no use musing, I may as well perambulate this world of mine, I've no other now.

JINGLE. Ah, Mr. Pickwick ! A queer place this, sir, to meet in, ain't it ?—very, very ! (*affecting gaiety*) Spike Park—grounds pretty—but not extensive—family always in Town—housekeeper desperate careful—very ! But what has brought you here ?

PICK. I have lost a trial, and have come here for the damages.

JINGLE. Martha Bardell ?

PICK. The same ; with costs they will make near a thousand pounds.

JINGLE. Ah, what—oh, villain—villain—but man, no matter, cannot help it now. (*aside*)

PICK. Mr. Jingle, I've no hesitation in saying you've forgot your coat.

JINGLE. Eh ? spout—dear relation—Uncle Tom—couldn't help it—must eat you know—wants of nature, and all that !

PICK. What do you mean ?

JINGLE. Gone, my dear sir ! Last coat—can't help it—liv'd on a pair of boots a whole fortnight—ill—hungry—de-

served it all—but suffered much—very! (*covers his eyes with his hands and weeps*)

PICK. Take that. (*gives money*) Go, get you wherewithal to comfort you. This for the present, hereafter I may assist you with more lasting service.

JINGLE. Heaven bless you!—this I've not deserved! Let me seek means some way to recompense my villainy, and prove my gratitude—I'm not all vice! Quick—quick—food—food!

Exit, R.

PICK. Poor human nature; guilt is its own avenger. We should judge gently, and deal mercifully.

Enter SAM, L.

Ah, Sam, my good fellow, I'm glad to see you. I thank you for this visit, let me explain to you my meaning more at large.

SAM. Von't presently do, sir?

PICK. Certainly, but why not now? Speak out, Sam.

SAM. 'Cause I've got a little business as I wants to do, sir! I think I'd better see arter it at once. The fact is—(*hesitates*)

PICK. Speak out!

SAM. Vell, the fact is—p'raps I'd better see arter my bed afore I do anything else.

PICK. (*with astonishment*) Your bed?

SAM. Yes, my bed; I'm a prisoner, I vas arrested this 'ere very arternoon for debt

PICK. You arrested for debt?

SAM. Yes, for debt, and the man as put me in vill never let me out till you go out yourself. Now the murder's out, and damme, there's an end on it.

PICK. Faithful, noble fellow. We'll never part again, your fortune henceforth must be mine; but we'll say no more of this just now. I must go and look after our accommodations for the night, wait for me here, I will soon return.

Exit PICKWICK, L.

SAM. So I've got aootin' in here at last.

Enter JINGLE, R.

JINGLE. Eh? Mr. Weller, you here? eh? Snug place, this—very—ain't it?

SAM. Vy, if this 'ere ain't that mortal rattlesnake Jingle! (*stands a moment or two stupefied, and then recovers himself*) Now I should very much like jist to beat him into a anatomy, only sickness and starvation seem to have done it afore me.

JINGLE. Know what you are pondering on—can't do it—heart won't let you—true Englishman—won't strike when down—faithful fellow—master a Christian—I confounded

rascal—feel it—pinched within, here—(*placing his hand on his bosom*) very !

SAM. Vy, yes, you seem to have bin rayther close pinched in your pantry lately—as the valnut said to the nut crackers ; but what are you driwin' at, young corkscrew ?

JINGLE. This—don't laugh—Pickwick fine heart, very—feel gratitude—saved me from starving—gave me money—he is in prison—Dodson and Fogg—confounded scoundrels—mother Bardell—old hag—my wife !

SAM. Your wife ? Wheugh ! (*whistles*) But ain't you gain-moning, mister ? this can't be real—it is too good.

JINGLE. 'Pon honour—no, not honour, haven't got it—much better—thought she had money—found mistake, too late—left her day after marriage—plan to fleece Pickwick—threatened to blab—Dodson and Fogg gave money—were to give more—knew of it all—plot between the three—thought I was dead—deceived though, very, very—lived to repent—make reparation, and hope—live honest.

SAM. Vell, vonders vill never cease—as the old lady said when she'd twvins ; but how's this 'ere to sarve the gowernor—how's he to get out ?

JINGLE. Indict the parties—conspiracy—Old Bailey—true bill—grand jury—judge's warrant—leave all to me—know Jew lawyer, Noisey Nosey ?—lives in the Rules—fine hand at an indictment—best in the world—give him ten pounds.

SAM. Ten pounds ! I'd give him ten hundred, if I had it, if he'd only get the gowernor out o' this 'ere pennytentiary !

JINGLE. Say no more—come along—down in the fair—this way—all right—load off heart—better—calmer—gayer, very !

SAM. Now, then, follow my leader, Mr Jingle, for I don't mean to lose sight o' you, not till this 'ere is done—not by no means.

Exit SAM and JINGLE, L.

Enter TURNKEY, with SNODGRASS, TUPMAN, and WINKLE, R.

TURNKEY. This way, gentlemen, you'll find Mr. Pickwick in his hotel, here.

Show them in and exits, L.

SNOD. Pickwick in exile ; Napoleon at St. Helena.

WINKLE. I see him coming, he has a mackerel hanging from his finger, he gives it to an old woman.

TUP. He is here—my dear, dear friend !

Enter PICKWICK, L.

PICK. Welcome, my boys ! rejoiced to see you !

SNOD. What we could do, we did for you !

PICK. Yes, yes, you certainly did for me. No matter, life will wear away as swiftly here as it would do in any other place.

SNOD. Sublime philosophy !

TUP. But have you then no hope ?

PICK. None, none !

Enter SAM and JINGLE, L.

SAM. Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah ! Pack up your things, sir !

PICK. Sam—Sam—compose yourself—I have provided beds, a pair of bellows, and—

SAM. Beds ! bellows ! burn the beds and blow the bellows. Hurrah ! hurrah !

PICK. Sam, you're mad ! My friends here wish to walk with me awhile—get my stick.

SAM. Stick—you must cut your stick, and prepare to take a very long walk. Hurrah ! hurrah !

PICK. Sam ! I have no hesitation in saying, I can't walk without my stick ?

SAM. Beg pardon—my heart's too full to speak—Mr. Jingle here is the very best scoundrel as ever was, and the long and short of it is, you're a free man agin—Mother Bardell is married—the rascally lawyers are in Newgate—all a connspiracy—Jingle here proved it—he's Mother Bardell's husband ; here's your discharge. (*gives paper*)

PICK. Amazement !

SAM. And what's more—three hundred pounds to compromise the felony—and all this clever scoundrel Jingle's doings !

JINGLE. Friend Pickwick—can't say much—feelings won't let me—fact simply this—account—your debtor ow'd you much—yes much—this, per contract—let us strike balance ; if in my favour give me your note of hand. (*takes hand*)

PICK. This repays all, still all is not repaid ; take this three hundred pounds—'tis fairly yours—it will release you—live honest, and live happy !

JINGLE. Study new character—play new part—eh !—give up the villains—bad line of business—unprofitable, very ! I will, I will, bless you, old fellow ! eternal blessings, repentance, gratitude ! (*repressing his feelings*) Damme, I want the word—good bye—heaven bless you all !

Exit, L.

Enter WARDLE, ISABELLA, EMILY, and RACHEL, followed by MARY, R.

WARD. Where is he ? Ah, my boy ! (*shaking hands with PICKWICK*) What ! all our friends here ? There, girls, each take your partner. (*ISABELLA, EMILY, and RACHEL, severally join WINKLE, SNODGRASS, and TUPMAN*) We've come to stay a long while with you.

PICK. Very sorry, my dear friends, but I'm just going out !

don't look incredulous! All is discovered—the action's given up, and you've just come in time to accompany me home.

SAM. But how am I to get out?

Enter WELLER, L.

WELL. Now, Samivel.

SAM. Eh! the old un—this is jist the wery ticket. Oh, you unnat'rul, hard-hearted old warmint; vot, I've got you—give me my discharge, or I'll have you put under the pump.

WELL. What's the gowernor agoin' out? Vell, then, promise to be a more dutiful little boy for the future, and mend your prodigy vays, and you shall go out with him. Beg pardon, gen'lfolk.

SAM. Hurrah! Come, father—come, Mary!

WELL. Vhat, the walentine. Oh, Samivel, Samivel! But, then, she ain't a vidder, that's von thing, so there mayn't be qvwite so much wiciousness in her—so astae old coachman alvay: loves a smack o' the whip, and never refuses a fare; vy, clap yourself alongside o' your father, girl—get up.

PICK. Sam, there's something to provide your wedding dinner. (*gives pocket book*)

SAM. A hundred pounds! I shall only vish that ve may have a wery long acquaintance. If I've done my duty I'm satisfied; at all events I've done my best, and though there may be a few leetle errors, if my kind friends vill but generously overlook them—vy, all I can say is that I'll endeavour to amend 'em.

SNOD. EMILE. PICK. WARDLE.

WINK. ISABEL.

SAM. MARY.

TUF. RACHEL.

OLD WELL.

R.

Curtain.





